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BELL'S
READER'S
SHAKESPEARE

HISTORICAL PLAYS
ENGLISH
AND
ROMAN

P. A. Bamberger
Mar. 1908



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THE
 ADELER'S SHAKESPEARE:

HIS DRAMATIC WORKS

REVISED, CONNECTED, AND EMPHASIZED

FOR

COLLEGE, PARLOUR, AND PLATFORM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

DR CHARLES BELL,

"THE ELOCUTIONIST," "THE CLASS-BOOK OF POETRY,"
 "THE SPEAKER," "THE STANDARD ELOCUTIONIST,"
 &c., &c.

VOLUME I

TRAGEDY AND TRAGIC PLAYS,

AND ROMAN

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DAVID CHARLES BELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE THEORY OF ELOCUTION," "THE CLASS-BOOK OF POETRY,"
"THE MODERN READER AND SPEAKER," "THE STANDARD ELOCUTIONIST,"
AC., AC.

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PREFACE.

There are many editions of Shakespeare's Works which appeal to the *eye* and to the *mind*: these Abridgments are chiefly intended for the *voice* and *ear*—to facilitate the much-prized but still neglected art of Reading Aloud. For this purpose, *all* Shakespeare's Dramas will be, for the first time, condensed, connected, emphasized, and annotated, on a uniform plan.

This *first* Volume consists exclusively of all the Historical Plays, English and Roman: the *second* Volume will contain all the Tragedies and Romantic Plays; and the *third* Volume all the Comedies.

Each Play is preceded by a brief Narrative, historical and literary: the principal Scenes, Incidents and Characters, not only of the main, but of the secondary plots, are connected by elucidatory remarks: the Text has been carefully condensed, collated, and preserved—making allowance for the prime necessities of expurgation and compression.

Important and emphatic words are specially marked by a small diacritic line placed before the word, to facilitate, with the aid of improved punctuation, an easy comprehension and expressive delivery of the text. Explanatory notes are frequently inserted.

Each play is so condensed that it may be read aloud in about an hour, or an hour and a half.

The various readings of the early quartos and the first folio have not been overlooked. In important verbal changes, the folio of 1623 is frequently referred to—in the notes marked O. R. (Original Reading).

These Condensations are intended for use in Ladies' and Gentlemen's higher Schools and Colleges—for Private and Family Reading—and for Public or Platform delivery. By the omission of the connecting narratives, they can be readily adapted for brief amateur dramatic representation; while, as a compact collection of Scenes, Speeches, and Dialogues, they form a *Vade-mecum* for oratorical practice.

For the Family Reading of Shakespeare's Plays, the necessities of expurgation, condensation, and compression are generally acknowledged. Ben Jonson, the contemporary and rival of the great Poet and Dramatist, has thus written, in his "Explorata or Discoveries":

"I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, (indeed,) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantisie, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. * * His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. * * But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

The little unobtrusive mark which is placed before the important word or *point* of the sentence, does not demand 'absolute attention:

every collocation of words may be read in a variety of ways: it is only where there is doubt as to the *special* meaning that its introduction should be appealed to. Emphatic words require especial care, because they call attention to directly antithetic thoughts, or to oblique, indirect, or inferential meanings: but such words do not admit of a *balanced* application of stress: because one is in all cases superior, being absolute or positive; while the other is merely negative or relative. There is plenty of scope for difference of opinion and variety of judgment: the "Sir Oracles" of different "readings" are not difficult either to be found or confuted. The Editor's professional experience of more than fifty years may entitle many of these markings to some consideration.

This Book will be found useful not to young Readers only, but to all who wish to travel with comfort a long journey in a short time: it appeals in the first place to intellectuality and judgment, and will, in its practice, effectually destroy monotony and mannerism in delivery; but it leaves undirected the higher powers of

"Action, and utterance, and the *power* of speech
"To stir men's blood."

In the School-room, it will tend to check the meaningless mumbling, the shrill discord, or the unintelligent gabble of the ordinary reading lesson; it will attract by its variety, harmony and beauty, and store the memory with its lessons of wit and wisdom: in the Family Circle, it will enable age and experience to become directors of an untried source of instruction and amusement: to the Student of either sex, wearied of Greek and Latin prosody, it will emphasize the great "educational" fact that the *manner* of speech is as worthy of study as the *matter*: it will impart vigour, variety, and grace to the sleep-compelling monotony of the Clerical Reader: to the Platform Elocutionist it presents condensed forms of dramatic action and expression; while to the Teacher—especially if he is enabled to drill in Simultaneous or Single Reading,—it may be used as a theme for every form of vocal scholastic exercise and instruction.—If these advantages can be realized to the young, what may not be expected in riper years when *habit* becomes a *second nature*?

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

"There were two books," says Archbishop Sharp, "that made me an Archbishop,—the Bible, and Shakespeare." To this clerical, may be added a 'judicial record of the late Lord Coleridge: "Leaving out, for obvious reasons, all Greek and Latin writers, before and above every one (including them) I should myself place Shakespeare, an inexhaustible store-house of wisdom, instruction, and exquisite diction; indispensable to any one who has anything to do with speaking or writing. I knew well . . . a great Advocate . . . of whom it used to be said, that perhaps he did not know much law, but he did know a great deal of Shakespeare. And a great Judge who knew both law and Shakespeare, when this was repeated to him said, that although, in a lawyer, a little law was desirable, yet, if that could not be had, the next best thing to have was a knowledge of Shakespeare."

So, *bon voyage* to the "Reader's Shakespeare."

1517, THIRTY-FIFTH STREET,
WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOTATION OF EXPRESSION.

The objects of the Dramatic Reader are three-fold: 1. To be heard: 2. To be understood: 3. To be felt. To assist in the attainment of these objects, the following Table is presented:

RETORICAL PUNCTUATION.—Pauses may be marked by the ordinary musical rests, quaver, ♪, (shortest); crotchet, ♩, (middle); minim, ♫, (long), and semi-breve, ♪, (longest).

In addition to the ordinary marks of Punctuation, a mark for Expressive or Emotional pause (. . .) is frequently introduced.

INFLEXION { Rising slides " Rising circumflex ~ ~ ~
 { Falling slides " Falling circumflex ^ ^ ^

Clauses or sentences that are incomplete, progressive or appealing, require rising tones. Clauses or sentences that are complete, definite, or assertive, require falling tones. Contrasted meanings are best expressed by circumflexed tones. Subdued inflexions, (Monotones,) may be noted by horizontal lines placed above the words. Rising tones look forward, falling tones look backward: monotones are reflective. Every sentence, whatever its rhetorical or grammatical form, is either Appellative, Assertive, or Imperative.

MODULATION.	{	5 _____ highest tone, passionate.
		4 _____ higher, important, declamatory.
		3 _____ middle or conversational.
		2 _____ slightly lower: subordinate.
		1 _____ lowest tone: solemn, (monotone.)

Slight modulative changes: to higher, ↑,—to lower, ↓.

FORCE (5 degrees). V—vehement; e—energetic; t—temperate; f—feeble; p—piano.

TIME (5 degrees). R—rapid; q—quick; m—moderate; s—slow; a ('adagio)—very slow.

STACCATO, the diacritic mark repeated //,—**DIMINUENDO** (gradual fall) >,—**CRESCENDO** (gradual rise) <,—**SWELL AND FALL**, < >.—**TREMOR**, ---- (emotional).

GENERAL NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

The importance of the diacritic mark in determining the "point" of a sentence may be illustrated by the possible changes in a common colloquial statement: "I do not intend walking to Richmond this day."

In addition to the general meaning implied by the unaccented delivery of these simple words, the expression becomes definite and antithetic when any one word is made prominent.

If the student analyses the mode of producing any of the distinctive meanings, he will find that he must not only accent the "point" word, but lessen the vocal force of all the other words.—All sentences admit of similar differences of meaning: to be developed, not by stress alone, but by remission of stress on the contextual surroundings.

The Prominent "point" or Emphatic indicator, is placed ' before the word, although it is generally developed on the accented syllable of the word. Thus 'impeach, 'approve, 'authority, 'contradict, 'overpowered, &c., might have been printed im'peach, ap'prove, au'thority, con'tradict, over'powered, &c. Although the inflected wave or emic stress is always greater on the accented syllable, yet the

word is slightly affected, especially when other forms of giving prominence are employed. For Prominence or Emphasis may be produced by

Time—or prolongation of the whole word.

Tune—inflected tones, simple or circumflexed.

1. *Stress*—elevating or lowering the voice on the accented syllable.

4. Pitch—suddenly changing the note.
5. Aspiration—either increasing or reducing the quality of breath.
6. Monotone—by increased and level fullness of voice.
7. Pause—by slight suspension before or after, or before and after, the word.

The Reader should endeavour to employ, at various times, all these various modes.

A change of voice and manner (however slight,) should significantly mark the various characters, as well as their varying emotions and sentiments. To secure "character" uniformity, the figures of the above scale may be marked on the margin of the page: thus, 3 (the natural or middle tone): 3 (a little higher) and 3 (a little lower.) In this way fifteen varieties of Pitch-tones may be noted.

The names of the characters—(printed in large italics that they may be quickly discriminated by the *eye*)—do not require to be repeated in reading. The minor directions (printed in small, Pearl type and enclosed in brackets) are not intended for the auditor.

It is desirable to locate the position of the leading characters, as they may be mentally pictured around the Reader, and to maintain this uniformity throughout the Scene: changing it, however, as occasion may require. Thus—if Brutus addresses Cassius to the *right*, Cassius will reply to the *left*: other characters will address their utterances either to the *centre*—to the *right* of centre—or to the *left* of centre.

If the Reader is to undertake the continuous delivery of an entire play, the book should be held in the left hand: leaving the right hand free to turn the page, or to give enforcement to the words by attitude or action. The use of a reading-stand is preferable, as both hands are then left free for discriminating and expressive action.

The Reader should, if possible, make himself so familiar with the dialogue as not to require to keep his eye constantly on the page: he should look, as it were, at the imaginary person addressed. The narratives should be spoken to the auditors.

Blend all your theories (as the great artist said of his mode of mixing colours) with brains: read aloud, standing if possible: raise the chest, and keep it raised: give the lungs free scope to expand in every direction: separate logical utterances by free inspirations,—through the mouth for short pauses, through the nostrils for longer,—copiously, evenly, silently: allow no strain on the organs of voice or speech: give full sonorous value to the Vowels: articulate the Consonants sharply and distinctly, especially giving expressive sound to the voice-articulations: open the mouth freely, but without distortion, before and after all clauses and groups of oratorical words: let the voice stream outward, uninterrupted in its channel by the teeth, the tongue, or the lips: allow each distinct portion of meaning to float, as it were (or to rush, if necessary) to your most distant auditor: read from idea to idea, uttering each clause separately, and carefully subordinating inferior words to the "point" of the sentence: pay no undeviating attention to any set of rules: read with the *mind*, and deliver freely, naturally, and earnestly the sentiments that have thus passed the ordeal of reason and judgment. Then, as Charles Kingsley powerfully says—"Think that there is nothing to be ashamed of—but doing wrong: and no being to be feared—but Almighty God: and so go on, making the best of the body and soul which God has given you." Continue to be a Student:

"Trust not yourself—try your defects to know—
Make use of every friend—and every foe."

MERES' LIST.

In "Palladis Tamia, or Wits Treasury," printed in 1598, Francis Meres thus writes :

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines ; so Shakespere among y^e English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage : for Comedy, witnes his Gätlemè of Verona, his Errors, his Love labors lost, his Love labors wonne,^a his Midsummer night dreame, and his Merchant of Venice : for Tragedy his Richard the 2, Richard the 3, Henry the 4, King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet."

The Historical Plays are necessarily arranged in Historical order : but the following Table, shows, as correctly as can now be ascertained, their

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.	When performed	When printed.
ENGLISH HISTORICAL PLAYS.		
1. KING HENRY VI—Part I	1589	1623
2. KING HENRY VI—Part II.....	1591	1594
3. KING HENRY VI—Part III ^b	1591	1595
4. KING RICHARD II.....	1593	1597
5. KING RICHARD III	1593	1597
6. KING JOHN	1595	1623
7. KING HENRY IV—Part I.....	1597	1598
8. KING HENRY IV—Part II	1599	1600
9. KING HENRY V.....	1599	1600
10. KING HENRY VIII.....	1613	1623
ROMAN HISTORICAL PLAYS.		
1. JULIUS CESAR	1607	1623
2. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.. ..	1608	1623
3. CORIOLANUS	1610	1623

From the above Tabulated Form, it appears that of these Thirteen Historical Plays, Six were not printed till in the first folio of 1623. There is little doubt that many of the early quarto editions were printed without the knowledge of the author : they are described by the first Editors—John Heminge and Henrie Condell—as " stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the fraudes and stealthes of injurious impostors."—It is proper to mention that while these quarto copies have not been overlooked, the folio of 1623 has been generally followed. Deviations are marked in the notes by the letters O. R. signifying Original Reading.

^a Now named " All's Well that Ends Well," ^b These Three Parts are condensed into One Reading.

KING JOHN.

The Historical Tragedy of King John must have been written by Shakespeare in 1594 or 1595; at least, before 1598; as it is, in that year, included in the list given by Francis Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia, or Wits Treasury."²

In the composition of the series of English Historical Plays, Shakespeare usually referred, for the events he depicted, to the "Chronicles" of Raphael Holinshed, published in 1577; but, with regard to the Tragedy of King John, he appears to have referred to two old Plays; the first—(standing, as it were, midway between the Moralities and the Historical Drama), written in the reign of Edward the Sixth, by John Bale, Bishop of Ossory (1495-1563) under the title of "Kynge Johan"; and the second—a very popular anonymous play (printed in 1591) named "The Troublesome Raigne of King John." Shakespeare's play, though frequently performed, was not printed till in the folio edition of 1623.

The story of this drama is, in some important respects, at variance with recognized history; in fact, the events of John's confused, weak, and wicked reign are not well calculated for dramatic representation. If the reader is not previously acquainted with the facts, he will in vain seek for a knowledge of them from the progress of the scene alone. The main-spring of all the "trouble" is nowhere clearly shown;—whether the Barons took up arms against the King, in defence of their own feudal authority? or—whether, as the tools of Philip of France, and the partisans of his son Lewis the Dauphin, they supported the claims of the Pope? Besides, throughout the play (in which Shakespeare closely follows "The Troublesome Raigne") the great historical events of the armed meeting at Runnymede, and the signature of Magna Charta, are wholly omitted.

King Henry the Second, who died in 1189, had four sons: (1) Henry, who was accidentally drowned; (2) Geoffrey, who,—either by the secret order, or by the connivance of his father,—was trampled to death, soon after his marriage to the Lady Constance, Duchess of Brittany—having a son, Prince Arthur, whose fate is involved in the Tragedy before us; (3) Richard, who, for his personal bravery during the Holy Wars in Palestine, was surnamed *Cœur-de-lion*;—and (4) John, known as *Sans Terre*, or *Lackland*—a King who degraded England to the lowest depth of historical infamy.

Richard *Cœur-de-lion* died childless in 1199; and his younger brother John—who had been to him a traitor and a rebel—succeeded to the throne of England: notwithstanding the superior claims of Prince Arthur, the son of his elder brother. This boy's title was supported by Philip King of France, by many of the French nobility, and (naturally) by his mother Lady Constance, Duchess-regnant of Brittany.

In this play Shakespeare chronicles and connects events, in defiance of the dramatic unities of Time, Place, and Action; but

² See page 8.

in defence of the poet, we may be allowed to quote the apologetic simile of Coleridge:—"The histories of our ancient Kings—the events of their reigns, I mean—are like stars in the sky:—whatever the real inter-spaces may be, and however great, they seem close to each other. The stars—the events—strike us, and remain in our eye, little modified by the difference of dates,"—or of distance. Thus, our great dramatic poet often connects and unifies distant or dissimilar events:

" Jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass."

The Characters retained in this Condensation are :

JOHN, <i>King of England.</i>	PHILIP, <i>King of France.</i>
PRINCE HENRY, <i>his Son.</i>	LEWIS, <i>the Dauphin.</i>
ARTHUR, <i>Duke of Bretagne,</i> <i>Nephew of King John.</i>	ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
WILLIAM MARESHALL, <i>Earl of</i> <i>Pembroke.</i>	CARDINAL PANDULPH, <i>the Pope's</i> <i>Legate.</i>
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, <i>Earl of</i> <i>Essex.</i>	CHATILLON, <i>Ambassador from</i> <i>France.</i>
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, <i>Earl of</i> <i>Salisbury.</i>	QUEEN ELINOR, <i>Widow of King</i> <i>Henry II, mother of King</i> <i>John, and grandmother of</i> <i>Prince Arthur.</i>
ROBERT BIGOT, <i>Earl of Norfolk.</i>	CONSTANCE, <i>Mother of Prince</i> <i>Arthur.</i>
HUBERT DE BURGH, <i>Chamberlain</i> <i>to the King.</i>	BLANCH, <i>Daughter to Alphonso,</i> <i>King of Castile, and niece of</i> <i>King John.</i>
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, <i>Son of</i> <i>Sir Robert Faulconbridge.</i>	Citizens of Angiers, <i>Sheriff, Her-</i> <i>alds, Officers, and Messengers.</i>
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, <i>his half</i> <i>brother.</i>	

The Scene is sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

The Time extends from the beginning of the reign of King John in 1199, till his death in 1216.

We are to suppose before us, in the palace of Northampton, King John and his mother Queen Elinor, and Court-attendants; with Chatillon, ambassador from the French King, Philip Augustus, the Second (or, as some historians prefer to call him, Philip Augustus, because he was born in the month of August). King John speaks:

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with 'us?

Chat. Thus,—after greeting,—speaks the King of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,—

The 'borrowed majesty,—of England here.

Q. El. A strange beginning!—"Borrowed majesty?"

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France,—in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet,—lays most lawful claim

To this fair island, and the territories;

To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine ;
Desiring thee, to lay 'aside the sword,
Which sways, usurpingly, these several titles ;
And put the same into young 'Arthur's hand—
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if 'we 'dis-allow of this ?

Chat. The proud control² of fierce and bloody war,
To 'enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war 'for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment 'for controlment : so 'answer France.

Chat. Then take my King's 'defiance from my mouth—
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to 'him, and so 'depart in peace.
Be thou as 'lightning in the eyes of France ;
For, ere thou canst report I 'will be there,
The thunder of my 'cannon shall be heard.
So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our 'wrath,
And sullen presage of your own 'decay.—
An honourable 'conduct³ let him have ;
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon. [Ex. Chat. & Pem.

The Queen Mother turns to the King :

Q. El. What now, my son ? Have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not 'cease,
Till she had kindled 'France, and all the 'world,
Upon the right and party of her 'son ?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of 'love ;
Which now, the manage⁴ of two kingdoms must,
With fearful bloody issue, arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for 'us.

Q. El. Your strong 'possession much more than your 'right ;
Or else it must go 'wrong with you and me.

The Sheriff of Northampton has been in conversation with Lord Essex, who now addresses the King :

Ess. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard : Shall I 'produce the men ?

K. John. 'Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.

Our abbeyes, and our priories, shall 'pay
This expedition's charge.

The Sheriff returns, followed by two young men, sons of the deceased Sir Robert Faulconbridge ; the one robust and noble in appearance, the other mean and contemptible. The King inquires :

² Compulsion.

³ Escort, guard.

⁴ Armed power.

K. John. What men are 'you ?

Faul. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,—
Born in Northamptonshire ; and 'eldest son,
(As I suppose,) to Robert Faulconbridge,
A 'soldier ; by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the 'field.

K. John. What art 'thou ?

[To Robert.]

Rob. The son and 'heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the 'elder ? and art 'thou the 'heir ?

You came not of one 'mother then, it seems.

Faul. Most certain of one 'mother, mighty King ;
That is well known ; and, as I think, one 'father :
But that I 'doubt,—as all 'men's children may.

Q. El. Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost 'shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Faul. I, madam ? no, I have no 'reason for it ;

That is my 'brother's plea, and none of mine ;
The which if he can 'prove, a' ' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year :
Heaven guard my mother's honour—and 'my 'land !

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, 'being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to 'thine inheritance ?

Faul. I know not why,—except to get the land.

But once he jeered me as King 'Richard's son ;
And that I am as 'nobly born as he,
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert's sons were needs like 'him, . . .
O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks 'I was not like to thee !

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here !

Q. El. He 'hath a trick³ of Cœur-de-lion's face.—

Do 'you not read some tokens of 'my son
In the large composition of this man ?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examinéd his parts,
And finds them 'perfect 'Richard.—Sirrah, speak : [To
What doth move 'you to claim your 'brother's land ?

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much :
Upon his death-bed, he, by will bequeathed
His lands to 'me ; and took it, on his death,
That this—my 'mother's son—was none of 'his ;
Then, good my liege, let me 'have what is 'mine,—
My father's 'land, as was my father's 'will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is 'legitimate ;
Your father's 'heir must have your father's land.

² Colloquial form of *he*.

³ Peculiar expression.

Rob. Shall then my father's 'will be of no force
To 'dispossess that child which is not his?

Queen Elinor's grandmotherly shrewdness anticipates the royal decision: She addresses the robust claimant:

Q. El. Whether hadst thou rather be a 'Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy 'land?
Or the 'reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence,² and 'no land beside?

Faul. Madam, . . . an if my brother had 'my shape,
And I had 'his (Sir Robert's his, like 'him;)
And if my 'legs were two such riding-rods,
My 'arms such eel-skins stuffed, my 'face so thin,
And, to his 'shape, were heir to all this 'land,—
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have 'this face;
'I would not be "Sir Nob" in any case!

Q. El. I like thee well. Wilt thou 'forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to 'him, and follow 'me?
'I am a 'soldier, and now bound to 'France.

Faul. Brother, take you my 'land, I'll take my 'chance.
Your face hath got five hundred 'pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five 'pence, and 'tis dear!—
Madam, I'll follow 'you unto the 'death!

Q. El. Nay, I would have you go 'before me thither.

Faul. Our country manners give our 'betters way.

The amused King inquires:

K. John. What is thy name?

Faul. Philip, my liege; so is my name 'begun;
Philip . . . good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his 'name whose 'form
thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down 'Philip, but 'arise more great;—
Arise 'Sir 'Richard,—and Plantagenet.

Faul. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
'My father gave me 'honour, yours gave 'land.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy 'desire:
A landless Knight makes 'thee a landed Squire. [To Robert]
Come, madam; and come, Richard; we must 'speed
For France; for 'France! for it is 'more than need. [Exeunt.]

We must now imagine ourselves in France, before the gates of Angiers,³ the capital of the province of Anjou. Outside the gates stand—the Arch-duke of Austria (wearing the lion's skin, which he had taken as a spoil from King Richard Cœur-de-lion, now the

² Of thy own person only. ³ Modern name, Angers (in Maine and Loire).

acknowledged father of Faulconbridge :) Philip King of France, and forces : Lewis the Dauphin : the Lady Constance ; and her son Prince Arthur. The Dauphin speaks :

Lew. Before Angiers² well met, brave Austria.

Arthur,—that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, (that robbed the lion of his heart,
And fought the Holy Wars in Palestine,)
By this brave Duke came early to his grave :
And, for 'amends to his posterity,
At our importance² hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in 'thy behalf.
Embrace him, love him, give him 'welcome hither.

Arth. Heaven shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's 'death,
The rather that you give his offspring 'life :
I 'give you welcome with a powerless 'hand,
But with a 'heart full of unstained love :
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As 'seal to this indenture of my love,—
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced³ shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides ;
Even till that 'England, hedged-in with the main,
Salute 'thee for her King : 'till then, fair boy,
Will I not 'think of home, but follow 'arms.

L. Con. O, take his mother's 'thanks,—a 'widow's thanks,—
Till your strong hand shall help to give 'him strength,
To make a 'more requital to your love !
But stay an answer to your embassy ;
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in 'peace, which here we urge in war. [Enter Chat.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady ! lo, upon thy 'wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived !—
What England says, say 'briefly, gentle lord.

Cha. Then turn your forces from this 'paltry siege
And stir them up against a 'mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in 'arms : The adverse winds
(Whose leisure I have stayed) have given him time
To 'land his legions, all as soon as I ;
With him along is come the Mother-Queen,
An Até,⁴ stirring him to blood and strife ;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;

² Importunity.

³ Chalky.

⁴ The goddess of all evil.

With them a kinsman of the King deceased ;
 And 'all the unsettled humours² of the land :
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in Christendom. . . . [Drums heard.
 The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off 'more circumstance : they are at hand,
 To parley, or to 'fight ; therefore prepare !

The English forces have landed, headed by King John, who is accompanied by his mother Queen Elinor, his niece the Lady Blanch of Castile, and by Faulconbridge, now appointed Commander of the English army. We may imagine the indignant contempt of Faulconbridge, as he scowls on the Archduke of Austria, wearing the lion's skin ;—the slayer, wrapped in the spoil of his royal father. King John opens the conference :

- K. John.* Peace be to France,—if France 'in peace permit
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own :
 If not, bleed France ; and peace ascend to heaven !
- K. Phi.* Peace be to 'England,—if that war 'return
 From France to England, 'there to live in peace.—
 Look here—upon thy brother 'Geffrey's face ;
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of 'his :
 That Geffrey was thy 'elder brother born,
 And this his 'son ; England was 'Geffrey's right,
 And 'this is Geffrey's : In the name of heaven,
 How comes it then that 'thou art called a King ?—
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which own the crown that thou o'ermasterest ?
- K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commission,
 France,
 To draw my 'answer to thy articles ?
- K. Phi.* From that Supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts
 In 'any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of 'right :
 'That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
 Under whose warrant I 'impeach thy wrong.
- K. John.* Alack ! thou dost 'usurp authority.
- K. Phi.* Excuse ; it is to beat usurping 'down.

Queen Elinor, and the Lady Constance, aroused by this royal disputation, instantly advance :

- Q. El.* Who is it thou dost call 'usurper, France ?
L. Con. Let 'me make answer :—Thy usurping 'son.

² Men of unfixed disposition.

- Q. El.* Out, insolent! thy stripling shall be King,
That thou mayst be a 'Queen, and check the world!
'There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy 'father.
L. Con. There 's a good 'grandam, boy, that would blot 'thee.

The Archduke of Austria interposes; but he is at once checked by Faulconbridge:

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Faul. Hear the crier!

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faul. One that will 'play the devil, sir, with 'you,
An a' may catch your hide² and you alone:
You are the 'hare, of whom the proverb goes—
Whose valour plucks 'dead lions by the beard:
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't! i' faith, I will, i' faith!

The Dauphin advances:

Lew. Women, and fools! break-off your conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all;—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur, do I 'claim of thee:
Wilt thou 'resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My 'life as soon! I do 'defy thee, France.—
Arthur of Bretagne,³ yield thee to 'my hand;
And, out of my dear 'love, I'll 'give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can 'win:
Submit thee, boy!

Q. El. Come to thy 'grandam, child!

L. Con. Do, child! go to it 'grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it 'grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a 'good grandam!

Prince Arthur interposes:

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my 'grave:
I am not 'worth this coil that's made for me.

Queen Elinor bitterly says:

Q. El. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Lady Constance replies:

L. Con. His grandam's 'wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which 'Heaven shall take in nature of a 'fee,
To do 'him justice, and revenge on 'you.

² The lion's skin.

³ Brittany, a large province in the N.W. of France.

Q. El. Thou monstrous 'slanderer of heaven and earth!

L. Con. Thou monstrous 'injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me 'slanderer; thou and thine 'usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppress'd boy: A plague upon thee!

Q. El. Thou unadvis'd scold! I can produce

A 'will,—that 'bars the title of thy son.

L. Con. Ay! who doubts that? A will? a 'wicked will;

A 'woman's will; a canker'd 'grandam's will!

King Philip advances:

K. Phi. Peace, lady! Pause, or be more temperate.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear 'them speak
Whose title they admit,—Arthur's or John's.

The trumpet sounds a parley. Several Citizens appear on the ramparts.

Cit. Who is it that hath warned us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis 'France, for England.

K. John. England for 'itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,
These flags of 'France, that are advanc'd here,
Have hither marched to your 'endamagement:
But, on the sight of 'us your lawful King,
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a 'parle;
And now, instead of 'bullets wrapped in 'fire,
They shoot but calm 'words, folded up in 'smoke;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let 'us in, your King,—whose laboured spirits
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

On this right hand stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the 'elder brother of this man,
And 'King o'er him and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden 'equity, 'we tread,
In warlike march, these greens² before your town.
Then tell us, shall your city call 'us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in 'blood to our possession?

The Spokesman for the Citizens replies:

Cit. In brief, we are the King of 'England's subjects:

For 'him, and in 'his right, we hold this town.

K. John. 'Acknowledge then the King, and let 'me in.

² Fields.

- Cit.* That can we 'not ; but he that 'proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal : 'Till that time,
We, for the 'worthiest, hold the right from 'both.
- K. John.* Then Heaven forgive the sin of all those souls
That, to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King !
- K. Phi.* Amen, amen ! Mount, chevaliers ! to arms ! [Exeunt.]

A brief but decisive engagement is fought ; after which the Kings hold another parley.

- K. John.* France, hast thou yet 'more blood to cast away ?
Say, shall the current of our right run on ?
- K. Phi.* England, thou hast not saved one 'drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
Rather, 'lost more. And by this hand I swear,
Before we will lay 'down our just-borne arms,
We'll put 'thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a 'royal number to the dead !

Faulconbridge exclaims :

- Faul.* Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of 'Kings is set on fire !—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
Cry "Havoc," Kings ! 'Back to the stained field !
Then, let confusion of 'one part, confirm
The other's 'peace ; 'till then, blows, blood and death !
- K. John.* 'Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?
- Cit.* The King of 'England, when we 'know the King.
- K. Phi.* Know him in 'us, that here hold up his right.
- K. John.* In 'us, that are our 'own great deputy !
- Cit.* A greater power than we, 'denies all this ;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates.
- Faul.* By heaven, these scroyles² of Angiers flout³ you, Kings !
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a 'theatre,—whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by 'me :
Be 'friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :
By east and west, let France and England mount
Their battering cannon chargéd to the mouths ;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawled down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.

² Mean wretches.

³ Insult by mockery.

That 'done, 'dis-sever your united strengths ;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point ;
 Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
 Out of 'one side her happy minion,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.—

How 'like you this wild counsel, mighty States ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it 'well. France, 'shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground ?

Then, 'after, fight who shall be King of it ?

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the 'west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

Austria adds :

Aust. I from the 'north.

K. Phi. 'Our thunder from the 'south
 Shall rain a 'drift of bullets on this town.

Justly dreading this combination, the Citizens hasten to propose a 'friendly arrangement :

Cit. Hear us, great Kings : Vouchsafe awhile to 'stay,
 And I shall show you 'peace, and fair-faced league ;
 Win you this city 'without stroke or wound ;
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in 'beds,
 That here come 'sacrifices for the 'field.

K. John. Speak-on with 'favour ; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
 Is niece to England. Look upon the years
 Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid :
 If manly² love should go in quest of 'beauty,
 Where should he find it 'fairer than in 'Blanch ?
 If 'zealous love should go in search of 'virtue,
 Where should he find it 'purer than in Blanch ?
 If love 'ambitious sought a match of 'birth,
 'Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch ?
 Such as 'she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young 'Dauphin every way complete.
 'He is the 'half-part of a blessed man ;
 And 'she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in 'him.
 O, two such silver currents, when they 'join,
 Do glorify the 'banks that bound them in ;
 Two such controlling bounds shall 'you be, Kings,
 To these two Princes, if you marry them.

This 'union shall do more than 'battery can
 To our fast-closéd gates; 'without this match,
 The sea enragéd is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion; no, not Death 'himself
 In mortal fury 'half so peremptory,
 As 'we, to 'keep this city.

Faulconbridge, in astonishment at this wily proposal, which so effectually mars his own intentions, ejaculates:

Faul. Here's a stay²
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
 Out of his rags! Here's a large 'mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth Death and mountains, rocks and seas,—
 Talks as familiarly of roaring "lions,"
 As maids of thirteen do of 'puppy-dogs!
 Why, I was never so bethumped with words,
 Since I first called my 'brother's father "dad."

Queen Elinor whispers to King John:

Q. El. Son, 'list to this conjunction; 'make this match:
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
 For 'by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now 'un-sured assurance to the crown,
 That yon green³ boy shall have no sun, to 'ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

Cit. Why 'answer not the double majesties
 This 'friendly treaty of our threatened town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
 To speak unto this city: What say 'you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
 Can in this book of beauty read, "I love,"
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a 'Queen.

K. Phi. What say'st 'thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and find a wondrous miracle,—
 The shadow of 'myself,—
 Drawn in the flattering table⁴ of her 'eye.

The thwarted leader makes his jeering commentary, while the Dauphin is addressing the lady:

Faul. 'Drawn, in the flattering table of her 'eye?
 'Hanged, in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
 And 'quartered in her heart! Ah! this is pity now,
 That,—hanged, and drawn, and quartered,—there
 should be
 In such a 'love, so vile a 'lout as he!

² Stop, obstruction.

³ Immature, inexperienced.

⁴ Tablet, retina.

K. John. What say these 'young ones? What say 'you, my niece?

L. Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to 'do,
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to 'say.

K. Jo. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you 'love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can 'refrain from love;
For I 'do love her, most unfeignedly!

K. John. Philip of France, if 'thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son, and daughter, to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well: Young princes, close your hands.

Austria merrily adds:

Aust. And your 'lips too; for I am well assured
That 'I did so, when I was first betrothed.²

K. Phi. 'Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let-in that amity which you have made.—
Is not the Lady 'Constance in this troop?³
I 'know she is not; for this match made-up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Brother of England, how may we 'content
This widow-lady?

K. John. We will heal-up 'all;
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—'Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity. I trust we shall,
If not fill-up the measure of her 'will,
Yet, in 'some measure, satisfy her so,
That we shall 'stop her exclamation.

[Exit.

Lord Salisbury at once proceeds to Lady Constance on the mandate of the King.—The gates of the town are joyously thrown open; and the reconciled monarchs, with the youthful bride and bridegroom, at once proceed to solemnize the rites of marriage.—Faulconbridge remains, in ludicrous perplexity, gazing at the fraternizing French and English; then, when alone, he bursts out in bitter exclamation:

Faul. 'Mad world! mad 'kings! mad 'composition!⁴
John, to stop Arthur's title in the 'whole,
Hath willingly departed with a 'part;
And France,—whose armour "conscience" buckled on,
Whom "zeal" and "charity" brought to the field
As Heaven's own soldier,—rounded⁵ in the ear
By that same purpose-changer, (that sly devil,

² O. R. assured.

³ Assembly.

⁴ Agreement.

⁵ Whispered pleasantly.

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
 That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;)
 That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
 Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,—
 From a resolved and honourable 'war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded 'peace!
 And why rail 'I on this Commodity?
 But for because he hath not wooed 'me yet:
 Well, whiles I am a 'beggar, I will 'rail,
 And say, There is no 'sin but to be 'rich;
 And 'being rich, my virtue 'then shall be
 To say, There is no 'vice, but 'beggary.
 Since Kings break faith upon "commodity,"
 Gain, be 'my lord—for I will worship 'thee!

We now proceed to the pavilion of the French King: where Lord Salisbury has just informed the Lady Constance and her son Prince Arthur, of the sudden cessation of hostilities consequent on the union of the Dauphin and the Lady Blanch.

L. Con. Gone to be 'married? gone to swear a 'peace?
 False blood to false blood joined! . . . Gone to be 'friends?
 Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
 It is 'not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
 I have a King's 'oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be 'punish'd for thus frightening me;
 For I am 'sick, and capable of 'fears;
 Oppressed with 'wrongs, and therefore 'full of fears;
 A 'widow, 'husbandless, 'subject to fears;
 A 'woman, naturally 'born to fears! . . .
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 Be these sad signs 'confirmers of thy words?
 Then speak 'again; not all thy 'former tale,
 But this 'one word,—whether thy tale be 'true.

Sal. As true as, I believe, you think 'them false
 That give you cause to 'prove my saying true.
 if thou teach me to 'believe this sorrow,
 you this sorrow how to make me 'die.
 arry Blanch! O boy, then where art 'thou?
 riend with England! what becomes of 'me? . . .
 be gone! I cannot 'brook thy sight!

Prince Arthur supplicates :

Arth. I do 'beseech you, madam, be content.

L. Con. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert 'grim,
 Patched with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care ; I then would 'be content :
 But thou art 'fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,
 Nature and Fortune joined to make thee 'great :
 Of 'Nature's gifts thou mayst with 'lilies boast,
 And with the half-blown rose. But 'Fortune, . . . O,
 She is corrupted, changed, and won from 'thee ;
 And with her golden hand hath plucked-on France
 To tread-down fair respect of sovereignty.
 Tell me, thou 'fellow ! is not France 'forsworn ?
 'Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes 'alone—which 'I alone
 Am bound to under-bear !

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go 'without you to the Kings.

L. Con. Thou mayst,—thou 'shalt ; I 'will not go with thee !
 I will instruct my sorrows to be 'proud ;
 For grief 'is proud, and makes his owner stout.²
 To 'me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let Kings 'assemble ; for my grief's 'so great
 That no supporter, but the huge firm Earth,
 Can hold it up : here I and Sorrow sit ;
 Here is 'my throne,—bid Kings come 'bow to it.

As Constance thus throws herself on the ground, the two Kings, John and Philip, enter, with the newly-married Dauphin and Princess, and the Archduke of Austria—closely followed by Faulconbridge, still watchful to insult him. The King of France thus replies to the anxious inquiring look of the Lady Constance :

K. Phi. 'Tis 'true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day
 'Ever in France shall be kept festival :
 The yearly course that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it but a 'holiday.

L. Con. A 'wicked day, and not a holy day !
 What hath this day 'deserved ? what hath it 'done,
 That 'it in golden letters should be set
 Among the high tides³ in the calendar ?
 Nay, rather turn this day 'out of the week,—
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury !
 This day, all things 'begun come to 'ill end,
 Yea, faith itself to hollow 'falsehood change !

² O. R. stoop.

³ Solemn festivals.

- K. Phi.* By heaven, lady, you shall have 'no cause
To 'curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawned to you my 'majesty?
- L. Con.* You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
'Resembling majesty, which, being touched² and tried,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn!
You 'came in arms to 'spill mine enemies' blood,
But 'now in arms you 'strengthen it with yours;
And 'our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjured Kings!
A 'widow cries; be husband to me, Heaven!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear-out the day in 'peace; but, ere sunset,
Set arméd 'discord 'twixt these perjured Kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

The two Kings, amazed at the widow's plaint that bursts from her wounded soul, are silent; but the heartless braggart Austria heedlessly interposes:

- Aust.* Lady Constance, peace!
- L. Con.* War! war! 'no peace! peace is to 'me a war. . . .
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost 'shame
That bloody spoil!—Thou slave! thou wretch! thou
coward!
Thou little valiant, great in 'villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the 'stronger side!
Thou 'Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee 'safety! Thou cold-blooded slave!
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on 'my side?
Been sworn 'my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars,³ thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall-over to my 'foes?
'Thou wear a 'lion's hide? doff it for shame,
And hang a 'calf's-skin on those recreant limbs!
- Aust.* O, that a 'man should speak those words to me!
Faulconbridge instantly advances:
- Faul.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
- Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life!
- Faul.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

King John interposes; saying to Faulconbridge—

- K. John.* We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

As the angry Sir Richard retires, Cardinal Pandulph approaches to deliver his message from Rome.

² Tested by the touchstone. ³ Astronomical aspect of the heavenly bodies.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven!—
 To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
 I, Pandulph, of fair Milan Cardinal,
 And, from Pope Innocent, the Legate here,
 Do, in his name, religiously demand
 Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn? and, force perforce,
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
 Of Canterbury, 'from that holy see?
 This, (in our 'foresaid holy Father's name,
 Pope Innocent,) I do 'demand of thee.

K. John. What 'earthly name to interrogatories
 Can task the free breath of a sacred 'King?
 Thou canst not, Cardinal, 'devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge 'me to an answer, as the 'Pope.
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
 'Add thus much more,—That 'no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in 'our dominions;
 But as we (under Heaven) are supreme head,
 So, under Him,—that Great Supremacy,—
 Where we do 'reign, we will alone 'uphold,
 'Without the assistance of a 'mortal hand:
 So 'tell the Pope; all reverence set 'apart,
 To him and his 'usurped authority.

King Philip, "the eldest son of the Church," in amazement exclaims:

K. Phi. Brother of England, you 'blaspheme in this!

K. John. Though you, and 'all the kings of Christendom,
 Are led so grossly by this meddling Priest,
 'Dreading the curse that money may 'buy out;
 And, by the merit of vile gold,—dross, dust,—
 'Purchase corrupted pardon of a 'man,
 Who in that sale 'sells pardon 'from himself;—
 Though you, and all the rest so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revénué cherish,
 Yet 'I alone, 'alone do me oppose
 Against the Pope,—and count 'his friends my 'foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand 'curs'd, and excommunicate:
 And 'meritorious shall that hand be called,
 That takes away, by 'any secret course,
 Thy hateful 'life.

Lady Constance interposes :

L. Con. O, lawful let it be
That 'I have room, with Rome, to curse awhile!
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou "Amen"
To 'my keen curses; for, 'without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him 'right.

Pand. Philip of France, on 'peril of a curse,
Let-'go the hand of that arch-heretic!

The ever-forward ill-judging Austria (instantly confronted by Faulconbridge) again proffers his advice :

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Faul. And hang a calf's-skin on 'his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian! . . . I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Faul. Your pockets² best may carry them. . . .

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

K. Phi. Good reverend Father, make 'my person 'yours,
And tell me how 'you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit.
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some 'gentle order; and 'then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and 'continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is 'opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be 'champion of our Church,
Or let the Church, our Mother, breathe her curse,—
A 'mother's curse!—on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a 'serpent by the tongue,
A fasting 'tiger safer by the tooth,
Than 'keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my 'hand, but not my 'faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an 'enemy. O, let thy vow
'First made to heaven, first be to heaven 'performed,
To be the champion of our Church! If not, then know—
The perils of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them 'off,
But, in despair, 'die under their black weight.

Austria again intrudes :

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Faul. Will't not be?

Will not a 'calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

The Dauphin—restrained for a time by the Lady Blanch and the Lady Constance—observing his father's continued hesitation, at last impatiently exclaims :

² O. R. breeches.

Lew. Father, to arms!

L. Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
 'Against the blood that thou hast 'married?
 O 'husband, hear me! Even for that name—
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,—
 Upon my knee I 'beg, go 'not to arms
 Against mine uncle!

Lady Constance prefers 'her petition :

L. Con. O, upon 'my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, 'I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
 Forethought by 'Heaven!

L. Blanch. Now shall I 'see thy love: What motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of 'wife?

L. Con. That which upholdeth 'him that 'thee upholds,—
 'His 'honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such 'profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I 'will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. . . . Thou shalt not need. England, I 'fall from thee!

K. Jo. France! thou shalt rue this hour 'within this hour! . . .

Cousin, go draw our puissance together. . . . [Exit Paul

France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath,

That nothing can allay; nothing but 'blood!

The blood, and dearest-'valued blood, of France!

K. Phi. Look to 'thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens. To arms let's hie!

[Exeunt.

In the battle that ensues, Faulconbridge slays his antagonist, the Archduke of Austria; and Prince Arthur is taken prisoner. The government of the English possessions in France is now entrusted to Queen Elinor: and Faulconbridge is directed to proceed to England, and prepare for King John's return by levying, from the clergy, large supplies of money for the impoverished royal exchequer. The King 'urges this exaction on Faulconbridge.

K. John. Cousin, 'away for England! 'haste before:

And, ere 'our coming, see thou shake the bags²

Of hoarding Abbots; imprisoned angels³

Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in its 'utmost force.

Faul. Bell, book, and candle⁴ shall not drive me 'back,

When gold and silver beck me to come-'on.

I leave your highness.

² Money pouches. ³ Old English gold coins, worth about ten shillings (\$2 50) each.

⁴ Used in excommunication.

K. John. Farewell, gentle cousin. . . .

[Exit Faul.

Come hither, Hubert.—O my gentle Hubert, . . .
 We owe thee much! Within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul counts thee her 'creditor,
 And, with advantage, means to 'pay thy love:
 And, my good friend, thy 'voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished. . . .
 Give me thy hand . . . I had a thing to say, . . .
 But I will fit it with some better 'time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost 'ashamed
 To say what 'good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so 'yet,
 But thou 'shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee 'good.
 I 'had a thing to say, . . . but let it go:
 The 'sun is in the heaven; and the proud Day,
 Attended with the Pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton and too full of gawds²
 To give 'me audience. If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound "One!"³ into the drowsy ear⁴ of Night;
 If this same were a 'churchyard where we stand,
 And 'thou possesséd with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had baked thy blood and made it heavy, thick,—
 Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 (A passion hateful to my purposes;)—
 Or, if that thou couldst see me 'without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue,—using 'conceit⁵ alone,—
 Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;—
 Then, in despite of broad-eyed⁶ watchful Day,
 I 'would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But, ah, I will not!—yet I love thee 'well;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lovest 'me well?

Hub. 'So well, that what 'you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it!

John. Do not I 'know thou wouldst? . . .
 Good Hubert! . . . Hubert,—Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy! I'll tell thee what, my friend,

Worthless displays. ² O. R. on. ³ O. R. race. ⁴ Thought, unspoken conception.

⁶ O. R. brooded.

He is a very 'serpent in my way ;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me : Dost thou understand me ? . . .
 Thou art his 'keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him 'so,
 That he shall 'not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death !

Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not 'live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be 'merry 'now. Hubert, I 'love thee ; . . .
 Well, I'll not 'say what I intend for thee :
 Remember !—For England, cousin Arthur :
 Hubert shall attend with all true duty.
 On toward Calais, ho !

[Exeunt.]

Before we follow Hubert and his prisoner Prince to England, we shall return to the tent of the French King ; where we see Philip Augustus, Lewis the Dauphin, and Cardinal Pandulph. The Lady Constance, distracted by intelligence of her son's captivity and removal to England, is at hand. Unexpected disasters at sea have been recently reported. King Philip speaks :

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

A whole armado² of convicted³ sail

Is scattered and disjoined from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort ! all shall 'yet go well.

K. Phi. What 'can go well, when we have run so 'ill ?

Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?

Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?

And bloody England into England gone,

O'erbearing interruption, 'spite of France ? . . .

Look, who comes here ! A grave unto a soul ;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile⁴ prison of afflicted breath.

Constance dejectedly approaches.

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

L. Con. Lo, now ! 'Now see the 'issue of your peace !

K. Phi. Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Constance !

L. Con. No ! I 'defy all counsel, all redress,

But that which 'ends all counsel, 'true redress,—

Death, Death ! O amiable, lovely Death !

Come, 'grin on me ; and I will think thou 'smil'st,

And buss⁵ thee as thy 'wife. Misery's love,

O, come to 'me !

² This loss of the French fleet occurred in 1213.—The destruction of the (Spanish) "Invincible Armada" took place in 1588, shortly before Shakespeare wrote this play.

³ Defeated.

⁴ O. R. vilde.

⁵ Kiss.

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!
L. Con. No, no! I will not, having breath to 'cry.
 O, that my tongue were in the 'thunder's mouth!
 Then with a passion would I shake the world,
 And rouse from sleep that fell Anatomy,²
 Which cannot hear a 'lady's feeble voice,
 And scorns a 'modern³ invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter 'madness, and not sorrow.

L. Con. Thou art not holy to 'belie me so;
 I am 'not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
 My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is 'lost:
 I am not 'mad: I would to heaven I 'were!
 For then, 'tis like I should 'forget myself: . . .
 O, if I could, what 'grief should I forget!
 Preach some philosophy to 'make me mad,
 And, Cardinal, thou shalt be 'canonized!
 O, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say
 That we shall 'see and 'know our friends, in Heaven:
 If that be 'true, I shall see my boy 'again;
 For, since the birth of Cain, (the 'first male child,)
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But 'now, will canker-'sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
 And he will look as hollow as a 'ghost,
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
 And 'so he'll 'die; and, 'rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the Court of Heaven
 I shall not 'know him:—therefore 'never, never
 Must I behold my 'pretty Arthur more!

Pand. You hold too heinous⁴ a respect' of grief.

L. Con. 'He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of 'grief as of your child.

L. Con. Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
 Lies in his bed; walks up and down with me;
 Puts on his pretty looks; repeats his words;
 Remembers me of 'all his gracious parts;
 Stuffs-out his vacant garments with his form:
 Then, have I 'reason to be fond of grief.—
 Fare you well: had 'you such loss as I,
 'I could give 'better comfort than 'you do. . . .
 'I will not keep this form upon my head,
 'When here is such 'disorder in my wit. . . . [Throwing off her
 coronet.

ire skeleton. ² Not in accordance with the old rites. ⁴ = Wicked regard for.

O Lord!—My boy, my Arthur! my fair son!
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the 'world!
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[Exeunt.]

The sedulous Cardinal Pandulph now takes every opportunity to arouse the Dauphin's ambition by reminding him that, in the event of Arthur's death, he himself may—on behalf of his wife Lady Blanch, niece of King John—claim the throne of England.

Meantime, Hubert and Prince Arthur have arrived at the Castle of Northampton. The King's warrant has been issued, that the young Prince's eyes should be burnt out; in accordance with an old law that such a physical blemish was a bar to royal succession.

We overhear Hubert, in the gloomy obscurity of the prison chamber, giving directions to Two Ruffians—whom he is making his agents in crime.

Hub. Heat me these irons 'hot; and look thou stand
 'Within the arras:² when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy whom you shall find with me
 Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch. [Ex. Att.
 Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Arthur enters:

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert!

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As 'little prince,—having so great a title
 To be 'more prince,—as may be. You are sad?

Hub. Indeed, I have been 'merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but 'I:
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as 'night,
 Only for 'wantonness. By my Christendom,
 So I were 'out of prison and kept 'sheep,
 I should be 'merry as the day is long;
 And so I would be 'here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises 'more harm to me:
 He is afraid of 'me, and I of 'him:
 Is it my 'fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
 No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
 I were 'your son,—so you would 'love me, Hubert. . . .
 Are you sick, Hubert? you look 'pale to-day:

² Tapestry hangings first manufactured at Arras, in France.

In sooth, I would you were a 'little sick—
That I might sit all night and watch with you :
I warrant, I love 'you more than you do 'me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here young Arthur.

[*Showing his warrant.*
Aside] How now, foolish rheum !²

Turning dis-piteous torture out-of-door !
I must be 'brief ; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender 'womanish 'tears.—
Can you not read it ? is it not 'fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul 'effect :
'Must you, with hot irons, burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I 'must.

Arth. And 'will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the 'heart ? When 'your head did but 'ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows ;
And, with my hand, at midnight held your head ;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you ? and Where lies your grief ?
Many a 'poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving 'word to you ;
But you, at your sick service, had a 'Prince :
Nay, you may think my love was 'crafty love.
And call it 'cunning : do, an if you will : . . .
If 'Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you 'must. . . . 'Will you put out mine eyes ?
These eyes that never 'did, nor never 'shall,
So much as 'frown on 'you !

Hub. I have 'sworn to do it !

Arth. O, if an 'Angel should have come to me,
And told me 'Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed,—no tongue but Hubert's !

Hub. Come forth ! [Stamps.]

Hubert gives the signal, and the Attendants re-enter with cords and irons.

Do as I bid you !

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! My eyes are 'out,
Even with the fierce 'looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give 'me the iron, I say ; and bind him 'here.
'Alas ! what need you be so boisterous rough ?
I will not 'struggle, I will stand stone-'still.

² A sharp moisture in the eyes.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me 'not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! Drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word;
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive 'you,
 'Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. . . . Go, stand within; let me alone with him. [Ex Attendants.
 Come, boy: prepare yourself!

Arth. Is there no 'remedy?

Hub. None,—but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a 'mote in yours,
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering 'hair,
 'Any annoyance in that precious sense!
 Then, feeling what 'small things are 'boisterous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem 'horrible!

Hub. Is this your 'promise? go to. hold your tongue!

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a 'brace of tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of 'eyes:
 Let me 'not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert;
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut-out my tongue,
 So I may 'keep mine eyes: O, 'spare mine eyes,
 Though to no use but still to look on 'you! . . .
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is 'cold,
 And 'would not harm me.

Hub. I can 'heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the 'fire is dead, with grief;
 The breath of Heaven hath blown his spirit 'out,
 And strewed repentant 'ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can 'revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it 'blush!
 'All things that you should 'use to do me wrong,
 'Deny their office: only 'you do lack
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,—
 Creatures of note for mercy-'lacking uses.

Hub. . . . Well, see to 'live! I will not 'touch thine eyes,
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes!

Arth. O, 'now you look 'like Hubert! all this while
 You were 'disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
 Your uncle must not know but you are 'dead;
 I'll fill these doggéd spies with 'false reports:
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the 'world,
 Will 'not 'offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence! No more: go closely² in with me:
 Much danger do I undergo, for 'thee.

[Exeunt.]

King John, satisfied that Hubert would execute his cruel warrant, is now before us on his throne of state in the Palace. The Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury—scarcely concealing, by any courtly hypocrisy, their discontent—are the chief expostulators with the King.

K. John. Here once 'again we sit; once again 'crowned :³
 And looked upon, I hope, with 'cheerful eyes ?

Pembroke replies :

Pem. This "once again," but that your highness pleased,
 Was once 'superfluous : you were crowned 'before.

Salisbury adds :

Sal. Therefore, to be possessed with 'double pomp,—
 To 'guard⁴ a title that was rich 'before;
 To 'gild refinéd gold ; to 'paint the lily ;
 To throw a 'perfume on the violet ;
 To 'smooth the ice ; or add 'another hue
 Unto the rainbow ; or, with 'taper-light,
 To seek the beauteous eye⁵ of heaven to 'garnish,—
 Is wasteful and ridiculous 'excess.

K. John. . . . Some 'reasons of this double coronation
 I have possessed you with: Meantime, but ask
 What you would have 'reformed that is not well ;
 And well shall you perceive how willingly
 I will both 'hear and 'grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, that am the tongue⁶ of these, request
 The 'enfranchisement of 'Arthur: let it be our suit
 That you have 'bid us ask his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so : I do commit his youth
 To 'your direction. ^[Hubert enters.] Hubert, what news with you ?

Hubert whispers his reply ; while Pembroke, narrowly watching the crafty King and his wicked instrument, says to Salisbury :

Pem. This is the man should 'do the bloody deed :
 He showed his 'warrant to a friend of mine ;
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis 'done !

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
 Between his 'purpose and his 'conscience.

John, with a sigh of relief, turns from Hubert to address the nobles :

² Secretly.

³ This second coronation was at Canterbury in 1201.

⁴To decorate

as with lace or fringe.

⁵ The sun.

⁶ Spokesman.

K. John. We cannot 'hold² Mortality's strong hand: . . .

Good lords, although my 'will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone—and 'dead: . . .
He tells us, Arthur is 'deceased, 'to-night.

Sal. Indeed? we feared his sickness was past 'cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how 'near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was 'sick:
This must be 'answered!—either here, or hence!

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on 'me?
Think you 'I bear the shears of Destiny?
Have 'I commandment on the pulse of 'life?

Sal. It is 'apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so 'grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! And so, farewell! [Ex. Lords.]

K. John. They 'burn in indignation. . . I 'repent!
There is no 'sure foundation set on 'blood;
No 'certain life achieved by others' 'death.

One of the royal Messengers enters.

A 'fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have 'seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So 'foul a sky clears not without a 'storm:
'Pour down thy weather. How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to 'England. Never such a power
Was levied in the body of a land.

The copy of 'your speed is learned by 'them;
For, when you should be told they do 'prepare,
The tidings come that they are all 'arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence³ been 'drunk?
Where hath it 'slept? Where is my 'mother's care,
That such an army 'could be drawn⁴ in France,
And 'she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopped, with 'dust; the first of April 'died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance, in a frenzy, died
Three days before.

K. John. 'Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a 'league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! . . . What! mother 'dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose 'conduct came those powers of France?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. . . . Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

² Restrain.

³ Information from spies.

⁴ Collected.

Faulconbridge hastily enters.

Ah, cousin! Now what says the world
To 'your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more 'ill news, for it is 'full.

Faul. But if you be afeard to hear the 'worst,
Then let the worst, 'un-heard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
'Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To 'any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faul. 'How I have sped among the Clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the 'people strangely fantasied;
Possessed with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing 'what they fear, but 'full of fear.

K. John. O, my gentle cousin! . . .
Hear'st thou the news 'abroad, who are arrived?

Faul. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire;
And others 'more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur,—who, they say, is 'killed to-night,
On 'your 'suggestion.

K. John. . . . Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me!

Faul. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make 'haste; the 'better foot before.
Be Mercury! set feathers to 'thy heels,
And fly like 'thought from them to me again!

Faul. The spirit of the time shall 'teach me speed. [Exit

K. John. My mother dead!

Hubert, who has been watching for this opportunity, now returns.

Hub. My lord, they say 'five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. 'Five moons!

H. Old men, and beldams,² in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
'Young Arthur's 'death is 'common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,

² Old women, hags.

And whisper one another in the ear:
 And he that 'speaks doth grip the hearer's wrist;
 Whilst he that 'hears makes fearful action,
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
 I saw a 'smith stand with his hammer thus,
 (The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,)
 With open mouth swallowing a 'tailor's news;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Told of a many 'thousand warlike French
 That were embattailéd² and ranked in Kent;
 Another lean unwashed artificer
 Cuts off 'his tale, and talks of 'Arthur's 'death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess 'me with these fears?
 Why urgest thou so 'oft young Arthur's death?
 'Thy hand hath murdered him: 'I had mighty cause
 To 'wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord? why, did you not 'provoke³ me?

K. John. It is the 'curse of kings to be attended
 By slaves—that take their 'humours for a 'warrant,
 To break within the bloody house of life;
 And, on the 'winking of authority,
 To 'understand a law; to know the 'meaning
 Of dangerous majesty,—when, perchance, it frowns
 More upon 'humour⁴ than advised respect.⁵

Hub. Here is your hand, and 'seal, for what I did. [Showing warrant.]

K. John. . . . O, when the last account 'twixt Heaven and
 Earth

Is to be made, 'then shall this hand and seal
 Witness 'against us—to 'damnation!—
 How oft the sight of 'means to 'do ill deeds,
 Makes ill deeds 'done! Hadst not 'thou been 'by,—
 A fellow, by the hand of 'Nature, 'marked,
 'Quoted,⁶ and 'signed, to 'do a deed of shame,
 This murder 'had not come into my mind:
 But, taking note of thy abhorréd aspect,
 Finding thee 'fit for bloody villainy,
 I, faintly, broke with thee of Arthur's death;
 And thou, to be endeared to a King,
 Mad'st it no conscience to 'destroy a 'Prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head,—or made a 'pause
 When I spake 'darkly what I purposéd,—
 Or turned an eye of 'doubt upon my face,—
 Or bid me tell my tale in express 'words,—

² Arrayed for battle.

³ Incite.

⁴ Whim, caprice.

⁵ — Counsell'd consideration.

⁶ Distinguished by marks.

Deep shame had struck me 'dumb, made me break-off,
 And those 'thy fears might have wrought fears in 'me:
 But thou didst understand me by my 'signs,
 And didst, in signs again, 'parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart 'consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to 'act
 The deed, which 'both our tongues held vile to 'name!—
 Out of my sight, and never see me more! . . .
 My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of 'foreign powers:
 Nay, in the body of this 'fleshy land,
 Hostility and civil tumult reign
 Between my 'conscience . . . and my cousin's 'death!

Hub. Arm you against your 'other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your 'soul and you.
 Young Arthur is 'alive! this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an 'innocent hand,
 'Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 And you have 'slandered Nature in 'my form;
 Which, howsoever rude 'exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer 'mind,
 Than to be 'butcher of an innocent 'child!

K. John. Doth Arthur 'live? O, haste thee to the peers!
 Throw 'this report on their incenséd rage,
 And make them 'tame to their obedience!
 'Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was 'blind.
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste.
 But 'slowly I conjúre² thee; 'run more fast. [Exeunt.]

In the meantime, Prince Arthur, wearied with captivity, resolves to escape from Northampton Castle; and, disguising himself as a sea-boy, makes his daring attempt.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:
 Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
 I am afraid; . . . and yet I'll venture it!
 As good to die and 'go, as die and stay. . . . [Leaps down.]
 O me! my 'uncle's spirit is in these stones:
 Heaven take my 'soul, and England keep my 'bones!
 [Dies.]

The mangled body is found by the Lords Bigot and Salisbury, just as Sir Richard Faulconbridge has delivered his message from the King. Lord Pembroke exclaims:

² Entreat.

Pem. O Death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to 'hide this deed.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think 'you? have you beheld?
Or have you read, or heard? or could you 'think?
Or do you 'almost think, although you 'see,
That you 'do see? This is the bloodiest shame,
That ever wall-eyed² wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Faul. It 'is a wicked and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand—
If that it be the work of 'any hand.

Sal. 'If that it be the work of any hand!
It is the shameful work of 'Hubert's hand,
The practice and the purpose of the 'King!

At this instant Hubert enters.

Hub. Lords, I am 'hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth 'live!—The King hath sent for you.

Sal. Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am 'no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [Drawing his sword.]

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury! stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think 'my sword 's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, 'forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your 'rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a 'nobleman?

Hub. Not for my 'life: but yet I dare 'defend
My innocent life against an 'emperor!

Sal. Thou art a 'murderer!

Hub. . . . Do not 'prove me so;
'Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks 'false,
Not 'truly speaks; who speaks not truly, 'lies!

Pem. Cut him to pieces!

All draw their swords and advance upon Hubert; but the English Commander-in-Chief authoritatively interposes:

Faul. Keep the 'peace, I say!

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge!

Faul. Thou wert better gall the 'Devil, Salisbury!
If thou but 'frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do 'me shame,
I'll strike thee 'dead! Put up thy sword betime;

² Diseased as by glaucoma.

Or . . . I'll so maul 'you and your toasting-iron,²
That you shall think the Devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hubert interrupts :

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who killed this Prince?

Hub. . . . 'Tis not an hour since I left him 'well!
I honoured him, I loved him; and will weep
'My date of life out, for 'his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not 'without such rheum.³
Away with 'me,—all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am 'stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. 'There, tell the King he may inquire us out. [Exeunt Lords.]

The gallant Faulconbridge and the guilt-stained Hubert are alone,
beside the mangled body of young Arthur.

Faul. Here's a good world! . . . 'Knew you of this fair
work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of Mercy, if 'thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou 'damned, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir. Upon my soul—

Faul. If thou didst but 'consent
To this most cruel act, do but 'despair!
And if thou want'st a 'cord, the smallest 'thread
Will serve to 'strangle thee; a 'rush will be a 'beam
To 'hang thee on; or wouldst thou 'drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a 'spoon,
And it shall be as all the 'ocean,—
Enough to stifle such a villain up!
I do 'suspect thee, very 'grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of 'thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Let 'hell want pains enough to 'torture me!
I 'left him 'well.

Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms⁴ . . .
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world. . . .
How easy dost thou take all England up!

² Sword.

³ Tears.

⁴ Testing the old superstition that a corpse will bleed if touched by its murderer.

Pray, follow me with 'speed : . . . I'll to the King :
 A 'thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [Exit.

We are not to conclude that Prince Arthur died as the dramatist has shown. Another historical tradition is, that, in 1203, the young Prince was, in the castle of Rouen, either stabbed by King John himself, or thrown over its battlements. The obscurity of the crime allowed Shakespeare to deal with it as he pleased. The King was generally considered as the murderer: therefore this treacherous deed was prominently mentioned among the many causes of disaffection that spread through the Barons, and led, in 1215, to the forced grant of the Magna Charta.

Queen Elinor, John's mother, died so early as 1204; John did homage for his Kingdom to the Pope in 1213. The invasion of England by the Dauphin was in 1216. In the play, however, these distant occurrences become almost contemporaneous.

King John, in a State Chamber of the Palace, is again before us, in the act of doing homage to Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's representative.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up, into 'your hand, ^[Giving the crown.]
 The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again
 From this my hand,—as 'holding of the 'Pope,—
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now 'keep your holy word : go meet the French, . . .
 And from his Holiness use all your power
 To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.

Pand. It was 'my breath that blew this tempest up,
 Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope ;
 But since you are a gentle 'convertite,²
 My tongue shall 'hush-again this storm of war
 And make 'fair weather in your blustering land. [Exit.

Faulconbridge advances dejectedly : for, since the death of Prince Arthur, his gayety of heart has quite deserted him.

Faul. All Kent hath 'yielded ; nothing 'there holds-out
 But Dover Castle : 'London hath received,
 Like a kind 'host, the Dauphin and his powers :
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your 'enemy ;
 And wild amazement hurries, up and down,
 The little number of your 'doubtful 'friends.

K. John. Would not my lords 'return to me again,
 After they heard young Arthur was 'alive ?

Faul. They found him 'dead, and cast into the streets.

² Convert, penitent.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did 'live.

Faul. So, on my soul, he 'did, for aught he knew.—

But wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad?

Be great in 'act, as you have been in 'thought:

Let not the world 'see fear and sad distrust

Govern the motion of a 'kingly eye:

Be stirring as the 'time; be fire 'with fire;

'Threaten the threatener; and outface the brow

Of bragging horror: so shall 'inferior eyes

Grow great by your 'example, and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of war,²

When he intendeth to 'become³ the field:

Show boldness and aspiring 'confidence.

What! shall they seek the lion in his 'den,

And 'fright him there? and make him tremble 'there?

O, let it not be said: 'Forage,⁴ and run

To 'meet Displeasure farther from the doors,

And 'grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,

And I have made a happy 'peace with him;

And he hath promised to 'dismiss the powers

Led by the Dauphin.

Faul. O inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing⁵ of our land,

Send fair-play orders? and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce

To foes invasive? Let us, my liege, to 'arms!

Perchance the Cardinal 'cannot make your peace;

Or if he do, let it at least be said

They saw we had a 'purpose of defence.

K. John. Have 'thou the ordering of this present time.

Faul. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,

Our party may well meet a 'prouder foe.

[Exeunt.]

When the King of France was informed that, as England must now (in consequence of John's formal abdication) be considered a part of "St. Peter's Patrimony," and that the meditated invasion by France could not, without flagrant breach of agreement, be attempted; he angrily sent off the Dauphin to effect the landing of the French troops; and, so bitter was the antipathy to John, that the invaders were at once joined by many of the discontented English nobles.

² Mars.

³ Adorn, put on glittering armour for.

⁴ Search around.

⁵ Soil.

While Prince Lewis is encamped near St. Edmund's-Bury—followed by the Lords Salisbury, Pembroke, and others—Cardinal Pandulph approaches. The Dauphin says :

Lew. Look, where the holy Legate comes 'apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of 'Heaven.

Cardinal Pandulph enters :

Pan. Hail, noble prince of France !

King John hath 'reconciled himself to Rome ;
Therefore, thy threatening colours now wind up,
And 'tame the savage spirit of wild war.

Lew. . . . Your grace shall pardon me,—I 'will not 'back :
I am too high-born to be 'propertied,²
To be a 'secondary at control,
Or useful 'serving-man and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the 'world.
'Your breath first kindled the dead coal of 'wars,
Yea, 'thrust this enterprise into my heart ;
And come ye 'now to tell me—John hath made
His peace with 'Rome ? What is that peace to 'me ?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bond,
(After young Arthur,) claim this land for 'mine ;
And, now it is 'half-conquered, must I 'back ?
Am I Rome's 'slave ? What 'penny hath 'Rome borne ?
What men provided ? What munition sent,
To underprop this action ? Is 't not 'I
That undergo this charge ? Who else 'but I,
Sweat in this business, and 'maintain this war ?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
"Vive le roi !" as I have banked³ their towns ?
Have I not here the best 'cards for the game,
To 'win this easy match played for a crown ?
And shall I now give-o'er the 'yielded set ?
No ! on my soul, it never shall be said !— [A parley is sounded.
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

Sir Richard Faulconbridge enters, attended.

Faul. According to the fair play of the world,
Let 'me have audience ; I am 'sent to speak.—
My holy lord of Milan, from the 'King
I come, to learn, How you have dealt for him ?

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite :
He flatly says, he 'll 'not lay down his arms.

Faul. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says 'well. Now hear our English 'King ;

² Treated like a stage property or tool.

³ Traversed the embankment.

For thus his royalty doth speak in 'me.
 He is prepared (and reason too he should)
 To 'whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled 'here?
 No:—know, the gallant monarch is in 'arms:
 And, like an eagle o'er his ærie,² towers,³
 To souse⁴ annoyance that comes near his nest.
 And 'you, degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping-up the heart⁵
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame!

Lew. There 'end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
 We grant thou canst 'out-scold us: fare thee well.
 We hold our time too precious, to be spent
 With such a 'brabblor!

Pand. Give 'me leave to speak.

Faul. No, 'I will speak.

The Dauphin replies:

Lew. We will attend to 'neither.

Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of 'war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faul. Indeed, your 'drums being beaten, will cry out;
 And so shall 'you, being beaten: Do but start
 An echo with the clamour of 'thy drum;
 And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
 That shall 'reverberate all as loud as thine;
 Sound but 'another, and another shall
 As loud as thine rattle the welkin's⁶ ear,
 And mock the deep-mouthed thunder: For at hand,
 (Not trusting to this halting⁷ Legate here,
 Whom he hath used rather for 'sport than need,)
 Is war-like John; and on his forehead sits
 A bare-ribbed Death, whose office is—this day
 To feast upon whole 'thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger 'out.

Faul. And thou 'shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [Exit.

These war-notes of actual invasion recall the English nobles to the defence of their country. Many of the hostile Barons return to allegiance; and thus, under the just dread of a foreign conqueror, John is again enabled to collect a considerable army. But, the shore-route from Lynn Regis, (in Norfolk,) to Lincoln is lost (by one of the rapid inundations common along the narrow strands of the Wash) all his regalia, treasures, arms, and baggage.

¹ An eagle's nest. ² Rises high. ³ To fall violently on. ⁴ O. R. womb.
⁵ The upper region of the air. ⁶ Irresolute.

In the darkness of night, two English Officers encounter suddenly, on an open field in the neighborhood of Swinstead Abbey.²

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! Speak quickly, or I shoot.

Faul. A friend.—What art 'thou?

Hub. Of the part of 'England.

Faul. Hubert, I think?

Hub. Thou hast a 'perfect thought:

Faul. In brief, now: What's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the 'night,—
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible!

Faul. Show me the very 'wound of this ill news:

I am no 'woman: I'll not 'swoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear, is 'poisoned—by a Monk:

I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint 'you with this evil.

Faul. Whom didst thou 'leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company;

At whose request the King hath 'pardoned them,

And they are 'all about his majesty.

Faul. Withhold 'thine indignation, mighty Heaven!—

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half 'my power this night,

Passing these flats³, was taken by the tide;

These Lincoln Washes have 'devouréd them:

Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.

Away before: conduct me to the King. . . .

I doubt he will be 'dead, or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

The intelligence of the French shipwrecks has reached King John: but a raging fever, or (as the dramatist prefers to show) a secret poison tortures him, and will not allow him to welcome the good news. The dying King is conveyed to the Abbey of Swinstead, where (and not at Newark) the closing scene is represented: He is brought, by his own request, into the open air. The "returned" Barons—Pembroke, Salisbury, Essex, and a few others "faithful found amid the faithless," stand at a little distance. Prince Henry, his son and successor—afterwards Henry the Third—now only nine years of age—is close to his couch. The King says:

K. John. Ay, marry!⁴ now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at 'windows, nor at 'doors. . . .

There is so 'hot a summer in my bosom,

That all my body crumbles up to 'dust: . . .

I am a 'scribbled 'form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment; . . . and 'against this fire

Do I shrink up!

² In Lincolnshire.

³ The level strands of the Wash off Lincolnshire.

⁴ A colloquial contraction of By the Virgin Mary.

The young Prince piteously asks :

P. Hen.

How fares your majesty ?

K. John. 'Poisoned,—ill fare!—Dead, forsook, cast off!

And none of you will bid the Winter come,

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;

Nor let my kingdom's 'rivers take their course

Through my burned bosom ; nor entreat the North

To make his bleak winds kiss my parchéd lips,

And comfort me with 'cold. . . . I do not ask you 'much,

I beg 'cold comfort ; and you are so strait . . .

And so ingrateful, . . . you 'deny me that !

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my 'tears

That might relieve you !

K. John.

The 'salt in them is hot. . . .

Within me is a 'hell ; and there the 'poison

Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize

On unreprievable-condemned blood.

Faulconbridge enters hastily.

O cousin !—thou art come to 'set mine eye.

My heart hath 'one poor string to stay it by,

Which holds but till 'thy news be uttered ; . . .

And then . . . all this thou seest is but a clod,

And module² of confounded³ royalty.

Faul. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,

Where Heaven He knows how we shall answer him ;

For, in a night, the best part of 'my power,

(As I upon 'advantage did remove,)

Was, in the Washes, all unwarily

Devoüred by the unexpected flood. . . .

The King dies. . . . Salisbury first breaks the silence :

Sal. You breathe these dead 'news in as dead an 'ear.

My liege ! my lord ! . . . But now a King,—now thus !

Faulconbridge at last gives utterance to his contending emotions :

Faul. Art thou gone 'so ? I do but stay 'behind,

To do the office for thee of 'revenge ;

And then 'my soul shall wait on thee to 'heaven,

As it on 'earth hath been thy servant still.—

And happily may 'you, sweet Prince, put on

The lineal state and glory of the land !

Prince Henry sobs his reply :

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that 'would give you thanks,

And knows not 'how to do it . . . but with 'tears.

² Model, lifeless figure.

³ Defeated.

Faul. O, let us pay the time but 'needful woe,
Since it hath been 'beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never 'did, nor never 'shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound 'itself.
Now these her Princes² are come home again,
Come the three corners of the 'world in arms,
And we shall shock³ them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to 'itself do rest but true.

[Exeunt.]

END OF KING JOHN.

² The lately rebellious nobles.

³ Encounter with subduing power.

KING RICHARD II.

This Play must have been written in 1596: it was published, and acted at the Globe, in 1597, and is included in Meres' list of 1598.² Several editions followed. During the reign of Elizabeth, the scenes in Parliament, concerning the deposition of the King, were by authority suppressed: but they were restored in the folio of 1623.—There was an older play on the same subject; it is now lost, but the analysis of it (in Dr. Simon Forman's Diary) shows that its arrangement at least was different from that of Shakespeare's play.

The incidents are taken chiefly from that mine of dramatic wealth—the Chronicles of Holinshed; but the play, though carefully revised by its author, has not proved attractive on the stage; for which, perhaps, it is less adapted than, by its poetical beauties and historical truth, for the School, Study, or Platform. It is the only dramatic production of Shakespeare which is not graced by some pleasantry, or blurred by some buffoonery; and is believed to be the first of his "original" Historical Plays.

King John died in 1216. The subsequent reigns were those of Henry the Third—Edward the First—Edward the Second,—and Edward the Third. The next reign chronicled in the Shakespeare series is this of Richard the Second. This monarch's father is favourably known in history as Edward the Black Prince: he died in 1376; and in 1377, this son succeeded to the English throne in right of his grandfather, Edward the Third. Crowned at eleven years of age, he had not, by that course of education which is best acquired in the school of adversity, learned to regulate his weak and wayward disposition.

The love of the people of England for his father and his grandfather, as well as his own early display of energy and ability,—in quelling the outbreak of Wat Tyler and his infuriated followers,—sustained for a time the young King's popularity; till his folly, his pride, his pomp, and his extravagance,—his magnificent pageantries and costly amusements,—for even when the country was desolated by plague and famine, he daily entertained about six thousand persons, and had a retinue of three hundred servants, with a like number in attendance on the Queen—completely alienated the affections of his subjects. His first wife died early; and his marriage to his second wife Isabel, daughter of the King of France, (a girl only nine years of age, although Shakespeare represents her as a noble woman,) did not "increase the love of the people." The "farming" of the revenues, and other acts of public and private injustice, aroused the indignant nobility, who either had, or made, new grievances.

The King's three uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloster, had, during his long minority, engrossed all power; and, even after his majority, Gloster especially endeavoured to leave his royal nephew only the name of King. Gloster was at last got rid

² See page 8.

of—having been put to death in prison by his keepers; not without the connivance of his royal brothers; and, it is believed, by direction of the King, who thus gratified, and, as he thought, 'concealed his revenge.

After the murder of the Duke of Gloster, quarrels arose among the nobles who had joined in this conspiracy. The most conspicuous rupture was that between the Duke of Lancaster's son, Henry Bolingbroke, Earl of Hereford, and the Duke of Norfolk; and, as this quarrel is intimately connected with the action of this play, and even led to a change in the order of succession, Shakespeare has copiously and judiciously introduced it here.

The Characters retained in this Condensation are :

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.	EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
JOHN OF GAUNT, <i>Duke of Lancaster.</i>	HENRY PERCY, <i>his Son.</i>
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, <i>Duke of York.</i>	LORD ROSS. ⁴
HENRY BOLINGBROKE, ² <i>Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.</i>	LORD WILLOUGHBY.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, ³ <i>Son to the Duke of York.</i>	BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
THOMAS MOWBRAY, <i>Duke of Norfolk.</i>	LORD MARSHALL.
DUKE OF SURREY.	SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.
EARL OF SALISBURY.	SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
BUSHY, } <i>Creatures to King</i>	ISABEL, <i>Queen to King Richard.</i>
BAGOT, } <i>Richard.</i>	DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
GREEN, }	DUCHESS OF YORK.
	<i>Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Keeper, Messenger, and Attendants.</i>

The Action of the play is sometimes in England, sometimes in Wales.

The Time extends over two years: from the banishment of Hereford in 1398, till the murder of the King in 1400.

The Scene is a State apartment of the Palace in London. King Richard is before us, with his uncle the aged Duke of Lancaster and other noblemen. The King speaks :

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,⁵
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son—
Here to make 'good his boisterous late appeal
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Gau. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, 'ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accuséd, freely speak.—

² Or Bullingbrook (as now it is pronounced.) In the folio of 1623, the spelling is Bullingbrooke. ³ Now Albemarle. ⁴ Now spelt Roos. ⁵ O. B. band.

High-stomach'd² are they 'both, and full of ire ;
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Bolingbroke and Norfolk enter.

K. Rich. Cousin of Hereford, 'what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Bol. First,—Heaven be the 'record to my speech !—
In the devotion of a 'subject's 'love,
Come I, appellant, to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to 'thee : . . .
Thou art a 'traitor, and a miscreant ;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live ;
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the 'clouds that in it fly.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my 'zeal :
'T is not the trial of a 'woman's war,—
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,—
Can 'arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :
The blood is 'hot, that must be 'cooled for this.
Setting aside his high blood's 'royalty,
And let him be 'no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I 'spit at him ;
Call him a slanderous 'coward, and a 'villain !
Meantime, let this 'defend 'my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he 'lie !

Bol. Pale trembling coward ! there I throw my gage,³
'Disclaiming here the kindred of the King.
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take 'up mine honour's pawn,⁴ then 'stoop.
By that, and all the rights of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee what I've spoke.

Nor. I 'take it up ; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I 'll 'answer thee—in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design, of knightly 'trial.
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
'If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?

Bol. Look, 'what I speak, my 'life shall prove it 'true :—
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,
name of lendings for your highness' soldiers ;
e which he hath 'detained, for 'base⁵ employments,
ce a false traitor and injurious villain.
sides, I say, and will in battle 'prove,
oat 'all the treasons,—for these eighteen years

²d. ³ An armed glove, a sign of defiance. ⁴ Pledge. ⁵ O. R. lewd.

Complotted and contrived in this land,—
 Fetch, from false Mowbray, their 'first head and spring.
 Further I say, and further will maintain—
 That 'he did 'plot the Duke of Gloster's² death,
 Whose blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To 'me for justice and rough chastisement ;
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arm shall 'do it, or this 'life be 'spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars !—
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to 'this ?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
 Till I have told this 'slander of his blood,
 How Heaven, and good men, 'hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, 'impartial are 'our eyes and ears :
 Were he my 'brother,—nay, our kingdom's 'heir,—
 Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing 'privilege him, nor partialize
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
 He is our 'subject, Mowbray ; so art 'thou :
 'Free speech, and 'fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy 'heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !
 'Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
 Disbursed I 'duly to his highness' soldiers :
 The other part reserved I by 'consent,
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt :
 Now swallow down 'that lie.—For Gloster's death, . . .
 'I slew him 'not ; but to mine own disgrace,
 Neglected my sworn 'duty.—As for the 'rest
 It issues from the rancour of a 'villain,
 A recreant and most 'degenerate traitor !
 Which, in 'myself, I boldly will defend,
 And prove myself a 'loyal gentleman :
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial-day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be 'ruled by 'me.
 Let's 'purge this choler 'without letting blood :
 Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed.—
 Good uncle, let this end where it 'began ;
 'We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk,—you your son.

Gau. To be a make-peace shall 'become my age :
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

² Murdered at Calais in 1397.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down 'his.

Nor. 'Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.

My 'life thou shalt command, but not my 'shame!

I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled 'here;

Pierced to the 'soul with slander's venom'd spear;

The which no 'balm can cure, but 'his heart-blood

Which breathed this poison!

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood.

Give 'me his gage:—lions make 'leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots: take but my 'shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford,

Is—'spotless reputation! that 'away,

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times barred-up chest

Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine 'honour is my life; both grow in 'one:

Take honour from me, and my 'life is done.

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me 'try;

In that I 'live, and 'for that will I 'die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage: do 'you begin.

Bol. O, Heaven defend my soul from such foul sin!

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my 'father's sight?

Or, with pale beggar-fear, impeach my height²

Before this out-dared 'dastard? Ere my tongue

Shall wound mine honour so, my teeth shall tear

The slavish 'motive of recanting fear,

And spit it, bleeding, in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbour,—even in 'Mowbray's 'face.

K. Rich. We were not born to 'sue, but to 'command:

Which, since we cannot do to make you 'friends,

Be ready, as your 'lives shall answer it,

At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:

'There shall your swords and lances arbitrate

The swelling 'difference of your settled hate.—

Marshal, command our Officers-at-arms

Be ready, to 'direct these home-alarms.

[Exeunt.

While preparations are being made for this trial by ordeal, the aged John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, has an interview with his murdered brother's widow—the Duchess of Gloster. He says:

Gau. Alas! the part³ I had in Gloster's blood⁴

Doth more solicit me, than 'your exclaims,

To stir against the butchers of his life.

² Dignity, high station.

³ Share.

⁴ Relationship, family.

Put we our quarrel to the will of 'Heaven.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no 'sharper spur?
Hath 'love in thy old blood no 'living fire?
Edward's seven sons, (whereof thyself art one),
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood:
Some of those seven are dried by 'nature's course;
But Thomas, 'my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
Is cracked, and all the precious liquor spilled.
Ah, Gaunt, 'his blood was 'thine! 'Thou 'rt slain in
'him!

In suffering thus thy 'brother to be slaughtered,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to 'thy life.—
That which in 'mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold 'cowardice, in 'noble breasts:
What shall I say? To safeguard thine 'own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death!

Gau. 'Heaven's is the quarrel; for Heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath 'caused his death: the which, if wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge; for 'I may never lift
An angry arm against 'His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! oh, where may I complain?

Gaunt. To 'Heaven,—the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will.—Farewell, old Gaunt:

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin² Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher-Mowbray's breast!—
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy 'sometime³ brother's wife,
With her companion Grief, must end her life. . . .
Yet' one word more:—grief 'boundeth where it falls,
And sorrow 'ends not when it 'seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York: Bid him
—Ah, what?—

At Plashy⁴ visit me. . . .

Alack! and what shall good old York there see
But 'empty lodgings, and unfurnished⁵ walls,
Unpeopled offices,⁶ untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my 'groans?
Therefore, 'commend me,—let him 'not come there,
To seek out Sorrow—that dwells everywhere!
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, . . . and die:
The 'last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[Exeunt.]

² A vague term applied to kinsmen generally.
Duchess's residence in Essex.

⁵ Untapestried.

³ For a brief period.

⁶ Places for business.

⁴ The

The lists at Gosford Green, near Coventry, are set out. The Lord Marshal and Heralds are in attendance.

A flourish of trumpets is heard. King Richard enters and takes his seat on the throne; the young Duke of Aumerle, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and others, take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then Norfolk enters, in armour, preceded by a Herald. The King speaks:

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion

The 'cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed

To swear him in the 'justice of his cause.

Mar. In Heaven's name, and the King's, say who thou art?

And 'why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms?

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk:

Who hither come engagéd by my oath,

Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;—

And as I 'truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Norfolk takes his place, awaiting the arrival of his opponent. The trumpet again sounds. Bolingbroke enters in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask 'yonder knight-in-arms,

Both who he is, and why he cometh hither.

Mar. What is thy name? And wherefore com'st thou hither?

Against 'whom comest thou? And what 's thy quarrel?

Speak like a 'true knight, so defend thee Heaven!

Bol. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,

That he 's a 'traitor, foul and dangerous:

And, 'as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

The ceremonies of appeal and defence being ended, the combatants are about to commence their ordeal—when the King, suddenly rising, throws down his truncheon, as a sign that the fight should not proceed.

K. Rich. Let them lay-by their helmets and their spears,

And list what, with our Council, we decree:—

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled

With that dear blood which it hath 'fosteréd;

And for we think the eagle-wingéd pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

With rival-hating envy, set you on,

Therefore, we 'banish you our territories:

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of 'death,

Till twice five summers have enriched our fields.—

Norfolk, for 'thee remains a 'heavier doom :—
The 'hopeless words of—" Never to return,"
Breathe I against 'thee, upon pain of 'life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlooked-for from your highness' mouth.
The language I have learned these forty years,—
My native English,—now I must forego ;
Within my mouth you have 'engaoled my tongue ;
What is thy sentence then but 'speechless 'death ?
Which 'robs my tongue from breathing 'native breath.

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate :
After our sentence 'plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then, thus I turn me from my 'country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless 'night. (Retiring.)

The banished Norfolk is about to retire when the King, fearing their possible reconciliation and amity, calls him back.

K. Rich. Return, my lord ; and take an oath—with 'him :
Lay on our royal sword² your banished hands ;
Swear, by the duty that ye owe to Heaven,
To 'keep the oath that we administer :—
You never shall, (so help you truth and Heaven !)
Embrace each other's 'love in banishment ;
Nor never, by adviséd³ purpose, meet
To plot 'gainst 'us, our subjects, or our land.

Bol. I swear.

Nor. And I, to 'keep all this.

Bolingbroke addresses his opponent :

Bol. Norfolk, by this time, had the King permitted,
'One of our souls had wandered in the 'air,
Banished this sepulchre of our frail flesh,
As now our flesh is banished from this land :—
'Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a 'guilty soul !

Nor. No, Bolingbroke ; if 'ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the Book of Life,
And I from 'Heaven be banished, as from 'hence.
But what 'thou art, Heaven, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall 'rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now, no way can I 'stray :
Save 'back to England, all the 'world 's my way. (Exit.)

The King, observing the dejection of old John of Gaunt, addresses him :

² The handle being shaped like a Cross.

³ Concerted.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieving heart : thy aspect sad
Hath, from the number of 'his banished years,
Plucked 'four away.—(To Bol.) 'Six frozen winters spent,
Return, with welcome, 'home from banishment.

Bol. How 'long a time lies in one little 'word!
'Four lagging winters, and four wanton 'springs,
End in a 'word! such is the breath of 'kings!

Gau. I thank my liege ; but little vantage shall 'I reap :
For 'ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
'My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me 'see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast 'many years to live.

Gau. But not a 'minute, King, that 'thou canst give :
'Shorten my days thou canst, with sullen sorrow,
And pluck 'nights from me, but not lend a 'morrow!
Thou canst 'help Time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
Thy word is current with him for my 'death ;
But 'dead, . . . thy 'kingdom cannot buy my breath!

K. Rich. Thy son is banished upon good advice.

Cousin, farewell ;—and, uncle, bid him so :

'Six years we banish him ; and he 'shall 'go. [Ex. King, &c.]

As the King and his train withdraw, the Duke of Aumerle and other friends group sorrowfully around the banished Bolingbroke. His father says :

Gau. O, to what purpose dost thou 'hoard thy words,
That thou 'return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Bol. I have too few to take my leave of 'you.

Gau. Thy grief is but thy absence for a 'time.

What are six winters? they are quickly gone.

Bol. To men in 'joy ; but grief makes 'one hour 'ten.

Gau. Call it a 'travel, that thou tak'st for 'pleasure.

Bol. My heart will sigh when I 'mis-call it so.

Nay rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember² me—what a deal of world

I wander, from the jewels that I love!

Gau. 'All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are, to a 'wise man, ports and 'happy havens.

Teach thy 'necessity to reason thus ;—

There is no virtue 'like necessity.

Think not it was the King did banish 'thee,

But thou the 'King : Woe doth the 'heavier sit

² Remind.

Where it perceives it is but 'faintly borne.
 Go, say 'I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not the King 'exiled thee : Or suppose,
 Devouring pestilence hangs in 'our air,
 And thou art flying to a 'fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, 'imagine it
 To lie that way thou 'go'st, not whence thou 'com'st.
 Suppose the singing birds 'musicians ;
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the 'presence² strewed ;
 The flowers fair 'ladies, and thy steps no more
 Than a delightful measure,³ or a dance ;
 For gnarling 'sorrow hath 'less power to bite
 The man that 'mocks at it, and sets it light.

Bol. O, who can hold a 'fire' in his hand
 By 'thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare 'imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December 'snow,
 By thinking on fantastic Summer's 'heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension⁵ of the 'good,
 Gives but the greater feeling to the 'worse :
 Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle 'more
 Than when it 'bites, but 'lanceth not the sore.

Gau. Come, come, my son ; I 'll 'bring thee on thy way :
 Had I 'thy youth and cause, I would not 'stay.

Bol. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu ;
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me 'yet ! . . .
 'Where'er I wander, boast of 'this I can,—
 'Though banished, yet a true-born 'Englishman ! [Exeunt.]

Before the departure of Bolingbroke the crafty King, especially anxious to keep on good terms with his cousin, grants him letters patent by which his succession to the vast estates and possessions of his father, the old Duke of Lancaster, will, notwithstanding his banishment, be secured.

The exiled Bolingbroke proceeds to France, and soon enters into a treaty of marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Berry, uncle to the King of France ; but Richard, fearing this alliance, sends over a royal commission to frustrate the match.

At this time also, Richard's cousin, Roger, Earl of March, (presumptive heir to the Crown of England,) has been slain in Ireland by the unhappy natives ; and the King thinks himself bound to avenge the death of his kinsman by undertaking a war in Ireland—thus, by his absence, leaving England open to insurrection or invasion.

² The King's chamber strewed with rushes.

³ Pace regulated by music.

⁴ Pronounced as a dissyllable.

⁵ Conception, recollection.

The banishment of Bolingbroke completely prostrates old Gaunt, his father. When the King is sent for by his dying uncle, he callously says :

K. Rich. Now put it, Heaven, in his physician's mind,
To 'help him to his grave 'immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let 's all go 'visit him:
Pray Heaven, we may make haste—and come too late!
[Exeunt.]

Before us, in a room of Ely House, old John of Gaunt is lying on a couch: his brother, the aged Duke of York, is standing by:—both waiting the arrival of their royal nephew. Gaunt is the first to speak:

Gau. Will the King 'come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstead youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in 'vain comes counsel to 'his ear.

Gau. O, but, they say, the tongues of 'dying men
'Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Though Richard my 'life's counsel would not hear,
My 'death's sad tale may yet 'un-deaf his ear.

York. No; it is 'stopped, with other 'flattering sounds:
As praises of his state; lascivious metres;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy, 'apish nation
Limps-after in base, awkward imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a 'vanity,
(So it be 'new, there 's no respect how 'vile,
That is not quickly buzzed into 'his ears?
Then all too late comes 'counsel to be heard.

Gau. . . . Methinks, I am a Prophet, new inspired:
And thus, expiring, do foretell of 'him:—
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot 'last,
For 'violent fires soon burn out themselves:
'Small showers last 'long, but 'sudden storms are
'short.—

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection² and the hand of war;
This 'happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Eng-
land, . . .

² Contamination, moral or physical.

Is now 'leased out, (I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement, or pelting² farm :
 England, bound-in with the triumphant 'sea,—
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune,—is 'now bound-in with 'shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my 'life,
 How 'happy then were my ensuing 'death!
York. The King is 'come: deal mildly with his youth.

King Richard enters with Attendants :

- K. Rich.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
 What! comfort, man! How is 't with agéd Gaunt?
Gau. O, how that name 'befits my composition!
 'Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in 'being old:
 Gaunt am I for the 'grave, . . . gaunt 'as a grave!
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely³ with their names?
Gau. No; misery 'makes sport, to mock 'itself;
 And, King, though I the sicker be, 't is 'thou
 Art dying, and thy death-bed is this land,
 Wherein 'thou liest, in 'reputation sick;
 And thou,—too careless patient as thou art,—
 Committ'st thy 'nointed body to the 'cure
 Of those physicians that first 'wounded thee.
 O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
 Seen how his son's son should 'destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy 'shame,—
 'Deposing thee 'before thou wert possessed!
 'Landlord of England art thou now, not 'King:
 Thy state of law is 'bondslave to the law,
 And thou——
- K. Rich.* Thou? Lunatic, lean-witted fool!
 Dar'st thou with frozen admonition,
 Make pale 'our cheek,—chasing the royal blood
 With fury, from his native residence?
 Now, by my throne's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue, that runs so roundly⁴ in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.
- Gau.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son!
 My brother Gloster,—plain well-meaning soul,—
 May be a precedent, and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not 'spilling 'Edward's 'blood.—
 'Join with the present sickness that I have;
 And thy unkindness be, like crookéd age,

² Paltry.

³ Fancifully, pedantically.

⁴ Freely.

To crop at 'once a too-long withered flower. . . .
 Convey me to my bed,—then to my 'grave!
 Love they to 'live, that love and 'honour have.

Richard, un pityingly, sees his dying uncle borne out by his attendants: then, turning to the Duke of York, he says:

K. Rich. And let 'them 'die, that age and 'sullens have;
 For 'both hast thou; and both 'become the grave.

York. Beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickliness: he holds you 'dear—
 As Harry, 'Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true: As 'Hereford's love, so his;
 As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Northumberland enters.

Nor. My liege, . . . old Gaunt commends him to your
 majesty.

K. Rich. What says he 'now?

Nor. . . . Nay, nothing: all is 'said.

His tongue is now a 'stringless instrument:
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath 'spent!

K. Rich. The ripest 'fruit first falls, and so doth he:—
 So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
 We must 'supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;²
 And, for the 'charge, we seize unto 'our use
 The plate, coin, révenues, and movables,
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

The old Duke of York, astonished at the King's rapid forgetfulness of the pre-arranged settlements with his banished nephew, who is thus to be deprived of his substantial inheritance,—with only the nominal title of Duke of Lancaster,—remonstrates with his royal nephew:

York. How long shall I be 'patient? Ah, how long
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
 Not Gloster's death; nor Hereford's banishment;
 Not Gaunt's rebukes; nor England's private wrongs;
 Nor the prevention³ of poor Bolingbroke
 About his marriage;⁴ nor my own disgrace,—
 Have ever made me 'sour my patient cheek,
 Or bend one 'wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
 I am the 'last of noble Edward's sons,
 Of whom thy father, (Prince of Wales,) was 'first;
 In 'war, was never 'lion raged more fierce;
 In 'peace, was never gentle lamb more 'mild.
 His 'face thou hast; for even so looked 'he,
 Accomplished with the number of thy hours;

² Common soldiers. ³ Hindrance. ⁴ To the daughter of the Duke of Berry.

But when he 'frowned, it was against the 'French,
And not against his friends.

K. Rich. Why, uncle! what 's the matter?

York. O my liege,—

Seek you to seize into your hands
The royalties and rights of banished 'Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford 'live?
If you 'do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head;
You lose a thousand well disposéd hearts;
And urge my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour, and allegiance, 'cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you 'will! We seize, into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I 'll not be 'by, the while. My liege, farewell!

What will 'ensue hereof, there 's none can tell;
But, by 'bad courses, may be understood
That their 'events can never fall out 'good. [Exit.

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:

Bid him repair to us to Ely House.—
To-morrow next we will for Ireland;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England.
Come on, my friends: to-morrow must we 'part;
Be merry, for our 'time of stay is short. [Exit King, &c.

The King is followed by his creatures, Bushy, Bagot, and Green. Some friends of Bolingbroke remain in conversation—the Earl of Northumberland, Lords Ross and Willoughby. Northumberland cautiously says:

Nor. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And 'living too; for now his 'son is Duke.

Wil. Barely in 'title, not in 'revenue.

Nor. Richly in 'both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with 'silence.

Nor. Nay, 'speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words 'again, to do thee harm!

Wil. Tends that thou'dst speak of to the Duke of Here-
ford?

If it be so, out with it 'boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of 'good towards him.

Ross. Be 'confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but 'thyself; and, speaking 'so,
Thy words are but as 'thoughts; therefore, be bold.

Nor. Then thus:—I have received intelligence,

That Harry Hereford, nobly accompanied,
 With eight tall ships, and full three thousand men,
 Is making hitherward; but that he stays
 The first departing of the King for Ireland.
 If, then, we shall shake-off our slavish yoke,
 Away with me in post to Ravenspur;²
 But if you 'faint, as 'fearing to do so,
 Stay—and be secret, and 'myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that 'fear.

Wil. Hold-out my horse, and I will 'first be there. [Exit.]

After the departure of King Richard for Ireland, intelligence of the landing of the banished Duke of Hereford—and the defection of the Earl of Northumberland, with Lords Willoughby, Ross, and others—together with the Earl's son, Harry Percy (the Hotspur of later history), rapidly spreads.

Tidings of this rebellious calamity reach the Queen, while in her Palace, attended by Bushy and Bagot:

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
 You promised, when you parted with the King,
 To lay 'aside life-harming heaviness,
 And entertain a 'cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the 'King, I did; to please myself,
 I 'cannot do it; yet I know no 'cause
 Why I should welcome such a guest as Grief,—
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
 As my sweet Richard.

Green enters:

Green. Heaven save your majesty!
 I hope, the King is not yet 'shipped for Ireland.

Queen. 'Why hop'st thou so? 't is 'better hope he 'is,
 For his designs crave 'haste, his haste good 'hope:
 Then 'wherefore dost thou hope he is 'not shipped?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
 And driven into despair an 'enemy's hope,
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
 The banished Bolingbroke repeals 'himself,
 And, with uplifted arms, is safe arrived
 At Ravenspur: And what is worse,
 The Lord Northumberland, his son young Percy,
 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland,
 And the rest of the revolted faction, 'traitors?

²A port that formerly existed at the mouth of the Humber, near Spurn Head, in *rkshire*.

Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff,² resigned his stewardship,
And all the household fled To Bolingbroke.—
Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of 'war about his agéd neck.
O, full of careful business are his looks.— [York enters.]
Uncle, for Heaven's sake, speak 'comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my 'thoughts:
Comfort's in 'heaven; and 'we are on the 'earth,—
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to 'save far off,
Whilst others come to make him 'lose at 'home:
Here am 'I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support 'myself.
Now comes the 'sick hour that his 'surfeit made;
Now shall he 'try his friends that flattered him.

In his perplexity, the Duke has sent a Messenger for his son the Duke of Aumerle; who, for some time, has not been on good terms with his father. The Messenger now returns:

Mess. My lord, your son was 'gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so.—Go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold; take my ring.

Mess. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I halted there;
But I shall grieve you to report the 'rest. . . .
An hour before I came, the Duchess died.

York. Heaven for his mercy! what a 'tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!
Gentlemen, will 'you go muster men? If I know
How, or which way to order these affairs,
(Thus thrust 'dis-orderly into my hands,)
Never believe me.—'Both are my kinsmen:—
The one 's my 'sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bid defend; the other again . . .
He is my kinsman whom the King hath wronged;
Whom conscience and my kindred bid to 'right.
Well, somewhat we 'must do. Go muster men,
And meet me presently at Berkley Castle.—
I should to 'Plashy too;

²A white staff, the token of the office of Lord Steward.

But time will not permit.—All is uneven,
And everything is left at six-and-seven.²

[Exeunt.]

Soon after Bolingbroke's landing in England, his forces rapidly increase, until he has under his command sixty thousand men: easily able to overthrow Richard's lukewarm soldiers.

The scene is now in the Wilds of Glostershire, with the invading forces headed by Bolingbroke, who inquires of Northumberland:

Bol. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley 'now?

Nor. I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw-out our miles and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath much 'beguiled
The tediousness of travel. Who comes here?—

Harry Percy enters.

It is my son, young Harry Percy. How fares your
uncle?

Per. I had thought, my lord, to have learned his health of
'you.

Nor. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Per. No, my good lord: he hath 'forsook the Court.

Nor. What was his 'reason?

Per. Because your lordship was proclaimed a traitor.

And he, my lord, is gone to 'Ravenspur,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford.

Nor. . . . Have you 'forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Per. No, my good lord; for that is not 'forgot,
Which ne'er I did 'remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did 'look on him.

Nor. Then learn to know him 'now: 'this is the Duke.

Per. My gracious lord!—I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw,³ and young.

Bol. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my 'fortune ripens with thy love.
It shall be still thy true love's 'recompense:
My 'heart this covenant makes, my hand thus 'seals it.

Nor. How 'far is it to Berkley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Per. 'There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of trees:
Manned with three hundred men, as I have heard:

² In great confusion.

³ Inexperienced.

And in it are the Lords of York and Berkley ;
None else of 'name and noble estimate.

Nor. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby. [They enter.

Bolingbroke advances to receive them.

Bol. Welcome, my lords. I wot,² your love pursues
A 'banished 'traitor. All my treasury
Is yet but heartfelt³ thanks.

Ross. Your 'presence makes you 'rich, most noble lord.

Bol. Ever 'more thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;
Which, till my 'infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my 'bounty.—But who comes here ?

Nor. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Lord Berkley enters :

Ber. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to 'you.

Bol. My lord, my answer is—to 'Lancaster,
And I am come to 'seek that name in England ;
And I must 'find that title in your tongue,
Before I make 'reply to aught you say.

Ber. Mistake me not, my lord : 't is not my meaning
To raze 'one title of your honour out.
To 'you, my lord, I come,—'what lord you will,—
From the most gracious Regent of this land,
The Duke of York ; to know—what sets you on
To fright our native peace with self-borne arms ?

Bol. I shall not need transport my words by 'you :
Here comes his grace in person.—

The Duke of York—Regent of England during the King's absence in Ireland—enters, attended by the royal guards. Bolingbroke kneels :

My noble uncle !

York. Show me thy humble 'heart ; and 'not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable—and 'false !

Bol. My gracious uncle—

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me 'no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :
I am no 'traitor's uncle ; and that word "grace,"
In an ungracious mouth, is but 'profane.—
'Why have those banished and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a 'dust of England's ground ?
But more than this,—Why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Fighting her pale-faced villages with 'war ?
Com'st thou because the anointed King is 'hence ?

² Know.

³ O. R. unfelt.

Why, foolish boy, the King is left 'behind,
 And in 'my loyal bosom lies his power.
 Were I but 'now the lord of such hot 'youth,
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
 Rescued the Black Prince,—that young Mars of men!—
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
 O, 'then, how quickly should this arm of mine,—
 Now prisoner to the palsy—chástise thee,
 And minister 'correction to thy fault!

Bol. My gracious uncle, let me 'know my fault!

York. Fault? gross 'rebellion, and detested 'treason:
 Thou art a 'banished man; and here art come,
 'Before the expiration of thy time,
 In braving² arms against thy sovereign.

Bol. As I was 'banished, I was banished 'Hereford;
 But as I 'come, I come for 'Lancaster.
 And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
 Look on my wrongs with an 'indifferent³ eye:
 You are my 'father; for methinks, in you
 I see old Gaunt 'alive: O, then, my father,
 Will you permit that 'I shall stand condemned
 A wandering 'vagabond? my rights and royalties
 'Plucked from my arms, and given to upstart unthrifths?
 If that my cousin-king 'be King of England,
 It must be granted 'I am Duke of Lancaster.
 I am denied to sue my livery' here,
 And yet my letters-patent 'give me leave:
 What would 'you have me do? I am a subject,
 And challenge 'law. 'Attorneys are 'denied me;
 And therefore, 'personally, I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

The aged Regent, struck with this reasonable appeal, is, for a few moments, silent from perplexity; at last he addresses the assembled peers:

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:—
 'I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And laboured all I could to do him 'right;
 But in 'this kind to come,—in braving arms,—
 To find out right with 'wrong,—it may not be;
 And you that do 'abet him in this kind
 Cherish 'rebellion, and are 'rebels 'all.

Nor. The noble duke hath sworn—his coming is
 But for his 'own; and, for the right of 'that,
 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;

² Defiant. ³ Impartial. ⁴ = Enter a legal claim for possession of lands.

And let 'him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well I see the 'issue² of these arms!—

I cannot 'mend it, I must needs confess,
 Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
 But, if I 'could,—by Him that gave me life,
 I would attach³ you 'all, and 'make you stoop
 Unto the sovereign mercy of the King:
 But, since I 'cannot, be it known to you . . .
 I do remain as 'neuter.⁴ So, fare you well;—
 Unless you please to enter in the Castle,
 And there 'repose you for this night.

Bol. An offer, uncle, that we will 'accept.

But we must win your 'grace to go with us
 To Bristol Castle; which, they say, is held
 By Bushy, Bagot, and their 'complices,—
 The 'caterpillars of the Commonwealth,
 Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. May be, I 'll go with you; . . . but yet I 'll pause;

For I am loth to 'break our country's laws.
 Nor friends nor foes, to me 'welcome you are:
 Things past 'redress are now with me past 'care. [Exeunt.]

The facile, temporizing Regent thus falls into the snares of the subtle, crown-aspiring Bolingbroke. The Earl of Salisbury prophetically ejaculates:

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
 Thy sun 'sets, weeping, in the lowly west,
 Witnessing—storms to come, woe, and unrest:
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy 'foes,—
 And, 'crossly to thy good, all fortune goes. [Exit.]

In the meanwhile, the rebels are both prompt and prosperous. The "creatures" of King Richard—the Earl of Wiltshire, Sir John Bushy, and Sir Henry Green, who were not unjustly censured as abettors of the King's excesses, withdraw to Bristol Castle; but the spirited invader, Bolingbroke, quickly follows them; and, without the formality of a trial, orders their immediate execution.

When King Richard receives intelligence of this invasion and insurrection, he hastens from Ireland and lands near Barkloughly Castle, Wales. He is now there—attended by the Duke of Aumerle, son to the Duke of York, by the Bishop of Carlisle, and others.

² Result.

³ Accuse of treason.

⁴ Neutral.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?

The Duke of Aumerle replies :

Aum. Yea, my good lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it 'well: I 'weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear Earth! I do 'salute thee with my 'hand,
Though rebels 'wound thee with their horses' 'hoofs :
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly, 'twixt her tears and smiles, in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I 'thee, my earth!
Feed not thy sovereign's 'foe, my gentle earth ;
But do 'annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which, with 'usurping steps, do trample thee!
Yield stinging 'nettles to mine enemies ;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a 'flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking 'adder,—
Whose double tongue may, with a mortal touch,
Throw 'death upon thy sovereign's enemies. . . .
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :
This earth 'shall have a feeling ; and these 'stones
Prove arméd soldiers, ere her native King
Shall falter, under foul Rebellion's arms.

Aum. I fear, my lord, that 'we are too remiss ;
Whilst 'Bolingbroke, through our security,²
Grows strong and great—in substance and in friends.

K. Rich. 'Dis-comfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That, when the searching eye of Heaven is 'hid,
'Then thieves and robbers range abroad 'unseen ?
But when, from 'under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty 'hole,
'Then murders, treasons, and detected³ sins,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revelled in the 'night,—
Shall see 'us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of 'day!—
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can 'wash the balm from an anointed 'King ;
The breath of 'worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the 'Lord.
For every man that 'Bolingbroke hath pressed,

² Confident carelessness.

³O. R. detested.

God, for his Richard, hath, in 'heavenly pay,
A glorious 'Angel: then, if 'angels fight,
Weak 'men must 'fall; for Heaven still guards the
'right.

The General of the Royal Forces, Lord Salisbury, enters.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak 'arm. 'Dis-comfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but 'despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy 'happy days on earth:
O, call back 'yesterday! bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To-day,—to-day, unhappy day! too late,—
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert 'dead,
Are gone to 'Bolingbroke,—dispersed, and fled.

Aun. Comfort, my liege! Why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. Have I not 'reason to look pale, and dead?

All souls that will be 'safe, 'fly from my side!

Aun. Comfort, my liege! Remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had 'forgot myself. . . . Am I not 'King? . . .

Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.

Is not the 'King's name forty 'thousand names?

Arm, arm, my 'name! a puny 'subject strikes

At thy great glory.—Look not to the 'ground,

Ye favourites of a King: are we not 'high?

High be our 'thoughts. I know, my uncle York

Hath power enough to serve our turn.—But who comes
here?

Sir Stephen Scroop dejectedly enters.

Scroop. 'More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared:

The worst is 'worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my 'kingdom lost! why, 't was my 'care;

And what loss is it to be 'rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as 'great as we?

'Greater he 'shall not be: if 'he serve God,

We 'll serve Him too, and be his 'fellow so.

Revolt our subjects? that we 'cannot mend;

They break their faith to 'Heaven as well as 'us.

Cry, Woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay!

The worst is 'death—and Death will have his day!

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is 'so armed,
 To 'bear the tidings of calamity.
 Like an unseasonable 'stormy day,
 (Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world were all dissolved to tears,)
 So high above his limits, swells the rage
 Of 'Bolingbroke; covering your fearful land
 With hard bright steel, and hearts 'harder than steel:
 'White beards² have armed their thin and hairless
 scalps

Against thy throne³: both young and old 'rebel,
 And all goes 'worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so 'ill.
 Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
 What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
 I warrant, 'they 've made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace 'have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, lost without redemption!
 Would they make 'peace? Terrible hell make 'war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet 'love, I see, changing his property,
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly 'hate.
 Again 'un-curse their souls; their peace is made
 With death's fell wound,—graved in the hollow ground.

Aum. Are Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol⁴ lost their heads.

Aum. . . . Where is the 'Duke, my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where;—of 'comfort no man speak:
 Let 's talk of 'graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
 Make 'dust our paper; and, with rainy eyes,
 Write Sorrow, on the bosom of the earth.
 Let 's choose 'executors, and talk of 'wills: . . .
 And yet 'not so—for what 'can we bequeath,
 Save our deposéd bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our lives, and 'all, are 'Bolingbroke's;
 And nothing can we call our own—but death,
 And that small module⁵ of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For Heaven's sake, let 's sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the 'death of 'kings:—
 How some have been 'deposed; some 'slain in war;
 Some 'haunted, by the ghosts of those dethroned;⁶
 Some 'poisoned by their wives; some 'sleeping killed;—
 'All 'murdered!—For within the hollow crown

¹ Old men.

² O. R. seat.

⁴ O. R. Bristow (in Gloucester and Somerset.)

⁵ O. R. modell—a diminutive part.

⁶ O. R. they have deposed.

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps Death his 'court; and there the Antic² sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him—a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh which walls about our life,
 Were 'brass impregnable; and, humoured thus,
 Comes at the last, and, with a little 'pin,
 Bores through his castle-wall, and . . . farewell King!
 'Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
 For you have but 'mistook me all this while:
 I live on bread like you,—feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends, fear enemies. 'Subjected thus,
 How 'can you say to me, I am a 'King?

The Bishop of Carlisle and the Duke of Aumerle endeavour to rouse him. The Bishop says:

Bish. My lord, 'wise men ne'er 'wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the 'ways to wail.
 To 'fear the foe, (since fear oppresseth strength,)
 Gives, in your weakness, 'strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.

Aumerle adds:

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of 'him.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I
 come

To change blows with thee for 'our day of doom.

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown: . . .

Say, Scroop, where lies our 'uncle with his power?

Scroop. I play the torturer, by small and small,

To lengthen out the 'worst—that 'must be spoken.

Your uncle York is 'joined with Bolingbroke,

And all your northern castles yielded up;

And all your southern gentlemen, in arms

Upon 'his party.

K. Rich. . . . Thou hast said enough!—

Beshrew³ thee, cousin, who didst lead me 'forth

Of that 'sweet way I 'was in, to 'despair!

What say you 'now? What 'comfort have we now?

By Heaven, I 'll hate 'him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more. . . .

² Or the Fool of the old moral plays. ³ Misfortune attend.

Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;
A King, Woe's slave, shall kingly Woe obey.

[Exeunt.]

The Scene changes to Flint Castle; and, outside the gates, are Bolingbroke and his new ally—the aged apostate Duke of York—demanding admittance. Bolingbroke inquires of young Harry Percy:

Bol. Well, Harry: What, will not this castle yield?

Per. The castle royally is manned, my lord,
'Against thy entrance.

Bol. 'Royally? Why, it contains no king?

Per. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone.

Bol. Noble Northumberland,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle,²
And thus deliver:—Henry Bolingbroke,
On both his knees, doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart:
Provided that, my banishment's repeal,
And lands restored again, be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood.—
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A parley is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. York and Northumberland advance to be the spokesmen for Bolingbroke: As King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury enter on the walls, Bolingbroke speaks:

Bol. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear;
As doth the blushing discontented sun,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain his track.

Richard, from the ramparts, looks fixedly on Northumberland.

K. Rich. . . . We are amazed! and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful King:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of Heaven
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship?
And though you think that all, (as you have done),
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;

² Parley.

Yet know, my Master—God Omnipotent,—
Is mustering, in His clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of 'pestilence; and 'they shall strike
Your 'children, yet unborn,
That lift your 'vassal hands against 'my 'head!

Nor. The King of Heaven forbid! But thus doth speak
Through me, thy noble cousin Bolingbroke:—
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement² immediate on his knees:
Which, on thy royal party 'granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to 'rust;
His barbéd³ steeds to 'stables; and his heart
To faithful 'service of your majesty.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the King returns:—
His noble cousin is right 'welcome hither;
And 'all the number of his 'fair demands
Shall be 'accomplished, without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—

Northumberland retires to Bolingbroke. The humiliated King
meanwhile turns to Aumerle:

. . . We do 'debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call 'back Northumberland, and send
'Defiance to the traitor . . . and so 'die?

Aum. No, good my lord: let's fight with 'gentle words,
Till time lend friends,—and friends their helpful
'swords.

K. Rich. O Heaven, O Heaven! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it 'off again
With words of 'sooth? O, that I were as great
As is my 'grief, or lesser than my 'name!
Or that I could 'forget what I 'have been,
Or 'not remember what I must be 'now!
See, he returns: How now, Northumberland?
What 'must the King do now? 'Must he submit?
The 'King shall 'do it. 'Must he be deposed?
The King shall be 'contented. 'Must he lose
The 'name of King? o' Heaven's name, let it 'go! . . .
I'll give my 'jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous 'palace, for a hermitage;

² Restoration of freedom to self and property.

³ Protected by armour.

⁴ Softness, peace.

My gay 'apparel, for an alms-man's gown ;
 My figured 'goblets, for a dish of wood ;
 My 'sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff ;
 My 'subjects, for a pair of carved saints ;
 And my large 'kingdom, for a little 'grave,—
 A little, little grave . . . an 'obscure grave !
 Or, I'll be buried in the King's highway,
 Some way of common trade,² where subjects' feet
 May 'hourly trample on their sovereign's head ;
 For on my 'heart they tread, now whilst I 'live,
 And 'buried once, why 'not upon my head ? . . .
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
 Most 'mighty prince, . . . my Lord Northumberland, . . .
 What says 'King Bolingbroke ? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die ?

Nor. My lord, he doth attend to speak with you ;
 Will you come down ?

K. Rich. Down ? down I come ! Down, Court ! down, King !
 For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should
 'sing.

As King Richard descends, he is preceded by Northumberland, who is thus addressed by Bolingbroke :

Bol. What says his majesty ?

Nor. Sorrow and grief of heart
 Make him speak 'fondly,³ like a 'frantic man :
 Yet he is come.

King Richard and his Attendants re-enter below.

Bol. Stand all apart,
 And show fair duty to his majesty.—
 My gracious lord,—

K. Rich. . . . Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
 To make the base earth 'proud with kissing it :
 'Up, cousin, up ! Your 'heart is up, I know,—
 'Thus high at least ;—although your 'knee be low.

Bol. My gracious lord, I come but for mine 'own.

K. Rich. . . . Your own is 'yours ;—and 'I am yours,—and
 'all !

Bol. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
 As my true service shall 'deserve your love.

K. Rich. 'Well you deserve : 'they well deserve to 'have,
 That know the strongest, surest way to 'get.—
 Uncle, give me your hand : nay, 'dry your eyes ;
 Tears show their 'love, but want their 'remedies.—

² Traffick.

³ Foolishly.

Cousin, I am too young to be your 'father,
 Though 'you are old enough to be my 'heir.
 What you will 'have, I 'll 'give, and willing, too ;
 For do we 'must, what 'force will have us do.—
 Set on towards . . . London :—Cousin, . . . is it so ?

Bol. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must 'not say, No. [Exeunt.]

The listless and desponding King, accustomed to all outward pomp and splendour, is now meanly attired, and mounted on a very miserable horse, in his miserable "progress."

Bolingbroke soon fears that this extorted resignation of the King would too plainly appear an act of force. Richard was, with much indignity, led through the streets, where the populace had an opportunity of showing their dislike and contempt for their ill-starred and extravagant King.—At this time, too, Aumerle is openly charged with complicity in the murder of the Duke of Gloster.

But the terrible degradation of the King had yet to be consummated by his faithless, facile uncle the Duke of York ; who knew that the obsequious parliament at Westminster would give its sanction to any proposal in favour of Bolingbroke. A public Act of Accusation, including many charges of arbitrary power, was brought forward, and, without any evidence, received as proved.

It may be repeated here that in the first quarto edition of this play, a considerable portion of this Act, especially the Scene of the King's deposition, was, for evident political reasons, suppressed by authority. Royalty then dreaded any example of dethronement. For many years this scene was not allowed to be performed.

The time-serving Duke of York thus addresses the King Elect in Parliament :

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
 From plume-plucked Richard,—who, with willing soul,
 Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
 To the possession of 'thy royal hand :
 Ascend his throne, descending now from him ;
 And long live Henry, of that name the Fourth !

Bolingbroke solemnly says :

Bol. In 'God's name, I 'll ascend the regal throne.

But the Bishop of Carlisle² instantly rises :

Bishop. Marry, Heaven 'forbid !—
 'Worst in this royal presence may 'I speak,
 Yet best beseeming me to speak the 'truth !
 'Would Heaven, that any, in this noble presence,
 Were enough noble to be 'upright judge

² The name of this out-spoken Bishop deserves to be honourably remembered: Dr. Thomas Marks.

Of noble Richard: then true nobleness would
 Learn him 'forbearance from so foul a wrong.
 What 'subject can give sentence on his 'King?
 And who sits here that is not 'Richard's subject?
 'Thieves are not judged,² but they are 'by³ to hear,
 Although 'apparent 'guilt be seen in them:
 And shall the figure of 'God's Majesty,—
 'His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, and planted many years,—
 Be judged by subject and 'inferior breath,
 And he himself 'not present? O, forbid it, Heaven,
 That, in a 'Christian climate, souls refined⁴
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to 'subjects; and a subject speaks,
 Stirred up by Heaven, thus boldly for his 'King.
 My Lord of Hereford here, whom you 'call King.
 Is a foul 'traitor to proud Hereford's King;
 And 'if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
 The blood of English shall 'manure the ground,
 And future ages 'groan for this foul act:
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels;
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall, kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Shall 'here inhabit; and 'this land be called
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you rear this house 'against this house,
 It will the wofullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this curséd earth.
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest children's children⁵ cry against you—'Woe!

The Earl of Northumberland, on behalf of the newly-elected King,
 addresses the Bishop:

Nor. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
 Of capital treason we 'arrest you here.—
 My Lord of Westminster, be it 'your charge
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
 May it please you, lords, to 'grant the Commons' suit?
Bol. Fetch hither Richard, that, in common view,
 He may surrender: so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

[Exit York.]

Before, however, this suit is granted, for the legal deposition of
 the King, he himself is conducted, before Parliament, by his faith-
 less Uncle. King Richard, followed by Officers bearing the crown,
 slowly advances:

² Condemned. ³ Present. ⁴ Purified by faith. ⁵ O. R. Least child, child's children.

K. Rich. Alack! why am I sent for to a King,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith 'I reigned? Alas, I well remember
 The favours² of these men: were they not 'mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to 'me? . . .
 God save the King!—Will no man say, Amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, Amen.
 God save the King! although 'I be not he;
 And yet, Amen, if 'Heaven do think him me.—
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

The Duke of York replies:

York. The 'resignation of thy state and crown
 To Harry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. . . . Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, . . . 'seize
 the crown;

On this side, 'my hand, and on that side, 'thine.—
 Now is this golden crown like a deep 'well
 That owns two buckets, filling one another;
 The emptier, ever dancing in the air;
 The other, down, unseen, and full of water:—
 That bucket 'down, and full of tears, am I,
 Drinking my griefs,—whilst 'you mount up on high.

Bol. I thought you had been 'willing to resign.

K. Rich. My 'crown, I am; but still my 'griefs are mine. . . .

Now mark me 'how I will undo 'myself:—
 I 'give . . . this heavy weight from off my 'head,—
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my 'hand,—
 The pride of kingly sway from out my 'heart;
 With mine own 'tears, I wash away my 'balm;³
 With mine own 'hands, I give away my crown;
 With mine own 'tongue, deny my sacred state;
 With mine own 'breath, release all duteous oaths:
 All pomp and majesty, I do 'forswear;
 My manors, rents, revénues, I 'forego;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I 'deny:
 Heaven pardon all oaths that are 'broke to 'me!
 Heaven keep all vows 'un-broke, that swear to 'thee!
 God save King 'Henry, 'un-kinged Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days! . . . *
 What more remains?

Nor. [Offering a paper.] No more, but that you read

This list of accusations and of crimes,
 That, by 'confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are 'worthily deposed.

² Countenances, faces.

³ The consecrated oil.

K. Rich. 'Must I do so? and must I ravel-out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If 'thy offences were recorded thus,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,²
To read a 'lecture³ of them? If thou shouldst,
There wouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the 'deposing of a 'King,
And 'cracking the strong warrant of an 'oath,—
Marked with a 'blot,—'damned in the book of Heaven!

Nor. My lord, despatch: read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see.

Nor. My lord, my lord—

K. Rich. 'No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man! . . .
Nor 'no man's lord: I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 't is 'usurped.—Alack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a 'mockery king of 'snow
Standing before the 'sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good King,—great King,—and yet not 'greatly
good,—

An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a 'mirror hither straight;
That it may show me 'what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of its majesty.

Bol. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[Exit Attend.]

Nor. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

The Commons will not else be satisfied.

K. Rich. They 'shall be satisfied: I 'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ; and that 's—myself!

The Attendant returns with a small mirror.

Give me that glass, and 'therein will I read. . . .
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So 'many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no 'deeper wounds?—O flattering glass!
'Like to my 'followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was 'this face the face
That, every day, under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,

² An assembly.

³ Catalogue read aloud.

And was at last 'out-faced by Bolingbroke ?
 A 'brittle glory shineth in this face :
 As brittle as the 'glory is the 'face ; [He dashes down the glass
 and breaks it.]
 For 'there it is, cracked in a hundred shivers !—
 Mark, silent King, the 'moral of this sport,—
 How soon my sorrow hath 'destroyed my face. . . .
 O, give me leave to go.

Bol. Whither ?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from 'your sights.

Bol. Go, some of you ; convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good ! "Convey ?"—Conveyers² are you all,
 That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. [Exit K. Rich.]

Bol. . . . On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
 Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves. [Exeunt.]

Queen Isabella, hearing of Bolingbroke's success and of Richard's dethronement, hastens to London ; and in a street leading to the Tower, awaits the approach of her husband. She addresses her Ladies-in-Waiting :

Queen. 'This way the King will come ; this is the way
 To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected Tower ;
 To whose flint bosom my condemnéd lord
 Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.—
 Here let us rest ; if this rebellious earth
 Have 'any resting for her true King's Queen.

King Richard and his Guards approach.

But soft ; but see, or rather do 'not see
 My fair rose wither : yet look up, behold,
 That you in pity may dissolve to dew.
 Thou map³ of honour ! thou King Richard's 'tomb !
 Why should hard-favoured⁴ Grief be lodged in 'thee ?

K. Rich. Join not with Grief, fair woman ! Learn, good soul,
 To think our former state a happy 'dream ;
 From which awaked, the truth of what we 'are
 Shows us but this :—I am sworn brother, sweet,
 To grim 'Necessity ; and he and I
 Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
 And cloister thee in some religious house :
 Our 'holy lives must win a 'new world's crown.

The Queen, amazed at this unexpected display of meek humiliation, exclaims :

Queen. What ! is my Richard, both in shape and mind,
 Transformed and weakened ? Hath Bolingbroke de-
 posed

² Robbers.

³ Picture reduced.

⁴ Harsh-featured.

Thine 'intellect? Hath he been in thy 'heart?
 The 'lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the 'earth, if nothing else, with rage
 To be o'erpowered: And wilt 'thou, pupil-like,
 Take thy correction 'mildly, 'kiss the rod,
 And 'fawn on rage with base 'humility,—
 Which art a lion, and a 'king of beasts?

- K. Rich.* A king of 'beasts, indeed: If aught 'but beasts,
 I had been still a happy king of 'men.
 Good sometime Queen, prepare thee hence for 'France:
 Think I am 'dead; and that, even here, thou tak'st,
 'As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
 In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
 With good old folks, and let them tell the tales
 Of woful ages long ago betid;²
 And, (ere thou bid good-night,) to 'quit³ their grief,
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of 'me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

The Earl of Northumberland, attended by a strong Guard to enforce the new King's orders, enters.

- Nor.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed:
 You must to 'Pomfret,⁴ not unto the Tower.—
 And, madam, there is order ta'en for 'you:
 With all swift speed you must away to France.
- K. Rich.* Northumberland,—thou ladder, wherewithal
 The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
 The time shall not be many hours of age
 More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into 'corruption. 'Thou shalt think,—
 Though he 'divide the realm, and give thee 'half,—
 It is too little, helping him to 'all;
 And 'he shall think, that thou, who know'st the way
 To plant 'unrightful kings, wilt know again,
 To pluck 'him headlong from the usurp'd throne.
- Nor.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
 Take leave, and part; for you must part 'forthwith.
- K. Rich.* 'Doubly divorced!—Bad men, ye violate
 A 'two-fold marriage; 'twixt my 'crown and me,
 And then betwixt me and my married 'wife.—
 Let me 'un-kiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was 'made.

The poor Queen adds her entreaties in vain; she is dragged from her submissive husband, by the Guards attending on Northumberland, to be conveyed to France; while the spiritless, dejected

² Past.³ Requite.⁴ Now Pontefract in Yorkshire.

King is removed to Pomfret, there to be consigned to a living tomb.

The Scene is now in the residence of the Duke of York, who is in conversation with his high-spirited Duchess :

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the 'rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgoverned hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
(Which his aspiring rider seemed to 'know,)
With slow, but stately pace, kept-on his course ;
While all tongues cried—"God save thee, Boling-
broke!"

You would have thought, the very 'windows spake ;—
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through casements, darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage ; and that all the 'walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,—
"Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !"
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,— "I thank you, countrymen :"
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard ! where rode 'he the whilst ?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,—
After a well-graced actor 'leaves the stage,—
Are 'idly bent on him that 'enters next,
(Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;)
Even so, or with much 'more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on 'Richard : no man cried,— "God save
him !"

No joyful tongue gave 'him his welcome home ;
But 'dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which, with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That, had not Heaven, for some strong purpose, 'steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have 'melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven 'hath a hand in these events,

To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To 'Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

[Exeunt.

After a short interval, we follow the successful Bolingbroke—now to be known as King Henry the Fourth—to his Court at Windsor Castle. Domestic difficulties take the place of political ones: he is making inquiry for his eldest son—now become Prince of Wales: (afterwards to be known as England's great warrior-king, Henry the Fifth.)

Bol. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty 'son?
 'T is full three months since I did see him last.
 If any 'plague hang over us, 't is he.
 I would to Heaven, my lords, he might be found:
 Inquire in London, 'mongst the 'taverns there,
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unconstrained loose companions,
 Even such, they say, as beat our watch, and rob:
 While he,—young, wanton, and effeminate boy,—
 Takes-on the point of 'honour to support
 So dissolute a crew.

The young Harry Percy—the Hotspur of later history—replies to the new King:

Per. My lord, some two days since, I saw the Prince,
 And told him of the triumphs held at Oxford.

Bol. And what said the gallant?

Per. His answer was,—he would unto the streets,
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
 And wear it as a favour; and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Bol. As dissolute as desperate! yet through both
 I see some sparkles of a 'better hope,
 Which 'elder days may happily bring forth.

[Exeunt.

The deposed Richard is not without friends. A conspiracy in his favour is plotted to release him. The leaders are—the Duke of Aumerle, the Abbot of Westminster, and the out-spoken Bishop of Carlisle. Their papers fell into the hands of Aumerle's reputed father, the old Duke of York: who more than doubted the fidelity of his wife, and whose ideas of loyalty were now so great that,—notwithstanding his repeated tergiversations, and in spite of the prayers of his Duchess,—he resolves to sacrifice Aumerle, his supposed son, by discovering the plot to the King.

But the distracted mother also hastens to Windsor, to be in ad-
 nce of her husband; and, before the offence had been clearly ex-
 ained to the King, she supplicates for her son; and at the same

time, the old "father" falls on his knees to frustrate the expected pardon. The Duchess then makes this passionate appeal against her husband:

Duch. Pleads he in 'earnest? look upon his face;
 His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are 'jest;
 'His words come from his 'mouth, ours from our breast;
 'He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
 'We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
 'His weary joints would gladly 'rise, I know;
 'Our knees shall kneel, till to the ground they grow:
 'His prayers are full of false 'hypocrisy;
 'Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
 'Our prayers do 'out-pray 'his! . . . O, pardon! pardon!
 I never 'longed to hear a word till now;
 Say "Pardon," 'King; let pity teach thee how:
 The word is 'short, but not so short as 'sweet;
 No word like "Pardon," for 'Kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, King: say, *Pardonnez-moi.*

The entreaties of the mother prevail, and the young Duke is unconditionally pardoned. But several of his fellow-conspirators are condemned to death; the Bishop of Carlisle, however, is allowed to be self-exiled.

Other factions were formed, numerous enough to disturb the tranquillity of the new King; who, one day, in the presence of Sir Pierce Exton, happened to say peevishly—

Will no friend rid me of this living fear?

and, on this suggestion, Exton, hoping to clear the way for his own advancement, hastens, with armed servants, to Pomfret.

In a Dungeon of Pomfret Castle, the imprisoned King is wearily pining.

Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
 This 'prison where I live, unto the 'world:
 And for because the world is 'populous,—
 And here is not a creature but myself,—
 I cannot do it; yet I 'll hammer it out.
 Now play 'I, in one person, 'many people,—
 And none 'contented. Sometimes am I 'King;
 Then treason makes me wish myself a 'beggar,—
 And so I am: Then, crushing penury
 Persuades me I was 'better when a King;
 Then I am kinged 'again; and, by-and-by,
 Think that I am 'un-kinged by Bolingbroke,—
 And straight am 'nothing!—But whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor 'any man that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
 With 'being nothing.—[Music.] Music do I hear?
 Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is
 When 'time is broke, and no proportion kept!

One of the prison-Warders enters with food: but the poor King, fearing death at every turn, eyes him suspiciously, as he says:

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall-to?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art 'wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton,

Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [Strikes him.]

The affrighted Keeper, as he is beaten, cries loudly for help: Exton and his armed followers rush in: Richard, strong in valour but feeble in mind, exclaims:

Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
 Villain! thine own hand yields 'thy death's instrument.
 Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

He kills one of the ruffians—then another.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
 That staggers thus my person.

At last he himself is struck down by their murderous leader.

Exton, thy fierce hand
 Hath, with the King's blood, stained the King's own
 land.

Mount, mount, my 'soul! thy seat is up on 'high;
 Whilst my gross 'flesh sinks downward, here to die. [Dies.]

The death of Richard, though represented by the dramatist as being caused by Sir Pierce of Exton, is by many historians ascribed to starvation—if possible a more reprehensible crime than murder.

While King Henry is keeping his state in Windsor Castle, several men, bearing a funeral pall, are seen to approach. One of them stealthily advances to address the new sovereign:

Ext. Great King, within this coffin I present
 buried fear; herein, all breathless, lies
 mightiest of thy greatest enemies,—
 'ard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
 on, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
 ed of slander with thy fatal hand,
 on 'my head, and all this famous land.
 rom your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Bol. They 'love not poison that do poison 'need,
Nor do I thee: though I did 'wish him dead,
I 'hate the murderer, love him murderéd!—
The guilt of 'conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe
That 'blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn 'with me for what I do lament,
And put-on sullen black, incontinent.²
I 'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To 'wash this blood off from my guilty hand.—
March sadly after; grace 'my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[Exeunt.

END OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

² Immediately.

KING HENRY IV.

PART FIRST.

The Two Parts of King Henry the Fourth, as well as the subsequent play of King Henry the Fifth, were dramatic and poetic developments of an old play, very often performed, but not printed till 1598—entitled "The Chronicle Historie of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auncient Pistoll: As it was plaide by the Queenes Maiesties Players." This, however, is evidently a reprint of some earlier version, of which no trace can now be found. Of this second publication (of 1598) only one copy is known to exist—in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Its chief peculiarities are, its unpoetic treatment of bare historical facts, and the introduction of an unimportant character (to whom are assigned only about thirty lines during the whole play,) named Sir John (or Jockey) Oldcastle.

Shakespeare's First Part of Henry the Fourth was written in 1597, and printed in 1598; entered in the Stationers' Register as "A booke entitled the Historie of Henry the Fourth, with his battle at Shrewsbury against Hottspurre of the North, with the conceipted Mirth of Sir John Falstaff." Of this play no fewer than five editions were printed before its appearance in the folio of 1623.

In the first version given to the actors (in 1597) Shakespeare seems to have retained the name of Sir John Oldcastle; but, hearing that the historical Sir John—afterwards better known as Lord Cobham, and burnt at the stake (1417) for his liberal religious opinions—was a man of unblemished character, the dramatist changed the name to Falstaff.—In the earlier portion of this play (page 96) it will be observed that the Prince addresses Sir John as "My old lad of the Castle"—the *first* reference which Shakespeare has made to the change of name; the *second* is found in the Epilogue, at the end of the Second Part of the play, when the dramatist thus announces his intention of producing another play: "If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it * * * where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinion; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."—The quaint old "Worthy," Thomas Fuller, says in his "Church History," (1656): "Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, if late is substituted buffoon in his place."

Shakespeare's object was to give, by these dramatic reproductions of old plays, (aided by his own developments), a series of acted theatrical pictures, in the Historical Plays of King Richard the Second, Henry the Fourth, and Henry the

The Characters retained in this Condensation are :

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales,* } *Sons to the*

PRINCE JOHN OF } KING.

LANCASTER, }
RALPH NEVILLE, *Earl of West-*

moreland.
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Wor-*

cester.
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northum-*

berland.
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOT-*

SPUR, *his Son.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of*

March.

OWEN GLENDOWER, *a Welsh Chief-*

tain.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *Wife to HOTSPUR.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Hostess of the*

Boar's Head Tavern in East-

cheap.
Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Drawers,

Carriers, Travellers, and At-

tendants.

The Action is in various parts of England and Wales, chiefly in or near London; and, later, at Shrewsbury, in Shropshire.

The Time extends over about ten months; beginning at the Battle of Holmedon (or Halidown) Hill in 1402, and ending with the Battle of Shrewsbury in 1403.

It will be remembered that, in consequence of the deposition of King Richard the Second—in 1399—Henry Hereford, or Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, ascended the throne by the title of Henry the Fourth; and that his fears, as a usurper, were speedily allayed by the assassination of the late King in 1400.

Notwithstanding his apparent security, Henry IV lived in constant dread of secret enemies;—being at war with the Scots—harassed by insurrectionary tumults in many parts of England—uneasy at the irregularities of his son the Prince of Wales—infirm in health, and tortured with remorse: he resolved, therefore, to expiate his sins and make his peace with heaven, by a warlike pilgrimage to the Holy Land: for, although the Crusades were practically ended, there was still a restless desire, with many European princes, to recover Jerusalem—if not all the Holy Land—from the Infidels.

The First Scene is a Chamber of the Palace in London. King Henry is attended by the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened Peace to 'pant';²

² To breathe after violent exercise.

Then, say, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our Council did decree.

West. But yesternight, there came, my sovereign liege,
A post from 'Wales, loaden with 'heavy news;
Whose 'worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
(Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was, by the rude hands of that Welshman, taken.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the 'tidings of this broil
Brake off 'our business for the Holy Land?

West. This, matched with other, did, my gracious lord;
For, 'more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the 'North;
And he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,—
Uncertain of the 'issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new-lighted from his horse;
And 'he hath brought us smooth and 'welcome news:—
The Earl of Douglas is 'discomfited
On Holmedon's plains: Of 'prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake, the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an 'honourable spoil?
A gallant 'prize? Ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith, a conquest for a 'Prince to boast of.

K. Hen. . . . Yea, there thou mak'st me sad; and mak'st
me sin,

In 'envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the 'father of so blest a son;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of 'him,
See riot and 'dis-honour stain the brow
Of 'my young Harry.—But let him from my thoughts!—
What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's 'pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his 'own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none,—but Mordake, Earl of Fife.

West. This is his 'uncle's teaching! this is 'Worcester!

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to 'answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile we must 'neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we

Will hold at 'Windsor,—so inform the lords.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene is now in the Council Chamber at Windsor. There are specially present the Earl of Northumberland and his Son Henry Percy, (now surnamed Hotspur.) The Earl of Worcester, brother to Northumberland, and deeply involved in the conduct of the Percies, stands in a prominent position. The scene is disclosed in the midst of an angry altercation: The King speaks:

K. Hen. My blood 'hath been too 'cold and temperate,
Unapt to 'stir at these indignities;
I will, from henceforth, rather be 'myself,—
Mighty, and to be feared,—than my condition
Which 'hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore 'lost that title of respect
Which the 'proud soul ne'er pays, but 'to the proud.

Worcester says:

Wor. Our House, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The 'scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that 'same greatness, too, which our 'own hands
Have help to make so portly.

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone! for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir! Your presence is too peremptory;
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier² of a 'servant-brow.
You have good leave to 'leave us; when we 'need
Your use and counsel, we shall 'send for you.— [*Exit Wor.*]
My lord Northumberland, 'you were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners, in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such 'strength denied,
As was delivered to your majesty.

Hotspur at once endeavors to justify himself.

Hot. My liege, I did deny 'no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
(When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,)
Came there . . . a certain Lord,—neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a 'bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home:
He was perfuméd like a 'milliner;

² Front or forehead.

And, twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
 A pouncet²-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
 And still he smiled, and talked ;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He called them—untaught knaves! unmannerly!
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and 'lady terms
 He questioned 'me ; among the rest, 'demanded
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, (being galled³
 To be so pestered with a 'popinjay,⁴)
 Out of my grief and my impatience
 Answered, neglectingly, . . . I know not what,—
 He should, or he should 'not ;—for he made me 'mad
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (O, save the mark !)⁵
 And telling me—"the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti⁶ for an inward bruise ;"
 And—"that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous saltpetre should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth ;
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly ;" and, "but for these 'vile 'guns,
 He would 'himself have been a 'soldier !"
 This bald unjointed 'chat of his, my lord,
 I answered 'indirectly, as I said ;
 And, I beseech you, let not 'his report
 Come current for an 'accusation,
 Betwixt 'my love and your high 'majesty.

Sir Walter Blunt interposes :

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy 'then had said—
 To 'such a person, and in such a 'place,
 At such a 'time, with all the rest 're-told,—
 May reasonably 'die ; and never rise
 To do him 'wrong, or 'any way impeach
 What 'then he said,—so he 'un-say it 'now.
K. Hen. Why, 'yet he doth deny his prisoners ;
 But with proviso and exception,⁶—
 That we, at our own charge,⁷ shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;

Perfume.

² O. R. with my wounds being cold.

⁴ A parrot.

⁵ Spermaceti.

⁶ Conditional stipulation.

⁷ Cost, expense.

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully 'betrayed
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, bold Glendower,—
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
 Be emptied to redeem a 'traitor home?
 Shall we 'buy treason?—and indent² with fears
 When they have lost and forfeited 'themselves?
 No!—on the barren mountains let him 'starve;
 For I shall never hold that man my 'friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one 'penny-cost
 To ransom home 'revolted Mortimer.

Hot. 'Revolted Mortimer!

He 'never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But bore³ the chance of war: To prove 'that true,
 Needs no more but 'one tongue for all those wounds,—
 Those 'mouthéd wounds,—which valiantly he took;
 When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with 'great Glendower.
 Three times they breathed,⁴ and three times did they
 drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
 Blood-stainéd with these 'valiant combatants.
 Never did base and rotten 'policy⁵
 Colour⁶ her working with such deadly 'wounds;
 Nor never could the 'noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly:
 Then let him not be 'slandered with 'revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost 'belie him, Percy! thou beliest him;
 He 'never did encounter with Glendower.
 He durst as well have met the 'Devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you 'speak of Mortimer. . . .
 Send me your prisoners with the 'speediest means,
 Or—you shall hear in such a kind from 'me
 As will 'displease you.—My Lord Northumberland . . .
 We license your 'departure,—with your son.—
 Send us your prisoners, or . . . you 'll hear of it.

[*Ex. King, &c.*]

² Sign an indenture or compact.

³ O. R. by.

⁴ Stopped to take breath.

⁵ Scheming.

⁶ Conceal.

The King and his train withdraw. The enraged Hotspur, after a pause, replies to the King's whispered threats :

Hot. And if the 'Devil come, and 'roar for them,
I will 'not send them.—I will after straight
And 'tell him so: for I will ease my 'heart,
Although it be with hazard of my 'head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle. [Worcester returns.]

Hot. 'Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I 'will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy if I do not 'join with him:
Yea, on 'his part, I 'll 'empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod 'Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful 'King,—
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke!

North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

Hot. He will, forsooth, have 'all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, 'then his cheek looked 'pale,
And on my face he turned an eye of 'death,²
'Trembling even at the 'name of Mortimer!

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaimed,
By Richard that is dead, the 'next of blood?

Hot. What! soft, I pray you. 'Did King Richard then
'Proclaim my brother, Edmund Mortimer,
'Heir to the crown?

North. He did; 'myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, 'then I cannot blame his cousin-king,
That wished him on the barren mountains 'starved.
But, shall 't, for shame, be spoken in 'these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to 'come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage³ them both in an 'unjust behalf,
(As both of you, Heaven pardon it! have done)
To put 'down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And 'plant this 'thorn, this canker,⁴ Bolingbroke?
No! 'yet time serves, wherein you may 'redeem
Your banished honours; therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more.

And now I will unclasp a 'secret book,
And read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,

² An eye menacing death.

³ Pledge.

⁴ The wild or dog rose.

On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If 'he fall in, good-night!—Or sink, or swim!—
Send Danger from the east unto the west,
So Honour cross it from the north to south,
And 'let them grapple!—O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a 'lion than to start a 'hare!
By Heaven, methinks, it were an 'easy leap
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-faced 'moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the 'deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck-up drownéd Honour by the locks;
So he that doth 'redeem her thence might wear,
Without corrival,² all her dignities:
But 'out upon this 'half-faced fellowship!

Wor. Good cousin, give me audience for a while?

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I 'll keep them 'all.
By Heaven, he shall not have a 'Scot of them!
No, if a Scot would save his 'soul, he shall not!
I 'll 'keep them, by this hand!

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you 'shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I 'will: that 's flat.
He said, he 'would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to 'speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla—"Mortimer!"
Nay, I 'll have a 'starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing 'but "Mortimer," and give it him,
To keep his anger 'still in motion.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this 'woman's mood,—
Tying thine ear to 'no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires,³ when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke!
In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon 't!—it is in Glo'stershire;—
'T was where the madcap Duke his uncle kept,—
His uncle York,—where I first bowed my knee
Unto this King of 'smiles, this Bolingbroke, . . .

² Competitor.

³ Ants or emmets.

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh—
North. At Berkley Castle?

Hot. Berkley:—you say true:—

Why, what a candied² deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound 'then did proffer me!

Look,—“When his infant fortune came to age,”—

And,—“Gentle Harry Percy,”—and, “Kind cousin!”—

O, the Devil take such cozeners!—Heaven forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale;—for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have 'not, to 't again;

We 'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' 'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners:—

Deliver them,—'without their ransom,—straight;

And make the 'Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland.

Meanwhile—you, brother Northumberland,

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, Scroop of York,

Who only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring him³ on.

Hot. I smell it! Upon my life, it will do well.

It cannot choose but be a 'noble plot!—

And then the power of Scotland and of York,—

To 'join with Mortimer? ha? . . .

In faith, it is 'exceedingly well aimed.

Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us 'speed!

You see, already, how the King begins

To make us 'strangers to his looks of 'love.

Hot. He does, he does: we 'll be revenged on him!

Uncle, adieu.—O, let the hours be 'short,

Till fields and blows and groans 'applaud our sport! (Ex.)

At the commencement of the reign of Henry the Fourth, England was in a deplorably misgoverned condition. Robberies were frequent, and incorporated thieves infested all the highways. The “swell mob” of those days could boast of having, among the fraternity, men of rank, men of title, yea, men of royalty—in the person of the Prince of Wales. But we must not forget that his youthful follies were counterbalanced by his virtues, his valour, and his victories; by all of which he was distinguished when he became King Henry the Fifth—the greatest monarch of his race, and one of the most high-minded, manly, and patriotic princes that English History records.

² O. R. caudle.

³ O. R. it.

In the character of Sir John Falstaff, we have a full-length portrait of an old, hoary, roystering sinner; in whom are blended debauchery, gluttony, cowardice, and lying. But this morally disgusting being becomes, in spite of propriety, irresistibly fascinating. The wit of Falstaff is pointed, rich, racy, and sometimes judicially satirical; occasionally realizing the aphorism that truth is often told in jest. But we enjoy most his extravagant boastings of courage, and his shameless effrontery in cowardice.

The corpulency, too, of Falstaff increases our amusement; as if there were some latent affinity between a rotund body and a ready wit. Fat men, we all know, are sometimes lean in understanding, and sterile in imagination; more apt to snore away existence, than to "keep the table in a roar." Sleek heads and enormous bodies seem intended by nature for the somnolent and successful, among the hippopotami of the human race.

The Scene before us is at a Tavern in London. Prince Henry and Sir John Falstaff are before us.

Fal. Ha! ha! ha! Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand 'that truly, which thou wouldst truly 'know. What a plague hast 'thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the 'day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me 'now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the 'Moon, and the Seven Stars,² and not by Phœbus,³—he, "that wandering knight so fair." And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art 'King,—as, Heaven save thy grace—'majesty, I 'should say; for grace thou wilt have 'none,—

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth;—not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well! how then? come, roundly,⁴ roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us, that are squires of the Night's body, be called thieves of the Day's beauty; let us be 'Diana's⁵ foresters, gentlemen of the 'shade, minions of the 'Moon;—under whose countenance we . . . 'steal.

P. Hen. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of 'us that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the 'sea; being governed, as the sea is, by the

² Collectively called the Plough, the Dipper, the Seven Stars, or Charles's Wain (the Churl's Waggon) in the Constellation the Great Bear (Ursa Major).

³ The Sun.

⁴ Candidly.

⁵ The Moon.

Moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely 'snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely 'spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "Lay by;"² and spent with crying "Bring in;"³ Now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by-and-by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. Thou sayest true, lad. And is not my Hostess of the Tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the Castle.

Fal. But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be 'gallows standing in England when thou art King? and Resolution thus fobbed' as it is, with the rusty curb of old Father Antic the Law? Do not 'thou, when thou art 'King, 'hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; 'thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a 'brave judge!

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already. I mean, thou shalt have the 'hanging of the thieves,—and so become a rare 'hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour—as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?⁵

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits,⁶ whereof the hangman hath no 'lean wardrobe.—But, Hal, I would thou and I knew where a commodity of 'good names were to be 'bought. An old Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street, about 'you, sir,—but I marked him not; and yet he talked 'wisely, and in the 'street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for "Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it."

Fal. O, thou hast abominable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint! Thou hast done much 'harm upon me, Hal,—Heaven forgive thee for it! Before I knew 'thee, Hal, I knew 'nothing; and 'now am I, (if a man should speak 'truly,) little better than one of the 'wicked. I must give over this life, and I 'will give it over; an I do 'not, I am a villain!

P. Hen. . . . Where shall we take a 'purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do 'not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good 'amendment of life in thee,—from 'praying to 'purse-taking.

² That is, "Lay by your arms"—equal to the modern cry of Hands up!

³ That is, Bring in more wine. ⁴ Defrauded. ⁵ Pleas at law. ⁶ A prisoner's clothes.

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my 'vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

[*Poins enters.*]

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-sugar?—But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are 'pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and 'traders riding to London with fat purses: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoken supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as 'sleep. If you will 'go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns: If you will 'not, tarry at home and be hanged!

Fal. Hal, wilt 'thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, 'I? I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Fal. There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou camest not of the blood-royal, if thou darest not cry "Stand!" for ten shillings.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone: I will lay him down such 'reasons for this adventure, that he 'shall go.

Fal. Well, mayst 'thou have the spirit of persuasion, and 'he the ears of profiting; that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true Prince may, (for recreation sake,) prove a false 'thief; for the poor abuses of the time want 'countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter Spring! Farewell, All-Hallow's Summer!²

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet, honey-lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a 'jest to execute, that I cannot manage 'alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men: Yourself and I will 'not be there; and, when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob 'them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we 'part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth 'before or 'after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to 'fail: and then will they adventure upon the exploit 'themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but 'we 'll set upon 'them.

P. Hen. Yea; but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment.

² All Hallow's, (or All Saints') day is the 1st of November: (alluding to youthful pranks in old age).

Poins. Tut! our 'horses they shall not see; I 'll tie them in the wood; our 'visors we will change; and I have cases of buckram for the nonce,² to immask³ our noted 'outward garments.

P. Hen. Yea,—'but I doubt they will be too 'hard for us!

Poins. Well, for 'two of them, I know them to be as true-bred 'cowards as ever turned back; and for the 'third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The 'virtue of this jest will be,—the incomprehensible 'lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how 'thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the 'reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I 'll 'go with thee: Provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap,—there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

[Exit.]

P. Hen. I know you 'all, and will 'awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the 'sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That, when he please 'again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If 'all the year were playing holidays,
To 'sport would be as tedious as to 'work;
But when they 'seldom come, they 'wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this 'loose behaviour I throw 'off,
My 'reformation, glittering o'er my 'fault,
Shall show more goodly; and attract more eyes
Than that which hath 'no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offence a 'skill;
'Redeeming time, when men think 'least I will.

[Exit.]

A few hours pass, and the Scene is now in the Yard of an Inn at Rochester. The Carriers are early stirrers, preparing for the rich Travellers' journey to Canterbury. One of the Carriers enters with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh-ho! An 't be not 'four by the day, I 'll be hanged: Charles' wain⁴ is over the new chimney, and

² Occasion.³ Conceal.⁴ See note 2d, page 95.

yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ostler. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

Another Carrier enters.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank² here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:³ this house is turned upside down since 'Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the 'death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London-road for 'fleas: I am stung like a tench.⁴

1 *Car.* Like a tench? there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be 'better bit than I have been. What, ostler! come away, and be hanged; come away! What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an 'eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged!—hast no faith in thee?

Instead of the sleepy Ostler, Gadshill, one of Poins's thievish fraternity, enters.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be 'two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth 'two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me 'thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth 'a?—marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

We have before us the road by Gadshill—(O, Dickens!) The Carriers with the gentlemen Travellers are about to proceed to Canterbury. Poins and the Prince are seeking a place of concealment. Bardolph and Peto are on the watch at a little distance.—Poins says:

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince Henry replies:

Hen. Hush! Stand close!

² Damp.

³ Worms.

⁴ A spotted fish.

The broken-winded Falstaff is heard shouting :

Fal. Poin! Poin, and be hanged! Poin!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poin, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

[The Prince pretends to do so.]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape 'hanging for killing that rogue. I have 'forsook his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am 'bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to 'make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else.—Poin!—Hal!—A plague upon you 'both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll 'starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. Eight 'yards of uneven ground is three-score and ten 'miles afoot with 'me; and the stony-hearted villains 'know it well enough. A plague upon 't, when 'thieves cannot be true to one another! [A whistle is heard.] Whew!—A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues! Give me my horse, and be hanged!

P. Hen. [The Prince returns.] Peace, ye fat fellow! lie down: lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me 'up again, 'being down? I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot 'again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt² me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest; thou art 'not colted, thou art 'uncoltd.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good King's son.

P. Hen. Out, ye rogue! shall 'I be your 'ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll 'peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, let a cup of sack be my 'poison! When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it!

The rich Travellers are approaching. Falstaff is raised by Bardolph, and Gadshill enters.

² Befool.

Gads. Stand!

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Gads. Case ye, case ye: on with your vizards: there 's money of the King's coming down the hill; 't is going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue: 't is going to the King's 'Tavern.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poins and I will walk 'lower: if they 'scape from 'your encounter, then they light on 'us.

Peto. How many be there of 'them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob 'us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no 'coward, Hal!

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the 'proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast. [Exeunt Prince and Poins.]

Fal. Now, my masters, "Happy man be his dole," say I: every man to his business.

The purse-weighty Travellers enter: the Thieves at once fall on them. Falstaff keeps out of the way, but shouts to the others:

Fal. Stand! strike! down with them! cut the villains' throats! Ah, caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: Down with them! fleece them! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves, 'young men must live. You are 'grand-jurors, are ye? we 'll jure ye, i' faith.

The Travellers are robbed, bound, and driven away by Falstaff and his accomplices.—Prince Henry and Poins return, disguised in buckram suits:

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men! Now could thou and I rob the 'thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a 'week, laughter for a 'month, and a good jest for 'ever!

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming. [They retire.]

The Thieves return laden with their plunder. Falstaff joyously says:

Fal. Come, my masters! let us 'share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring: there 's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

As the Thieves are sharing, the disguised Buckram-men rush on them:

P. Hen. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

The Prince and Poins set upon them. The Thieves all run away, and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too. The Prince seizes the booty, and laughs heartily at his success.

P. Hen. Got with much ease! Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scattered, and possessed with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an 'officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:

Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared! Ha! ha! ha!

[Exit.

The military preparations, hostile to the King, of the Earl of Northumberland and his friends, have, in the meantime, been carried on, but with secrecy: safety often depends on caution as well as action. Hotspur is again before us, in his residence at Warkworth Castle, perusing a letter which has somewhat disturbed him—when he is addressed by his wife, Lady Percy: but he is too cautious to entrust a 'woman with his momentous secret. He reads:

—“*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the 'love I bear your House.*”—He 'could be contented,—why is he 'not then? In respect of the love he bears our House?—he shows in this, he loves his own 'barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “*The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;*”—Why, that 's certain: 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, 'danger, we pluck this flower, 'safety. “*The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an 'opposition.*”—'Say you so? say you 'so? I say unto 'you again, you are a shallow, cowardly 'hind,—and you 'lie! What a lack-brain is this! Our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an 'excellent plot, 'very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of 'York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. An I were now by this rascal, I could 'brain him with his lady's 'fan. Is

there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward 'already? What a 'pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. . . . O, I could 'divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving 'such a dish of skimmed milk with so 'honourable an action! Hang him! 'let him tell the King! We are prepared. I will set forward 'to-night.

Lady Percy enters.

How now, Kate? I must leave you, within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why art thou thus 'alone?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron 'wars;
Cry, "Courage!—To the 'field!" And thou hast talked
Of prisoners ransomed, and of soldiers slain,
And 'all the occurrents of a heady fight.
Some 'heavy business hath my lord in hand;
And I must 'know it, else he loves me not.
Hear you, my lord?

Hot. What sayest thou, my 'lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love; my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A 'weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As 'you are tossed with. But in 'faith I'll know—
I'll know your 'business, Harry, that I 'will!
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you
To 'line² his enterprise. But if you go—

Hot. So far 'afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito,³ 'answer me:

In faith I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not 'tell me all things 'true.

Hot. Away, you trifer!—Love?—I love thee 'not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets,⁴ and to tilt with lips:
We must have 'bloody noses, and cracked crowns,

² Strengthen.

³ Paroquet, a small parrot.

⁴ Puppets.

And pass them 'current too.—Odd 's me! my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with
me?

Lady. Do you 'not love me? do you not, 'indeed?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me 'ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee 'infinitely. But hark you, Kate:—
I must not have you henceforth 'question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I 'must, I must; and, to conclude,
This 'evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you 'wise; but yet no 'further wise
Than Harry Percy's 'wife: constant you are,
But yet a 'woman: and for 'secrecy,
No lady closer;—for I well believe
Thou wilt not 'utter what thou dost not 'know,—
And 'so far 'will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! 'so far?

Hot. Not an inch 'further. But now hark you, Kate!
Whither I go, thither shall 'you go too;
To-day will 'I set forth, to-morrow 'you.
Will this 'content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [Exit.]

The Prince and Poins reach the Boar's Head Tavern in East-cheap, before the out-witted Falstaff and his associates. Overcome with mirth, the Prince, when he hears of Falstaff's arrival, addresses Poins:

P. Hen. Call in ribs! call in tallow!—Ah, here they come—
the whole four of them!

Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto enter, followed by Francis with wine. The merry Poins says:

Poins. Welcome, Jack!—Where hast thou been?

Fal. . . . A plague of all 'cowards, I say, and a 'vengeance
too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—
Ere I lead this life 'long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and
mend them, and foot them too. A plague of 'all cow-
ards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no
'virtue extant? [Drinks]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan² kiss a dish of 'but-
ter?—pitiful-hearted Titan—that melted at the sweet
tale of the sun! If thou didst, then behold that com-
pound!

Fal. You rogue, here's 'lime in 'this sack too: There is
nothing 'but roguery to be found in villainous man.

² A name applied to the Sun by Virgil and Ovid.

Yet a 'coward is 'worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a 'villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack! die when thou wilt, if manhood, 'good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not 'three good men 'unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: Heaven help the while! A bad world, I say. I would I were a 'weaver; I could sing psalms—or anything. A plague of 'all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A King's son? If I do not beat thee 'out of thy kingdom with a dagger of 'lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild 'geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. 'You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a 'coward? answer me to that; and 'Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat-paunch, an ye call 'me coward, I'll 'stab thee.

Fal. 'I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I 'call thee coward; but . . . I would give a thousand pound I could 'run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your 'back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon 'such backing! give 'me them that will 'face me.—Give me—a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st 'last.

Fal. All's one for that. [He drinks.] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a 'hundred upon poor 'four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a 'dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by 'miracle! I am 'eight times thrust through the doublet; 'four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum.*² I never dealt better since I was a man: all

² Behold the proof.

would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let 'them speak: if they speak more or less than 'truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs: how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some 'dozen,—

Fal. 'Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no; they were 'not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they 'were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else an—'Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven 'fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the 'rest; and then come in the 'others.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them 'all?

Fal. All? I know not what 'ye call all; but if 'I fought not with 'fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two- or three-and-fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray Heaven you have not 'murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that 's 'past praying for: 'I have peppered 'two of them; 'two, I am sure, I have 'paid; two rogues in buckram suits.—I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, 'spit in my face, call me 'horse! Thou knowest my old ward,²—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. 'Four rogues in buckram let 'drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, 'four? thou saidst but 'two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at 'me. I made me no more ado, but took all their 'seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but 'four, even 'now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts; or I am a villain else! Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. 'These 'nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—their points being broken,—began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came-in foot and hand; and, with a thought, 'seven of the eleven I 'paid!

Hen. O monstrous! 'eleven buckram men grown out of 'two!

² Sword guard.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green,² came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a 'mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, knotty-pated fool! thou greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the 'truth?

P. Hen. Why, how 'couldst thou 'know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy 'hand? Come, tell us your 'reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack; your reason.

Fal. What, upon 'compulsion? No; were I at the strap-pado,³ or 'all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on 'compulsion? No!—If 'reasons were as plenty as 'blackberries, I would give 'no man a reason upon 'compulsion, I!

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin.—This sanguine coward, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling! you elf-skin! you dried neat's-tongue! you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's-yard! you sheath! you bow-case! you vile standing tuck,—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it 'again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this. We 'two saw you 'four set-on four; you bound them, and 'were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we 'two set-on you 'four, and, with a 'word, out-faced you from your prize—and 'have it! yea, and can 'show it you here in the house!—And, Falstaff, you carried your fat sides away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and 'roared for mercy, and still 'ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a 'slave art thou to 'hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in 'fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou 'now find out, to 'hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. . . . O, ha! ha! ha! I 'knew ye—as well as he that made ye! Why, hear ye, my masters. Was it for 'me to kill the Heir-apparent? Should 'I turn upon the

² Green woollen cloth manufactured at Kendal, Westmoreland.

³ An old

military torture.

true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware 'instinct! the 'lion will not touch the 'true Prince. Instinct is a great matter; I 'was a coward—on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and 'thou, for a true Prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the 'money!—Hostess, clap-to the doors: Watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, 'all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument² shall be—thy running away!

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

The Hostess enters hastily.

Host. O, my lord the Prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the Hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the Court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal³ man, and send him back again to my 'mother.

Fal. What 'manner of man is he?

Host. An 'old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall 'I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I 'll send him packing.

P. Hen. Now, sirs:—by 'r lady, you fought fair;—so did 'you, Peto;—so did 'you, Bardolph: 'you are lions too; 'you ran away upon 'instinct; 'you will not touch the true Prince, no;—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw 'others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would make you believe it was done in 'fight; and persuaded 'us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before,—I blushed, to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.

² Subject.

³ Drunk.

[Returns Falstaff.] How now, my sweet creature of bombast?—How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about 'thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it 'blows a man up, like a bladder. There 's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen,—the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas,—that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying?

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he 'never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not 'run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art 'thou, then, to 'praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not 'budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon 'instinct.

Fal. . . . I grant ye, upon instinct.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard, thou being heir-apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again—as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Doth not thy blood 'thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy 'instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly 'chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, 'practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do 'thou stand for my father, and examine me—upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite 'out of thee, 'now thou shalt be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have 'wept; for I must speak in 'passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses'² vein.

(Drinks)

² A bombastic character in an old play (Cambyses King of Persia,) by Thomas Preston.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg. [Kneeling to the mock King.]

The amused Hostess laughs herself into tears.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

King Falstaff addresses the overcome Hostess:

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen! for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father! how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For Heaven's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O, rare! he doth it as like one of these players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. . . .
Ah—Harry! I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art 'accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art 'my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, why art thou so pointed at? There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of 'pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth 'defile; so doth the 'company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in 'drink, but in 'tears; not in 'pleasure, but in 'passion; not in 'words only, but in 'woes also:—And yet, there 'is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company,—but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What 'manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore: And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if 'that man should be 'lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see 'virtue in his looks: 'Him 'keep with, the rest 'banish.—And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. . . . Dost 'thou speak like a 'King?—Do thou stand for 'me, and 'I 'll play my father.

Fal. 'Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so

majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

P. Hen. . . . Now, Harry! 'Whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. But, my lord, they are 'false!—nay, I 'll tickle ye for a young Prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. 'Swearest thou, ungracious boy? Thou art violently carried 'away from grace: There is a 'devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old 'man,—a 'tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that reverend Vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he 'good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and 'cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in 'craft? wherein crafty, but in 'villainy? wherein villainous, but in 'all things? wherein worthy, but in 'nothing?

Fal. 'Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous, abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff!—that old white-bearded Satan!

Fal. My lord, the man I 'know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in 'him than in 'myself, were to say 'more than I know. That he is 'old,—the more the pity,—his white hairs do witness it. If sack and sugar be a 'fault, Heaven help the 'wicked? If to be old and merry be a 'sin, then many an old host that I know is condemned: if to be fat be to be 'hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be 'loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, 'kind Jack Falstaff, 'true Jack Falstaff, 'valiant Jack Falstaff,—and therefore 'more valiant, being, as he is, 'old Jack Falstaff,—banish not 'him thy Harry's company? Banish plump 'Jack, and banish all the 'world!

While the lookers-on are enjoying the mock representation of royalty, a knocking is heard; and the Hostess and others run to the door. Bardolph is the first to return.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the Sheriff, with a most monstrous watch,² is at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

² Body of watchmen.

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? 'Deny the Sheriff; if not, 'let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up!

P. Hen. Go, Jack, hide thee behind the arras. 'Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I 'have had; but their date is out, and therefore I 'll hide me. [Exit Falstaff.]

The Sheriff and one of the Carriers enter.

P. Hen. Now, master Sheriff, what 's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath followed certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. 'What men?

Sher. 'One of them is 'well known, my gracious lord,—
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not 'here;
For I myself at this time have 'employed him; . . .
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him, to answer 'thee, or 'any man,
For anything he shall be charged withal:
And so, let me entreat you leave the house.
He shall be 'answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good-'morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

The Sheriff and Carrier go away.

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.² Go, call him forth, Poins.

Poins. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras,—and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [Poins searches.] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Read them.

Poins. [Reads.] "Item, A capon 2s. 2d.
Item, sauce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies, and Sack after supper 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread a half-penny."

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-penny worth of 'bread to this intolerable deal of 'sack!—What there is 'else, keep close; we 'll read it at more advantage. We

² Cathedral in London.

must 'all to the wars, and thy place, Poins, shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of 'foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score yards. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

We have now before us a room in the Archdeacon's house, at Bangor, North Wales, and we overhear in debate the fiery Hotspur, the cautious Worcester, the gallant Mortimer, and the wily, superstitious Welsh magician, bold Owen Glendower, whose Welsh boastings are contrasted with Hotspur's merry rebukes. There is divided counsel among them. Mortimer speaks :

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction² full of prosperous hope.

Glend. Here is the map. Sit, good cousin 'Hotspur,
For by 'that name, as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in 'Heaven.

Hot. And you in 'hell,—as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him; for, at my nativity,
The frame and huge foundations
Of the earth shook like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's 'cat
Had kittened, though yourself had ne'er been 'born.

Glend. I say, the earth 'did shake when I was born.

Hot. And 'I say, the earth was not of 'my mind,
If you suppose, as 'fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire! the earth did tremble!

Hot. O, then the earth shook to 'see the heavens on fire,
And 'not in fear of your nativity.

Glend. Cousin, of 'many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was 'full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have marked me 'extra-ordinary;
And all the courses of my 'life do show
'I am not in the roll of 'common men.

² Beginning.

Hot. I think, . . . there is no man speaks better Welsh.—
So I 'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can 'any man;

But will they 'come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the
'Devil.

Hot. And I can teach 'thee, coz, to 'shame the Devil.

If thou 'have power to raise him, bring him 'hither,
And I 'll be sworn, 'I 've power to 'shame him 'hence :
O, while you live, tell 'truth, and 'shame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come! no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Well, here 's the map. Shall we 'divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The Archdeacon 'hath divided it already,

Into three limits;—and, dear coz, to you
This portion northward, lying off from Trent.

Hot. Methinks 'my moiety does not equal 'yours.

See, how this river comes me cranking² in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent.

Glend. Not wind? it 'shall, it 'must; you see, it 'doth.
I will not have it altered.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor 'you 'shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me 'nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me 'not understand you then :

Speak it in 'Welsh.

Glend. I can speak 'English, lord, as well as you,
For I was trained up in the English 'Court;
Where, being but young, I framéd to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,—
A virtue that was never seen in 'you.

Hot. Marry, I 'm 'glad of it with all my heart.

I had rather be a 'kitten, and cry—"mew,"
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers!
I 'd rather hear a wheel grate on the axle;
And 'that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing, so much as 'mincing 'poetry:—
'T is like the 'forced gait of a shuffling 'nag!

Glend. Come, you shall 'have the river turned.

Hot. I do not care: I 'll 'give 'thrice so much land

² Running in curves.

Away, to any well-deserving friend;
 But in the way of 'bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a 'hair.
 Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by 'night.
 I'll tell your wife of your departure hence. [Exeunt.]

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy, how you 'cross my father!

Hot. I cannot 'choose: Sometimes he angers me
 With telling of the moldwarp,² and the ant;
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
 And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
 A couching lion, and a ramping cat;
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
 He held me, last night, at the least nine hours,
 In reckoning up the several Devils' names
 That were his lackeys: I cried, "Hum!" and "Well!"
 But 'marked him not a word. I'd rather live
 With cheese and garlic in a 'windmill, far,
 Than feed on cates,³ and have 'him talk to me,
 In any 'summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
 I warrant you, that man is not alive
 Might 'so have tempted him as 'you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof:
 But do not use it 'oft, let me entreat you.

Hot. Well, I am 'schooled: good manners be 'your speed!
 Now to our wives, and let us take our leave. [Exeunt.]

The scene is again in Windsor Castle. The Prince of Wales has just entered the presence-chamber: the King at once dismisses the Courtiers.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
 Must have some private conference: but be near,
 For we shall presently have need of you.— [Exeunt Lords.]
 I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
 That, in His secret doom, out of my 'blood
 He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
 But 'thou dost, in thy passages of life,
 Make me believe—that 'thou art only marked
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
 To punish 'my mistreadings. Tell me else,
 'Could such inordinate and 'low desires,

² Mole.

³ Luxurious dainties.

Such 'barren pleasures, 'rude society,
 (As thou art matched withal and grafted to,)
 Accompany the 'greatness of thy blood ?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
 Quit 'all offences with as clear excuse,
 As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
 Myself of 'many I am charged withal :
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As may,—for some things true, wherein my youth
 'Hath faulty wandered and irregular,—
 Find 'pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. 'Heaven pardon thee!—Yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections,—which do hold a wing
 Quite 'from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Had 'I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men ;
 So stale and cheap to 'vulgar company ;
 Opinion, that did 'help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to 'possession ;
 And left me in reputeless 'banishment,—
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being 'seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was 'wondered at ;
 That men would tell their children, " This is he ;"
 Others would say,—“ Where ? which is Bolingbroke ? ”
 But 'thou has lost thy 'princely privilege,
 With 'vile participation. Not an eye
 But is 'a-weary of thy common sight,—
 Save 'mine,—which hath desired to see thee 'more ;
 Which 'now doth that I would not have it do,—
 Make 'blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall, hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
 Be 'more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
 As 'thou art to this hour, was 'Richard then,
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurge ;
 And even as 'I was 'then, is 'Percy 'now !
 But wherefore do I tell these news to 'thee ?
 Why, Harry, do I tell 'thee of my foes,
 Who art my near'st and 'dearest enemy ?
 Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
 To fight 'against me under Percy's 'pay,
 To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
 To 'show how much thou art 'degenerate !

P. Hen. Do not think so ; you shall not 'find it so :
 I will 'redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you that I 'am your 'son !
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 'Would they were 'multitudes, and on 'my head
 My shames 'redoubled ! for the time will come
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His 'glorious deeds for my 'indignities.
 This, in the name of Heaven, I promise here :
 The which, if 'He be pleased, I shall 'perform ;
 If not, the 'end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred-'thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest 'parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred-thousand 'rebels die in this :—
 Thou shalt have charge and 'sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How, now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the 'business that I come to speak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word—
 That Douglas and the English rebels met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 (If promises be kept on every hand,)
 As ever offered foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth 'to-day,
 With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;
 On 'Wednesday next, Harry, 'you shall set forward ;
 On 'Thursday we ourselves will march :
 Our hands are 'full of business : let 's away ;
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[Exit

While the Prince is at Court, and thus changed, by his father's wise admonitions, and the brilliant example of young Harry Percy—a theme in itself calculated to rouse the dormant energies and develop the latent virtues that adorned the Prince's brief reign as King Henry the Fifth,—we find Sir John Falstaff in his place of concealment, (the Boar's Head Tavern,) still suffering from the fatigues of the preceding day, and calling on his fiery-nosed follower to condole with him.

Fal. Bardolph, . . . am I not fallen away 'vilely since this last action ? Do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? Why my skin 'hangs about me, like an old lady's loose gown : I am withered, like an old apple-John. Well, I 'll re-

pent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;² I shall be 'out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no 'strength to repent. . . . An I have not forgotten what the inside of a 'church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse! The 'inside of a church! Company, 'villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so 'fretful you cannot live 'long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—Come, sing me a jolly song; make me 'merry! I 'was as virtuously given, as a 'gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore, little; diced, not above seven times a week; paid money that I had borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now . . . I live out of 'all order,—out of all 'compass.

Bard. Why, you are so 'fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass,—out of all 'reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy 'face, and I 'll amend my 'life. Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the 'poop,—but 't is in the 'nose of 'thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm?

Fal. No, I 'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head, or a *memento mori*.³ I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning! When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*,⁴ or a ball of wild-fire, there 's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual 'triumph, an everlasting 'bon-fire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but . . . the 'sack that thou hast drunk would have bought me lights as good-cheap, at the 'dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years; heaven reward me for it! [The Hostess enters.] How now, Dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep 'thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired,—so has my husband,—man

² Condition. ³ "Be mindful of death"—an inscription on a tombstone.

⁴ A deceiving light—often appearing over marshes, and popularly known as Will o' the Wisp or Jack o' Lantern.

by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a 'hair was never lost in my house 'before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hostess; Bardolph was 'shaved, and lost 'many a hair. Go to, you are a woman—go!

Host. Who, I? No! I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to! I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do 'not know me, Sir John. I know 'you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to 'beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas,² filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulders³ of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, 'holland of eight shillings an ell.—You owe money here 'besides, Sir John, for your diet,—and 'by-drinkings,—and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. Bardolph had his part of it; let 'him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! 'poor? look upon his 'face; What call you 'rich? let them coin his 'nose, let them coin his 'cheeks: 'I'll not pay a denier.⁴ What, will you make a younker of 'me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.⁵

Host. O! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was 'copper.

Fal. How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: an he were here, I would cudgel him like a 'dog, if he would say so.

The Prince and Poins enter marching. Falstaff salutes the Prince, who is playing on his truncheon as if it was a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in 'that door, i' faith? must we all 'march?

Bardolph replies:

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

The garrulous Hostess exclaims:

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband?

Falstaff intervenes.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to 'me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

² Coarse linen. ³ Sieves. ⁴ An old French coin, equal to the twelfth part of a sou. ⁵ An old English coin worth 13s. 4d. sterling.

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here, behind the arras, and had my pocket picked.

P. Hen. . . . What didst thou 'lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your 'grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of 'you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would 'cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more 'faith in thee, than in a stewed prune; nor no more 'truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for 'womanhood . . . Go, you thing! go.

Host. Say! 'what thing? what thing?

Fal. 'What thing? why, . . . a thing to thank Heaven on.

Host. I am 'no thing to thank Heaven on: I am an honest man's 'wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a 'knave to call me so.

P. Hen. Thou sayest 'true, Hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth 'you, my lord; and said this other day, you owed him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, 'do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A 'thousand pound, Hal? a 'million! thy love is 'worth a million; thou owest me thy 'love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you 'Jack, and said he would 'cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea,—if he said my ring was 'copper.

P. Hen. I say, 't is copper: darest thou be as good as thy word 'now?

Fal. . . . Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but a 'man, I 'dare; but as thou art a 'Prince, I 'fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's 'whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the 'lion?

Fal. The King 'himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear 'thee as I fear thy 'father? nay, an I do, let my girdle break!

P. Hen. What, sirrah! Charge an honest woman with

picking thy pocket! Why, thou impudent, embossed² rascal! if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern- reckonings, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded,—if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, [Shewing some scraps of paper.] I am a villain. And yet you will 'stand to it! Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of 'innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of 'villainy? Thou seest I have more 'flesh than another man; and therefore more 'frailty.—You confess, then, 'you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest 'reason. Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [Exit Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at Court. For the robbery, lad,—how is that 'answered?

P. Hen. O! my sweet beef, the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying 'back; 't is a 'double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do 'anything.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the 'first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

P. Hen. I have procured 'thee, Jack, a charge of 'foot.

Fal. I would it had been of 'horse.

P. Hen. Meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall,

At two o'clock, Jack, in the afternoon:

There shalt thou 'know thy charge, and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is 'burning; 'Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie. [Exit Prince, Poins, and Bardolph.]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come!—

O! I could wish this 'tavern were my drum. [Exit.]

We follow the combatants to their camps near Shrewsbury, where preparations are being made for the battle. We are now before Hotspur's tent. The Earl of Worcester, the Earl of Douglas, and other of the rebel leaders, are in conversation with Hotspur.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking 'truth,

² Puffy.

In this fine age, were not thought 'flattery,
Such attribution should the 'Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general-current through the world.

A Messenger with despatches enters.

What letters hast thou there?

Mess. These from your father,—

Hot. 'Letters—from 'him! why comes he not 'himself?

Mess. He 'cannot come, my lord: he 's grievous 'sick.

Hot. Sick! how has he the 'leisure to be sick,

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His 'letters bear his mind, not 'I, my lord.

Worcester inquires:

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his 'bed?

Mess. He 'did, my lord, four days ere I set forth:

He was much feared by his physicians.

Hot. Sick 'now! 'droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very 'life-blood of our enterprise;

'T is catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes—the King is 'certainly possessed

Of all our purposes. Uncle, what say 'you?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a 'maim to us.

It will be thought

By some, that know not 'why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and mere 'dislike

Of our proceedings, keep the Earl from hence.

Hot. You strain too far.

'I, rather, of his absence make 'this use:—

It lends a 'lustre, and more great opinion,

A 'larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the Earl were 'here; for men must think,

If we, 'without his help, can make a head

To push against the kingdom, 'with his help

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—

'Yet all goes well;—yet all our joints are 'whole.

Sir Richard Vernon enters.

My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray Heaven, my news be 'worth a welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching 'hitherwards; with him, Prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver.

And further, I have learned,

The King himself in 'person is set forth.

Hot. 'He shall be welcome too. Where is his 'son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales?
And his comrades, that daffed² the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnished, all in arms;
All plumed, like estridges³ that wing the wind;
Bated,⁴ like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.
I 'saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses⁵ on his thighs, gallantly armed,—
Rise from the ground like feathered 'Mercury;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an 'angel dropped down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,⁶
And 'witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more! Worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish 'agues. 'Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,—
And to the fire-eyed maid' of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so 'nigh,
And 'yet not ours.—Come, let me mount⁸ my horse,
That is to bear me, like a 'thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till 'one drop down a 'corse.—
O, that 'Glendower were come!

Ver. There is 'more news:
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

Hot. . . . What may the King's 'whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. 'Forty let it be!—
My father and Glendower being both 'away,
The powers of 'us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:—
Doomsday is near; die 'all, die 'merrily!

(*Exeunt.*)

While the forces on both sides are concentrating at Shrewsbury, we are to suppose ourselves on the public road near Coventry; hear-

² Cast aside, doffed. ³ Ostriches. ⁴ Beating the wind for flight. ⁵ Armour
for the legs. ⁶ A fabled winged horse. ⁷ Bellona. ⁸ O. R. Taste.

ing Falstaff, who is in advance of some raw recruits, give directions to his subaltern :

Fal. Bardolph,—get thee 'before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack.

Bard. Will you give me 'money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.²

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.

[Exit.]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the King's press abominably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good 'householders, 'yeomen's sons: inquire me out 'contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm³ slaves as had as lief⁴ hear the 'devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver⁵ worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bodies no bigger than pins' heads; and they have bought-out their services. And now my whole charge consists of slaves—as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth; and such as, indeed, were never 'soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought-out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the 'gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. 'I 'll not march through Coventry 'with them, that 's flat! There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, (to say the truth,) stolen from my host at St. Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that 's all one; they 'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry and Lord Westmoreland :

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal! How now, mad wag? what dost thou

old coin, then worth ten shillings.

³ Well-to-do, wealthy.

⁴ Willing'y.

⁵ A hand-gun.

in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at 'Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 't is more than 'time that I were there, and you too; but my 'powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us 'all: we must away all, 'to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear 'me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee 'butter. But tell me, Jack;—whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. . . . Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss²; food for powder, food for powder: 'they 'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush, man! mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are 'exceeding poor and bare,—too 'beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had 'that; and for their 'bareness, I am sure, they never learned that of 'me.

P. Hen. No, I 'll be sworn. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

[*Ex. the two Princes.*]

Fal. Well, well, well!

The 'end of a fray, and the beginning of a 'feast,
Fits a dull fighter—and a keen guest.

[*Exit.*]

Anxious to save the slaughter of his subjects, the King sends Sir Walter Blunt, with proposals of peace to the rebel leaders; who promise that, early on the following morning, the Earl of Worcester will deliver their reply.

The Scene is now before the royal camp near Shrewsbury. The King is attended by his two sons—the Prince of Wales and Prince John of Lancaster—with Sir Walter Blunt and Sir John Falstaff. The King speaks:

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon bosky³ hill! The day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the 'trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a 'tempest and a blustering day.

² i. e., on a pike.

³ Covered with trees.

The enemy's trumpet sounds a parley. The Earl of Worcester (with Sir Richard Vernon bearing a flag of truce) enters.

K. Hen. How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'T is not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As 'now we meet. You have 'deceived our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of 'peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle 'steel:
This is not well, my lord; this is not well!

Wor. Hear me, my liege. I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With 'quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not 'sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not 'sought it, sir!—How 'comes it then?

Falstaff whispers to the Prince.

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet,² peace!

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the 'first, and dearest, of your 'friends.
Then you did swear an oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the 'State,
Nor claim no further than your new-fallen right,—
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this 'we swore our 'aid. But, in short space,
You took occasion to be quickly wooed
To grip the 'general sway into your hand;
Whereby 'now we stand opposed—by such means
As you yourself have forged 'against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
'Sworn to us in your 'younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaimed at market-crosses, read in churches,
To 'face³ the garment of rebellion
With some fine 'colour—that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Who gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did Insurrection want
Such 'water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody 'beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

² A chattering bird.

³ Cover.

Prince Henry advances :

- P. Hen.* In both our armies, there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this dire encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy: For my part,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so, I hear, he doth 'account me too;
 Yet this, before my father's majesty:—
 I am content that he shall 'take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will,—to save the blood on either side,—
 Try fortune with him in a 'single fight.
- K. Hen.* And, Prince of Wales, so dare we 'venture thee;
 Albeit considerations infinite
 Do make 'against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well; even 'those we love
 That are misled upon your cousin's part;
 And,—will they take the offer of our grace,—
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, 'every man,
 Shall be my friend 'again, and I 'll be 'his.
 So tell your cousin: go, and bring me word
 What he will do: But if he will not 'yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone.
 We will not 'now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair; take it advisedly. [Worcester and Vernon
silently withdraw.]
- P. Hen.* It will not be accepted, on my life.
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the 'world in arms.
- K. Hen.* Hence every leader to his charge assigned;
 For, on their answer, will we set on them:
 And heaven befriend us as our cause is just! [Ex. King and
Blunt]
- Falstaff addresses the Prince.
- Fal.* Hal, if thou see me 'down in the battle, bestride me,
 so; 't is a point of friendship.
- P. Hen.* Nothing but a 'colossus can do thee 'that friend-
 ship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.
- Fal.* I would it were 'bed-time, Hal, and all well.
- P. Hen.* Why, thou 'owest heaven a death. [Exit.]
- Fal.* . . . 'T is not due 'yet; I would be loath to pay him
 before his day. What need I be so forward with him
 that 'calls not on me? Well, 't is no matter; 'Honour
 sets me on. Yea; but how if Honour set me 'off, when

I 'come on? How then? Can honour set-to a leg?
 No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a
 wound? No. Honour hath 'no skill in surgery then?
 No. What 'is honour? A word. 'What is that word
 honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He
 that 'died o' Wednesday. Doth he 'feel it? No. Doth
 he 'hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the
 'dead. But will it not live with the 'living? No. Why?
 'Detraction will not suffer it.—Therefore, I 'll none of
 it: honour is a mere 'scutcheon;²—and so ends my
 catechism. [Exit.]

The Scene changes to Hotspur's tent. The King's offer is re-
 jected; and war is by both sides accepted as the dread arbiter.
 Hotspur is anxiously awaiting the arrival of his uncle Worcester,
 who enters excitedly.

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.
Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so. [Exit Douglas.]
Wor. There is no seeming 'mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you 'beg any? Heaven forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of 'our grievances,
 Of 'his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
 By now forswearing that he 'is forsworn:
 He calls us rebels, traitors; and will 'scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us. [Douglas returns.]
Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
 A brave 'defiance in King Henry's teeth.
Wor. The Prince of Wales stepped forth before the King,
 And, nephew, challenged you to 'single fight.
Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon 'our heads,
 And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
 But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
 How 'showed his tasking? seemed it in 'contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
 Did hear a challenge urged more modestly.

A Messenger addresses Hotspur:

Mess. My lord, here are some letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them 'now.—
 O gentlemen! the time of life is short;
 To spend that shortness 'basely were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's 'point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an 'hour.

² A heraldic painting for a funeral.

An if we 'live, we live to tread on 'kings ;
If 'die, 'brave death, when 'Princes die with us.

Another Messenger enters.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the King comes on 'apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not 'talking. Only this,—
Let each man do his 'best : and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And 'by that music let us all embrace ;
For, heaven to earth, 'some of us never shall
A 'second time do such a courtesy. [The trumpets sound.
Now,—*Esperanza* !—Percy !—and set on !—

And now begins the battle of Shrewsbury.² After many excursions and alarums, and amidst the shouts and groans of the living and the dying, Sir Walter Blunt, who, for strategical purposes, is accoutred like the King, is suddenly attacked and slain by the gallant leader of the Scottish contingent. As Blunt falls, Hotspur enters :

Hot. O Douglas ! hadst thou fought at 'Holmedon thus,
'I ne'er had triumphed o'er a Scot like thee.

Doug. All 's done, all 's won ! Here breathless lies the
King.

Hot. This, Douglas ? no ; I know this face full well :
A gallant 'knight he was, his name was Blunt ;
'Semblably furnished like the King himself.
The King hath 'many, marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill 'all his coats ;
I 'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the 'King.

Hot. Up, and away !
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

In the midst of continued alarums Falstaff cautiously enters.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at 'London, I fear the shot 'here ; here 's no scoring, but upon the 'pate.—Soft ! who are you ? Sir Walter Blunt : . . . there 's 'honour for 'you.—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too : Heaven keep lead 'out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own body.—I have led my rag-amuffins where they are 'peppered ! there 's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive,—and 'they are for

the town's end, to beg during life. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not . . . if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado² of me.—I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, . . . honour comes unlooked for,—and there's an end!

[Exit.]

The fierce warfare continues. In another part of the field, the Earl of Douglas encounters the King himself, who is only saved by the intervention of his son, the Prince of Wales. The discomfited Scot has no sooner been forced, in consequence of this double attack, to seek safety by flight, than two other antagonists suddenly encounter, and stand at bay.

Hot. . . . If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

'I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

'Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,—

Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shalt it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us: And would to Heaven,

'Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop,—to make a garland for my head!

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

As they fight, Falstaff enters, exclaiming;

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

But the Earl of Douglas re-enters; he fights with Falstaff, who instantly falls down as if he were dead. Douglas, having overcome the fat Knight, goes in search of other foes. In the meantime Hotspur is fatally wounded, and falls.

Hot. O Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

'They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:—

But Thought's the slave of life, and life Time's fool;

And Time, that takes survey of all the world.

² A piece of meat cut crossways for the gridiron.

Must have a 'stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of 'Death
Lies on my tongue : . . . No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [Dies.

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy! Fare thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a 'spirit,
A 'kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But 'now . . . two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough :—This earth, that bears thee 'dead,
Bears not 'alive so brave' a gentleman.
Adieu! and take thy 'praise with thee to heaven!
Thy 'ignomy' sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy 'epitaph!—

He sees Falstaff on the ground.

What! old acquaintance! . . . Could not all this flesh
Keep-in a little 'life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
Death hath not struck so 'fat a deer to-day,
Though many 'dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowelled will I see thee by-and-by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

The victorious Prince, suddenly struck with melancholy at the death of his old friend, proceeds to his camp.—Amid the slain, an apparently dead body begins to stir :—it is Falstaff! He carefully looks round, and makes several attempts to rise; but, on hearing the drums, he crouches under his shield again. At last he gets up with breathless difficulty :

Fal. Embowelled? if thou embowel me 'to-day, I'll give you leave to powder⁴ me, and 'eat me too, 'to-morrow.—'T was time to counterfeit; or that hot termagant Scot had paid 'me, scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am 'no counterfeit: To 'die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the 'counterfeit of a man, who hath not the 'life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby 'liveth, is to be 'no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of 'life indeed. The 'better part of valour is—'discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. . . . Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he 'be dead. How, if 'he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the 'better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him 'sure; yea, and I'll swear 'I killed him. . . .

² O. R. stout.

³ Ignominy.

⁴ Preserve by pickling; to salt.

Why may not 'he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes,—and nobody sees me:—therefore, sirrah, . . . [stabbing him] with a 'new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Falstaff vainly endeavors to take up the dead body. In the midst of his exertions, Prince Henry and Prince John enter.

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou fleshed Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here? . . .

Did you not tell me, this fat man was 'dead?

P. Hen. I did; I 'saw him dead, and breathless on the ground.—

Art thou 'alive? or is it 'fantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? Pr'ythee, speak!

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that 's certain; I am not a 'double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I Jack. 'There is Percy! If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the 'next Percy himself. I look to be either Earl or Duke, I can assure you!

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed 'myself,—and saw thee dead!

Fal. Didst thou?—O, O, oh! how this world is given to 'lying!—I grant you I was 'down, and out of breath, and so was 'he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long 'hour, by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be 'believed, so; if not, let them that 'should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I 'll take it upon my death, 'I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would 'deny it, . . . I would make him eat a piece of my sword!

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest 'fellow, brother John.—

For 'my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I 'll 'gild it with the happiest terms I have. [Retreat heard.]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ors!

Come, brother, to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead. [Exeunt Princes.]

Fal. I 'll follow, as they say, for 'reward. He that rewards 'me, Heaven reward 'him! If I 'do grow great, I 'll grow 'less; for I 'll leave sack, and live cleanly—as a 'nobleman 'should do. [Exit, bearing off the body.]

We now accompany the young Princes to the King, who is giving directions concerning the prisoners:

- K. Hen.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
 Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too ;
 Other offenders we will pause upon.—[Worcester and Vernon are led off, guarded.]
 How goes the field ?
- P. Hen.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas,—when he saw
 The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
 The noble Percy slain, and all his men
 Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest ;
 But his pursuers took him. I beseech your grace
 'I may dispose of him.
- K. Hen.* With all my heart.
- P. Hen.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
 This honourable bounty shall belong :—
 Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
 Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free.—
 'Rebellion in this land shall 'lose his sway,
 Meeting the check of such 'another day :
 And since this business so far fair is done,
 Let us not leave, till 'all our own be won. [Exeunt.]

END OF HENRY IV—PART I.

As a kind of Prologue, or, as it is called, an Induction, Shakespeare introduces the Second Part of King Henry the Fourth by a mythological personage called Rumour, painted over with tongues. The object is to connect this Part with the First one. This Induction is supposed to be spoken outside the Earl of Northumberland's residence at Warkworth.

Rum. Open your ears: For which of you will 'stop
 The vent of hearing, when loud 'Rumour speaks?
 I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
 Making the 'wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commencing on this ball of Earth:
 Upon my tongues continual 'slanders ride,
 (The which in 'every language I pronounce,)
 Stuffing the ears of men with 'false reports.
 I speak of 'Peace; while covert Enmity,
 Under the smile of 'safety, wounds the world:
 And who but Rumour,—who but 'only I,—
 Make fearful musters and prepared 'defence?
 Say, Why is Rumour 'here?
 I run 'before King Harry's victory;
 Who, in a bloody field, by Shrewsbury,
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops;
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' 'blood. My office is
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
 And that the King, before the Douglas' rage,
 Stooped his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumoured—through the pleasant* towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold† of ragged stone;
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies 'crafty-sick. The posts come 'tiring on;
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learned of 'me: from Rumour's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts 'false,—'worse than true
 'wrongs.

[Exit.

The first Scene opens on the Earl of Northumberland's Castle at Warkworth. The Earl, pretending still to suffer from his feigned sickness, which had kept him away from the battle at Shrewsbury, does not yet know its result. Lord Bardolph, outside the Castle, calls:

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho!—

* O. R. peasant.

† Stronghold.

The Porter appears.

Tell thou the Earl

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walked forth into the orchard:

Please it your honour, 'knock but at that gate,
And he 'himself will answer.

The Earl of Northumberland enters :

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute 'now

Should be the father of some 'stratagem.*
The times are wild: Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, 'madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard.

Noble Earl,

I bring you 'certain news from Shrewsbury:—
The King is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright. O, such a day,
So fought, so followed, and so fairly 'won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since 'Cæsar's fortunes!

North.

How is this 'derived?

'Saw you the field? came 'you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I 'spake with one, my lord, that came from thence.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent,

On Tuesday last, to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I 'over-rode him on the way;

And he is furnished with no 'certainties,

More than he haply may retail from 'me. [Travers enters.]

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with 'you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turned me back

With 'joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,

Out-rode me. After him came, spurring hard,

A gentleman,—almost forspent with speed,—

Who asked the way to Chester; and of him

I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:

He told me that rebellion had 'ill luck,

And that young Harry Percy's spur was 'cold.

North.

Ha!—Again.†

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?

Lord Bardolph advances :

L. Bard. He was some 'hilding† fellow, that had 'stolen

The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,

Spoke at a 'venture. Look, here comes 'more news.

Military exploit.

† Repeat. Say again.

† Dastard, base.

Morton, another retainer, enters.

North. Yea, 'this man's brow, like to a 'title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a 'tragic volume:
Say, Morton, didst 'thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I 'ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord.

North. How doth my 'son? . . . and brother? . . .
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy 'tongue to tell thy errand.
Even 'such a man, so faint, so woe-begone,
Drew 'Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And 'would have told him, half his Troy was 'burned;
But Priam 'found the fire ere he his tongue—
And I my Percy's 'death ere thou report'st it.
This thou 'wouldst say,—“Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;”
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the 'end,—to stop mine ear 'indeed,—
Thou hast a 'sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—“Brother, son, and all, are 'dead!”

Mor. 'Douglas is living, and your 'brother, yet;
But for my lord your 'son,—

North. Why, he is dead! . . .
See, what a ready tongue 'Suspicion hath!
I see a strange 'confession in thine eye:
Yet the 'first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a 'losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a 'sullen 'bell,
Remembered knolling a departed friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I'm sorry I should 'force you to believe
That, which I would to Heaven I had not 'seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering 'faint quittance,* wearied and outbreathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprang up.
Then did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
'Fly from the field. Then was the noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, stumbling in fear, was took. The
'sum of all
Is—that the King hath 'won; and hath sent out
A speedy power,—to encounter 'you, my lord,—
Under the conduct of young Lancaster.

* Return of blow.

North. For this I shall have time enough to 'mourn.
 In poison there is physic; and these news,
 Having been 'well, that would have made me 'sick,
 'Being sick, have in some measure made me 'well.—
 'Now, bind my brows with 'iron; and approach
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring!
 Let heaven kiss earth! now, let not Nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood 'confined! let order 'die!
 And let this world no longer be a 'stage
 To feed contention in a 'lingering act;
 But let 'one spirit—of the first-born Cain—
 Reign in 'all bosoms; that, 'each heart being set
 On 'bloody courses, the rude scene may 'end,
 And darkness be the 'burier of the dead!

Lord Bardolph, Morton, and Travers expostulate with the Earl for his unexpected violence.

L. Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not 'wisdom from your 'honour.

We all, that are engaged to face this loss,
 'Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,
 That, if we wrought out 'life, 't was ten to one;
 And 'yet we ventured.

Mor. And, my noble lord,
 The gentle Archbishop of York is up,
 With well-appointed powers: he is a man
 Who with a 'double surety binds his followers;
 Turns 'insurrection to 'religion:
 Derives from 'Heaven his quarrel and his cause;
 And more and less do 'flock to follow him.

North. I 'knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
 Go in with me; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety and revenge:
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
 Never so 'few, nor never yet more 'need.

[Exeunt.]

Scene now changes to a Street in London; the fat Sir John, walking pensively along, attended by a sharp-eyed little boy—bearing a sword and buckler.

—Brah, you giant, what says the Doctor to my symptoms?

He said, sir, that, for the party that sent me, he might have 'more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. . . . Men of all sorts take a pride to gird* at 'me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than 'I invent, or is invented 'on me: I am not only witty in 'myself, but the 'cause that wit is in 'other men. Boy, I do here walk before 'thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but 'one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou mandrake! † thou art fitter to be worn in my 'cap, than to wait at my heels. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops? ‡

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than 'Bardolph: he would not take 'his bond and 'yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be hanged! A rascally "yea-forsooth" knave, to bear a 'gentleman in hand, § and then stand upon 'security!—I had as lief they would put 'ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight; and he sends me 'security! Well, he may 'sleep in security; for 'he hath the horn of abundance.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him.

Fal. Wait close; || I will not see him.

The Lord Chief Justice and an Attendant enter.

Ch. Just. What 's he that goes away there?

Atten. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done 'good service at Shrewsbury.

Ch. Just. Call him back.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff! Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am 'deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything 'good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I 'must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and 'beg? Is there not 'wars? is there not 'employment? doth not the King lack 'subjects? do not the 'rebels want 'soldiers?

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

* To sneer or jibe. † A root with forked branches, like the legs of a man; diminutive for man. ‡ Breeches. § To have dealings with a gentleman. || Come aside.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an 'honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had 'lied in my throat if I had said 'so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then 'set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, 'you lie in your throat, if you say I am any 'other than an honest man.

Fal. 'I give thee 'leave to tell me so? If thou gett'st any leave of 'me, hang me! if thou 'takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter!* Hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my 'lord would speak with you.

The Chief Justice himself advances :

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—Heaven give your lordship good time of day.—I am glad to see your lordship abroad:—I heard say your lordship was sick:—I hope, your lordship goes abroad by 'advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your 'youth, hath yet some smack of 'age in you; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you 'before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. . . . An 't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is 'returned, with some discomfort, from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his 'majesty:—You would not 'come, when I 'sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same abominable apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven mend him!—I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an 't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood—a sort of . . . tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of 'it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its 'original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the 'cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of 'deafness.

Ch. Just. I think 'you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an 't please you, it is the disease of not 'listening.—the malady of not 'marking,—that 'I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the 'heels would amend the

* Petty law officer; tipstaff.

attention of your 'ears ; and I care not if I 'do become your physician.

Fal. I am as 'poor as Job, my lord, but not so 'patient : your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of 'poverty ; but how I should be your patient to 'follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a 'scruple—or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your 'life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in 'great 'infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my 'belt cannot live in 'less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise : I would my means were greater.—and my 'waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath misled 'me.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall* a new-healed wound. Your day's service at 'Shrewsbury hath a little gilded-over your night's exploit on 'Gadshill.—You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord ; your 'ill angel† is 'light, but I hope, he that looks upon 'me will take me without 'weighing. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are 'young : and we that are in the vaward‡ of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do 'you set down your name in the scroll of 'youth, that are written down 'old, with all the 'characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye ? a dry hand ? a yellow cheek ? a white beard ? a decreasing leg ? an increasing body ? Is not your voice broken ? your wind short ? your chin double ? your wit single ?§ and every part about you blasted with antiquity ? And will you yet call yourself 'young ? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John !

Fal. My lord, I was 'born, about three of the clock in the afternoon, 'with a white head, and something a round body. For my voice,—I have lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth 'further, I will not : the truth is, I am only old in 'judgment and 'understanding ; and he that will 'caper with me

* Chafe ; irritate.

† Counterfeit coin.

‡ Vanguard ; foremost rank.

§ Slight, confined to one subject.

for a thousand marks,—let him 'lend me the money, and have at him! For the box o' the ear that the Prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude Prince; and you 'took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion 'repents;—marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, . . . but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven send the Prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better 'Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but 'I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last 'ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they 'have a good thing, to make it too 'common. If you will needs say, I am an 'old man, you 'should give me 'rest. I would to Heaven my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with 'rust, than to be scoured to 'nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and Heaven bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a 'penny, not a penny. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Ch. Just.
and Att.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.*—A man can never separate 'age and 'covetousness.—Boy! What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and twopence.

Fal. . . . I can get no remedy against this 'consumption of the 'purse: 'borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, the disease is 'incurable.—Go bear this letter to Prince. About it: you know where to find me. . . . A plague of this gout! it plays the rogue my great toe. 'T is no matter if I do halt; I have 'vars for my colour,† and my 'pension shall seem more reasonable. A good wit will make use of 'anything: I will turn 'diseases to 'commodity. [Exit.]

* is all day walking about the streets, with, of course, only under of his "seven groats and twopence" in his omission is delivered; but, without money, how regiment? And here we have the Hostess of the with two Sheriff's officers, Fang and Snare, to arrest ern debt. The Hostess says:

ment for driving piles worked by three men.

† Excuse.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It 'is entered. Snare, we must 'arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our 'lives, for he will 'stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him. In good faith, 'a cares not 'what mischief he doth; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can 'close with him, I care not for his thrust. An I but 'fist him once—an he come but within 'my vice,—

Host. I am 'undone by his going; I warrant you, he 's an 'infinite thing upen my score.—Good Master Fang, hold him sure:—good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. 'A comes continually to Pie Corner to buy a saddle; and he 's indited to dinner to the Lubbar's Head in Lumbert Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray you, since my exion 'is entered, let him be brought-in to his 'answer. A hundred mark* is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be 'thought on. There is no 'honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made a 'beast, to bear 'every knave's wrong.—Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose† Bardolph, with him.

Sir John Falstaff, his Page, and Bardolph, enter.

Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang, and Master Snare: do me, do me, do me your offices!

Fal. How now? whose mare 's dead? What 's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you, at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head! Throw the quean‡ in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw 'thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou rogue!—Murder, murder! O, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill Heaven's officers, and the King's? O, thou honey-seed§ rogue! Thou 'art a honey-seed; a 'man-queller, and a 'woman-queller.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, 'bring a rescue, or 'two.—Thou wro't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-s-

* A mark was worth about 13s. 4d. (§3.22). † Red, from the effects of malmsey.
‡ A worthless old cow, a slut. § Homicide.

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian!
I'll tickle your catastrophe!

The Lord Chief Justice, attended, enters.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me, I beseech you!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You 'should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I
am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at
my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is 'more than for 'some, my lord; it is for 'all,—all
I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he
hath put all my substance into that fat body of his;—
but I will have some of it out again!

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of
good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?
Are you not ashamed to 'enforce a poor widow to so
rough a course to come by her 'own?

Fal. . . . What is the 'gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, 'thyself, and the
money too. Thou didst 'swear to me,—upon a parcel-
gilt goblet,—sitting in my Dolphin-chamber,—at the
round table,—by a sea-coal fire,—upon Wednesday in
Wheeson* week,—when the Prince broke thy head for
liking† his father to a singing man of Windsor,—thou
'didst 'swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound,
to 'marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst
thou 'deny it? Did not good-wife Keech, the butcher's
wife, come in then, and call me 'Gossip Quickly?
coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she
had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire
to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a
'green wound? And didst thou not, when she was
gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity
with such 'poor people; saying that ere long they
should call me 'madam? And didst thou not kiss
me? . . . and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put
thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor 'mad soul; and she says, up
and down the town, that her eldest son is like 'you.

* Whitsun.

† Resembling.

She 'hath been in good case ; and the truth is, poverty hath 'distracted her.—

Ch. Just. Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of 'wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust 'me from a level consideration ; you have, (as it appears to me,) 'practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace!—Pay her the 'debt you owe her, and 'un-pay the 'villainy you have done her : the one you may do with sterling 'money,—and the other with current 'repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap* without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness : if a man will make court'sy, and say 'nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I do desire 'deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the 'King's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having 'power to do wrong : But 'answer, in the effect of your 'reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[He takes her aside.

Gower, a gentleman of the King's household, enters.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower,—what news ?

Gow. The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales, Are near at hand : the rest this paper tells. [Gives a letter.

Falstaff is thus overheard :

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman!—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to 'pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, 'glasses is the only 'drinking : and for thy 'walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, in water-work, † is worth a 'thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be 'ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 't were not for thy humours, there 's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw ‡ thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with 'me ! Come, come ! I know thou wast set 'on to this.

* Rebuke.

† Water-colour.

‡ Withdraw

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty 'nobles* :
i' faith, I am loath to pawn my 'plate, in good ear-
nest, la.

Fal. Let it alone ; I 'll make 'other shift : you 'll be a fool
still.

Host. Well, you shall 'have it, though I pawn my 'gown.
I hope, you 'll come to supper.—You 'll pay me 'all
together ?

Fal. Will I live ?—[To Bardolph.] Go, with her, with her ; hook
on, hook on. [Exit]

We leave the Chief Justice and Gower to their duties, while Falstaff cheerily proceeds to his military preparations before he commences the orgies at the Boar's Head.

We saunter into another street, where we overhear the Prince and Poins in earnest conversation :

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.—Shall I tell thee
one thing, Poins ?

Poins. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent 'good thing.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should
be 'sad, now my father is 'sick. But my heart bleeds
inwardly that my father is 'so sick ; and keeping such
vile company as 'thou art, hath in reason taken from
me all ostentation of 'sorrow.—What wouldst thou
think of me, if I should 'weep ?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely 'hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be 'every man's thought. But here
comes Bardolph, and the boy that I gave Falstaff.

Enter Bardolph and Page :

Bard. Heaven save your grace.

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. There 's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the
martlemas,† your master ?

Bard. In 'bodily health, sir.

Poins. Look 'you, Poins, how he writes. [Gives the letter to Poins.]

Poins. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the
king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales,
greeting.—I will imitate the honourable Roman‡ in
brevity : "—'he sure means brevity in breath, short-
ended.—"I commend me to thee, I commend 'thee, and
love thee. Be not too familiar with Poins ; for he

worth 6s. 8d. † St. Martin's Day is on the 11th of November—Fine
winter—youth in age. ‡ Alluding to Julius Caesar and his laconic
style, *vidi, vici*.

misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and 'Sir John with all Europe.'

My lord, I will steep this letter in 'sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That 's to make him eat plenty* of his words. But 'do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. Heaven send the wench no 'worse fortune! But I never 'said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he?

Bard. At the old place, my lord,—in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I 'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph,—no word to your master that I am yet come to town; there 's for your 'silence.

[Gives money.]

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will 'govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [Ex. Bard. and Page.] How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his 'true colours, and not 'ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as Drawers.†

P. Hen. From a Prince to a prentice! a low transformation! In everything, the 'purpose must weigh with the 'folly. Follow me, Ned.

[Exeunt.]

The Scene is again before the Earl of Northumberland's Castle at Warkworth; the Earl is now desirous to make amends for his recent inaction; but he is dissuaded by his wife Lady Northumberland, as well as by his daughter-in-law, the widow of his son the gallant Hotspur.

North. I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:

Put not 'you on the visage of the times.

Lady Nor. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your 'wisdom be your guide.

* O. R. twenty.

† Serving-men.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my 'honour is at pawn ;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady Per. O, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to these wars !
The time 'was, father, that you 'broke your word,
When you were more endeared to it than 'now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring-up his powers ; but he did long in vain.
'Who 'then persuaded you to stay at 'home ?
There were 'two honours lost,—yours and your son's !
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. And you left him there,
Second to none, unseconded by 'you—
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage ; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of 'Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible :—e'en so you left him.
Never, O, never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With 'others than with him : let them 'alone.
Had my sweet Harry had but 'half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient oversights.
But I 'must go, and meet with danger there ;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady Nor. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles and the arméd Commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady Per. If they get ground and vantage of the King,
'Then join you with them—like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
First let them 'try themselves. So did your son ;
'He was so suffered ; so came I a widow !

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'T is with my 'mind,
As with the tide swelled up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way :
I 'will resolve for Scotland : there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[Exeunt.]

The scheme to watch Falstaff at his revelries is now to be carried out by the Prince and Poins. The Scene reverts to London—

to a room in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, where Falstaff has spent the evening jollily. While in merry confabulation with the Hostess and her boon companion, one of the Waiters announces an unexpected visitor :

Draw. Sir, swaggering Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come 'here: no, by my faith; I must live among my 'neighbours; I'll 'no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very 'best:—shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering 'now.

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hostess?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine 'Ancient.*

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your 'ancient swaggerer comes not in 'my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day; and, as he said to me,—'t was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he;—Master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are 'civil; for,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what 'guests you receive: Receive,” says he, “no swaggering companions.”—There comes none here:—You would bless you to 'hear what he said.—No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's 'no swaggerer, Hostess; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of 'resistance.—Call him up, drawer. [Exit Drawer.]

Host. I will bar no 'honest man my house; but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one 'says—“swagger.” Feel, master, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Fal. So you do, Hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an 't were an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Pistol, very drunk, enters with Bardolph and Page :

Pist. Save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you 'dis-charge upon mine Hostess. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

* Flag-bearer, ensign.

Host. Come, I 'll drink no proofs: I 'll drink no more than will do me 'good, for no man's pleasure, I.—Away, you cut-purse rascal!

Pist. . . . I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph; I could 'tear her.—I 'll be 'revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I 'll see her hanged first;—To Pluto's burning lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus* and tortures vile also! Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down! Have we not Hiren† here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses, And hollow pampered jades of Asia, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,‡ And Trojan Greeks? nay, let the welkin roar! Shall we fall foul for 'toys?

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs! Have we not Hiren here?—

Come, give 's some sack.

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give 'fire:

Give 'me some 'sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[Laying down his sword.]

* Falstaff's anger is now aroused by the shouting and spouting of his subaltern.

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif;§ what! we have seen the Seven Stars.||

Host. O, thrust him down-stairs! I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Fal. 'Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling.¶

Bard. Come, get you down-stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

[Snatching up his sword.]

Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three!*** Come, Atropos, I say!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Host. I pray thee, Sir John, I pray thee do not draw.

* A deity of hell. † Quotations from old plays. ‡ Hannibals. § Fist. ¶ The Plough, in *Ursa Major*. ¶ A shilling made smooth by being frequently thrown down at shovel-board. *** The Three Fates (the Parææ) were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

Fal. Get you down-stairs.

Drawing.

Host. Here 's a goodly tumult! I 'll forswear keeping house, afore I 'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.

Bardolph, with his sword drawn, drives out Pistol, while the Hostess continues her exclamation:

Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons!

Bardolph returns, followed by two strange Waiters.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bard. Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave 'me! A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Host. Ah! Thou little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Fal. Peace, good hostess! do not speak like a Death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Host. Well, well! What humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler;* he would ha' chipped bread well.

The two Drawers quietly advance that they may hear distinctly.

Host. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard!

Host. Why does the Prince 'love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;† and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body,—for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another; the weight of a 'hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.‡

P. Hen. [Aside to Poins.] Would not this nave of a wheel§ have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let 's beat him before the Hostess.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen., Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

The Prince and Poins both rush forward to attend on Sir John; but he at once recognizes them, and all burst into peals of laughter.

Fal. Ha! surely a son of the King's!—And art not thou Poins his brother? O, ha! ha! ha!

* The bread pantry-boy. † Burning brandy with combustible sweetmeats.
‡ Equal balance. § = this knave with a round body.

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents,* what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: 'I am a gentleman; 'thou art a 'drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

[The Hostess also recognizes her new attendants.]

Host. O, my lord the Prince! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now, bless that sweet face of thine! Are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou mad compound of majesty, thou art welcome.

P. Hen. You tallow candle-mine! how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Fal. Didst thou 'hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you 'knew me,—as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: You knew I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to 'confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you!

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not!—to dispraise me, and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world: honest Ned, none. . . . I dispraised him before the 'wicked, that the wicked might not fall in 'love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject; and thy father is to give me 'thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none; no, 'faith, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, do not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman! Is thine 'Hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy 'Boy of the wicked? Or honest 'Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath marked Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast 'malt-worms. For the Boy,—there is a 'good angel about him, but the Devil 'outbids him too. [Knocking heard.]

Host. Who knocks so loud? look to the door there, Francis.

Peto enters.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

* A round body containing many debauches—as a continent consists of many countries.

- Peto.* The King your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the North: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen Captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.
- P. Hen.* By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So 'idly to profane the precious time.
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good-night.
[Exeunt Prince and followers. Knocking heard.]
- Fal.* 'More knocking at the door! [Bardolph returns.] How now?
what 's the matter?
- Bard.* You must away to Court, sir, presently; A dozen
Captains stay at door for you.
- Fal.* Farewell, Hostess:—You see how men of merit are
sought after: the 'un-deserver may sleep, when the man
of 'action is called on. Farewell: if I be not sent away
'post, I will see you again ere I go. Farewell, fare-
well. [Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.]
- Host.* Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-
nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and
truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well. [Exit.]

The Scene now changes to a Room in the Palace where, during the night, we see the watchful King Henry in his robe de chambre, attended by a Page.

- K. Hen.* Go, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed. [Exit Page.]
... How many thousands of my 'poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O Sleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh 'my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why, rather, Sleep, liest thou in 'smoky 'cribs,—
Upon 'uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,—
Than in the 'perfumed chambers of the 'great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! 'why liest thou with the 'vile,
In 'loathsome beds? and leav'st the 'kingly couch
A watch-case, to a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,

Seal-up the ship-boy's eyes; and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge?
 And, in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,*
 That, with the hurly,† 'Death-itself awakes;—
 Canst thou, O 'partial Sleep! 'give thy repose
 To the wet 'sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 'Deny it to a 'King? Then, happy, 'low-lie-down!—
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a 'crown.

Warwick and Surrey enter.

War. Many good-morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good-'morrow, lords?

Why then, good-morrow to you both, my lords.
 Have you read-o'er the letters that I sent you?
 Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
 How foul it is; what rank 'diseases grow,
 And with what 'danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distempered;

Which, to his former strength, may be 'restored,
 With good advice and little medicine.

My Lord 'Northumberland will soon be cooled.

K. Hen. O Heaven! that one might read the book of Fate,

And see the revolution of the times
 Make mountains level; and the continent,
 (Wearied of solid firmness,) melt itself
 Into the sea! And, 'other times, how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration!

O, if this 'were seen,

The 'happiest youth—viewing his progress 'through,
 What perils 'past, what crosses to 'ensue—
 Would 'shut the book, and sit him down, and die!

It is not ten years gone,

Since Richard and Northumberland, (great 'friends,)

Did 'feast together; and, in two years after,
 Were they at 'wars. But which of you was by,

When Richard, with his eyes brimful of tears,
 Did speak these words,—now proved a 'prophecy—

“Northumberland, thou 'ladder, by the which
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends 'my throne;—

The time shall come, that foul 'Sin, gathering head,

* O. R. clouds.

† Noisy confusion.

Shall break into 'corruption ;"—so went on,
 'Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the 'division of our amity.

War. There is a history in 'all men's lives ;

The which observed, a man 'may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet 'not come to life ; and, by the form of this,
 King Richard might create a 'perfect guess—
 That great Northumberland, then false to 'him,
 Would, of that seed, grow to a 'greater falseness ;
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on 'you.

K. Hen. Are these things then 'necessities ? . . .

Then let us 'meet them, 'like necessities :—
 They say, the Bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It 'cannot be, my lord ;

Rumour doth 'double, like the Voice and Echo,
 The numbers of the 'feared.—Upon my life, my lord,
 The powers that you 'already have sent forth
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the 'more, I have received
 A certain instance* that Glendower is 'dead.—
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;
 And these unseasoned hours, perforce, must 'add
 Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel :

And were these 'inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[Exeunt.]

Falstaff, labouring under his two great disadvantages—obesity and impecuniosity,—is now on his journey to the north ; having, on his way, to raise soldiers for the King, and money for himself. His ragged, raw recruits have to be attested by a magistrate : and, on his march through Gloucestershire, he takes advantage of old acquaintanceship with Robert Shallow, Esquire and Justice of the Peace, to wait on him. Before the fat Knight's arrival, we find ourselves in the Court-yard of the Justice's house, and overhear a conversation between Justice Shallow and another old gentleman, Justice Silence, his cousin ; who has just come over to consult about the King's levy of soldiers. Justice Shallow gives a hearty welcome to his brother magistrate ; while the recruits—Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf—remain behind with the Servants.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir ; give me your hand,

* Immediate information.

sir, give me your hand, sir; an early stirrer, by the rood.* And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin your wife? and your fair daughter, (and mine,) my 'god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a 'black ousel,† cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must, then, to the Inns o' Court shortly. 'I was once of 'Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of 'mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow 'then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called 'anything; and I would have 'done anything indeed too, and roundly too. There was I,—and little John Doit of Staffordshire,—and black George Bare,—and Francis Pickbone,—and Will Squele, a Cotswold man;—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns o' Court again. Then was Jack Falstaff, (now 'Sir John,) a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the Court gate, when he was a crack,‡ not thus high: and the very same day did 'I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! And to see how many of my old acquaintance are 'dead!

Sil. We shall all 'follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to 'all; all shall die.—How a good yoke of 'bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. . . . Death 'is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Oh! dead?—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—and dead!—he shot a fine shoot!—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—Ah! . . . How a score of 'ewes now?

Sil. A score of 'good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

* Holy Cross.

† Blackbird.

‡ A thin creature.

Bardolph and a Man with him enter.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. 'I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor Esquire of this county, and one of the King's Justices of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backswor-man. How doth the good knight? May I ask, how my lady his 'wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a 'soldier is better accommodated than with a 'wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. "Better 'accommodated!"—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases 'are surely, and ever 'were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: Very good! a good 'phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the 'word. 'Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the 'phrase; but I will maintain the 'word, with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. "Accommodated": That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated;—or, when a man is—being—whereby—he may be 'thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John.
[*Falstaff enters.*] Ah! Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand! By my troth, you look well, and bear your years 'very well: Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see 'you well, good Master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits 'you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me 'see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the

roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call;—let me see: Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an 't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an 't please you.

Fal. 'T is the more time thou wert 'used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: very singular good!—In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. [*To Shallow*] Enter him, enter him.

Moul. I was entered well enough before, an you could have let me 'alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have entered 'me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy: you 'shall go.

Shal. For the other, Sir John:—let me see.—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have 'him to sit under; he 's like to be a 'cold soldier.

Shal. Where 's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy 'mother's son! like enough; and thy father's 'shadow: It is often so, indeed: but not much of the father's 'substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—enter him; for we have a 'number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where 's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very 'ragged wart.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Shal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I mark him, sir ?

Fal. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a coat ?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir ; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor ! well said, courageous Feeble ! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. — Mark the woman's tailor 'well, Master Shallow ; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would 'Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a 'man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him 'fit to go. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It 'shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next ?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the Green !

Fal. Yea, marry, let 's 'see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. A likely fellow !—Come, score me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O law ! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar 'before thou art entered ?

Bull. O sir ! I am a 'diseased man.

Fal. 'What disease hast thou ?

Bull. . . . A cold, sir,—a cough, sir,—which I caught with ringing-in the King's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a 'gown ; we will have away thy cold ; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for 'thee.—Is here 'all, Master Shallow ?

Shal. Here is more called than your number ; you must have but 'four here, sir. And so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go 'drink with you, but I cannot tarry 'dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field ?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that !

Shal. Ha, 't was a 'merry night !

Sil. That 's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen 'that, that

this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at 'midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watchword was, "*Hem, boys!*"—Come, let 's to dinner; come, let 's to dinner.—O! the days that we have seen!—Come, come. [Exeunt Fal.
Shal., and Sil.]

While Sir John Falstaff is taking some refreshment with his friends, Bardolph is engaged in conversation with Mouldy and Bull-calf, who give money to obtain their exemption from service. On Sir John's return, Bardolph whispers to him that he has "three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf."—Shallow says, in an after-dinner fashion:

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do 'you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are 'past service:—and, for 'your part, Bull-calf, 'grow till you 'come unto it: I will none of 'you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your 'likeliest men.

Fal. Will you tell 'me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews,* the stature, bulk, and big 'assemblance of a man? Give me the 'spirit, Master Shallow.—Here 's Wart;—you see what a ragged 'appearance it is: he shall charge you, and 'dis-charge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me 'this man: 'he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may, with as great aim, level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a 'retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the 'spare men, and spare me the 'great ones.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, 'bald shot. 'These fellows will do 'well, Master Shallow.—Heaven keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with 'you.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, Heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us 'peace! As you 'return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be 'renewed: peradventure, I will 'with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [Exeunt Shallow
and Silence.] On, Bar-

* Sinews.

dolph ; lead the men away. [<sup>Exeunt Bardolph,
Recruits, &c.</sup>] As I return, I 'will fetch-off these Justices. . . . I do see the 'bottom of Justice Shallow. * Law, law ! how subject we 'old men are to this vice of 'lying ! This same starved Justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the 'wildness of his youth, and every third word a 'lie. I 'do remember him at Clement's Inn,—like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife ; he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any 'thick sight were 'invisible ; he was the very Genius* of Famine ! You might have thrust him and all his apparel into an 'eel-skin. Well, I 'll be 'acquainted with him, if I return. If the young 'dace be a bait for the old 'pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may 'snap at 'him. Let 'time shape, and there an end. [Exit.]

In the meanwhile, the rebel forces are already assembled at Gaultree forest in Yorkshire, led on by Lords Mowbray and Hastings, countenanced by the militant Archbishop of York. Still desirous of peace, the King appoints a Commission, headed by his son Prince John of Lancaster, to enter into terms with the malcontents. After much preliminary discussion, a conference is agreed on.

The Scene is now in an open part of Gaultree Forest. Enter, from one side, Mowbray, with the Archbishop of York, Hastings, and others : from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encountered here, my cousin Mowbray.—

Good day to you, gentle lord Archbishop ;—
 And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—
 My Lord of York, it better showed with 'you,
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text ;
 Than 'now, to see you here an 'iron man,
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,—
 Turning the 'Word to 'sword, and life to death.
 You have 'misused the reverence of your place ;
 In deeds dishonourable you have ta'en-up,†
 Under the counterfeited seal of Heaven,
 The subjects of Heaven's substitute, my father ;

* Spirit, ghost.

† Enlisted.

And, both against the peace of Heaven and him,
Have here up-swarmed them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am 'not here against your father's peace ;
The time doth 'crush* us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
Whereon this Hydra† son of war is born ;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charmed 'asleep,
With 'grant of our most just and right desires.

Mowbray adds :

Mowbr. If not, we ready are to 'try our fortunes
To the last man.

Prince John replies :

P. John. Well, I have 'read these articles, my lords :
I like them 'all, . . . and do 'allow them well ;
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been 'mistook ;
And some about him have too lavishly
'Wrested his meaning and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with 'speed redressed.

The Archbishop replies :

Arch. I take your princely 'word for these redresses.

P. John. I 'give it you, and will 'maintain my word !

Hast. [To an officer.] Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace : let them have pay, and part.
I know, it will 'well please them : hie thee, captain.

Exit Officer.

As soon as this intelligence is made known, shouts of rejoicing are heard from the rebel forces, who immediately and gladly disperse. The Earl of Westmoreland, basely acting in concert with the deceitful Prince John, receives directions that the Royalist troops should be also dismissed—but with the tacit understanding that the order is not to be executed. When Westmoreland returns from his pretended mission, the strategic Prince plausibly asks :

P. John. Now, cousin, wherefore stands 'our army still ?

West. The leaders, having charge from 'you to 'stand,
Will not go off until they hear 'you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

As Lord Hastings, joyous at the return of peace, re-enters, a party of the Royal forces quickly advances. Hastings says to Prince John :

Hast. My lord, 'our army is dispersed already :
Like youthful steers unyoked, or school broke-up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

* Compel.

† A fabulous, many-headed monster.

The King's soldiers silently surround Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and the Archbishop of York.

Westmoreland advances to execute his secret orders—involving breach of faith and infamous treachery.

West. 'Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, Lord Archbishop,—and you, Lord Mow-
bray,—
Of 'capital treason I attach you both.

Mowbray exclaims:

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your 'assembly so?

The Archbishop asks:

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Prince John replies:

P. John. I pawned thee none.—

I promised you 'redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.

But, for you, 'rebels—look to taste the due
'Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.—

Strike up our drums! 'pursue the 'scattered stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,—

Treason's 'true bed, and yielder-up of breath. [Exit.]

In the Forest, Sir John Falstaff has been so fortunate as to encounter one of the rebel Officers, and, seeing that he was not a man likely to make much resistance, valiantly flourishes his sword:

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you?
and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the Dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the Dale: Colevile shall 'still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place,—a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you?

Cole. I think, you are Sir John Falstaff, and, in that thought, 'yield me.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and others.

P. John. The heat is past; follow no further now.—
Call-in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

Now, Falstaff, where have 'you been all this while?
When everything is ended, 'then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, . . . but it 'should be thus:
I never knew yet but 'rebuke and 'check was the reward
of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a
bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the ex-
pedition of 'thought? I have speeded hither with the
very extremest inch of 'possibility; and here, travel-
tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate
valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale,—a most
furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that?
he 'saw 'me, and yielded; that 'I may justly say (with
the hook-nosed fellow* of Rome), I 'came, 'saw, and
'over-came.

P. John. It was more of his 'courtesy than your 'deserving.—
Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous 'rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject 'took him.

Cole. 'I am, my lord, but as my 'betters are,
That led me hither: Had they been ruled by 'me,
You should have won them 'dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how 'they sold themselves: but thou, like
a kind fellow, gavest thyself away 'gratis; and I thank
thee for-thee.

P. John. Send Colevile on, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution. [Exit Colevile guarded.]
And now despatch we toward the Court, my lords.
I hear the King my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty, to comfort
him.

Falstaff advances.

Fal. My lord, beseech you, give 'me leave to go
Through Glo'stershire; and, when you come to Court,
Stand my good friend, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall 'better speak of you than you 'deserve. [Exit.]

Fal. I would, you had but the 'wit: 't were better than
your 'dukedom.—Good faith, this same young 'sober-
blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make

* Julius Caesar—see note †, p. 146.

him 'laugh ;—but that 's no marvel,—he drinks no wine. There 's never any of these 'demure boys come to any 'proof; for 'thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many 'fish-meals, that they are generally fools and cowards. A good 'sherris-sack* hath a 'two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the tongue, becomes excellent 'wit. The 'second property of your excellent sherris is, the 'warming of the 'blood; it illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and 'then, the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the Heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth 'any deed of courage: and this valour comes of 'sherris. So that 'skill in the 'weapon is nothing, 'without sack. Hereof comes it that Prince 'Harry is valiant. If I had a 'thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be—to forswear 'thin potations, and to addict themselves to 'sack. ^[Bardolph enters.] How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged, and all gone.

Fal. 'Let them go. 'I 'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I 'seal with him. Come, away. [Exeunt.]

After the death of the Earl of Northumberland, who had fled into Scotland; and of Glendower, who had headed the insurgents in Wales, the remainder of the reign of Henry the Fourth was undisturbed by any enemy: but he was subjected to many mental anxieties. He was still desirous of atoning for his sins by a pious expedition to the Holy Land.

We are now in a Room of State in Westminster Palace—in the Jerusalem Chamber;—where we see the enfeebled King attended by two of his sons, Thomas Duke of Clarence, and Humphrey Duke of Gloster. The Earl of Warwick and other lords are in attendance. The King speaks:

K. Hen. Now, lords, if Heaven doth give 'successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead-on to higher fields,

* Sweetened Xeres (sherry) wine.

And draw no swords but what are 'sanctified.
 Only, we want a little 'personal strength ;
 And pause us till these rebels, now afoot,
 Come underneath the yoke of 'government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
 Shall 'soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
 Where is the Prince your brother ?

P. Humph. I think he 's gone to 'hunt, my lord, at Wind-
 sor.

K. Hen. And how 'accompanied ?

Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him ?

P. Humph. No, my good lord ; he is in presence 'here.

Clarence advances :

Clar. What would my lord and father ?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
 How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother ?
 He loves thee, and thou dost 'neglect him, Thomas.
 'Thou hast a better place in his affection
 Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy,
 And noble offices thou may'st effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead ;
 Therefore, omit him not ; blunt not his love,
 For he is gracious, if he be 'observed :*
 He hath a tear for 'pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting 'charity ;
 Chide him for 'faults—but do it 'reverently—
 When you perceive his blood inclined to 'mirth ;
 But, being 'moody, give him line and scope :
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy 'friends,
 A hoop of gold to bind thy 'brothers in.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. 'Why art thou not at Windsor 'with him, Thomas ?

Clar. He is not 'there to-day : he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how 'accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

Clar. . . . With Poin, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. 'Most subject is the 'fattest soil to 'weeds ;
 And he, the noble image of 'my youth,
 Is 'overspread with them ; therefore, my grief
 Stretches itself 'beyond the hour of death.
 The blood weeps from my 'heart, when I do shape
 The unguided days that 'you shall look upon,
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath 'no curb,

* Carefully attended to.

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly
 'Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

Warwick endeavours to pacify the King.

War. My gracious lord, you look 'beyond him quite.
 The Prince but 'studies his companions—
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to 'gain the language,
 'T is needful that the most immodest word
 Be looked upon and learned; which once attained,
 Is to be known and hated. So, 'like gross terms,
 The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his 'followers; and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete* the lives of 'others,—
 Turning past 'evils to 'advantages.

Westmoreland enters :

West. Health to my sovereign! and 'new happiness
 'Added to that that I am to deliver!
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
 Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law.
 There is not now a 'rebel's sword unsheathed,
 But Peace puts forth her olive 'everywhere.

K. Hen. O, Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever, in the haunch† of 'winter, sings
 The lifting-up of day. Look! here's more news.

Harcourt enters :

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your majesty!
 The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph
 With a great power of English and of Scots,
 Are, by the Sheriff of Yorkshire, overthrown.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me
 'sick?
 Will Fortune never come with 'both hands full?
 I 'should rejoice now at this happy news: . . .
 O me! my sight fails, and my brain is giddy!—

The King swoons. His sons, supporting him, express their grief.
 Warwick says :

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
 Are with his highness very ordinary.
 Stand from him, give him air; see, he recovers.

* Measure.

† Rear, close.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

They place the King on a bed in an inner part of the room.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;—
Unless some dull* and favourable hand
Will whisper 'music to my wearied spirit. . . .
Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

As the afflicted King is gently laid on his couch, the Prince of Wales enters hastily.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain 'within doors, and none 'abroad!
How doth the King?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the 'good news yet? Pray, tell it him.

P. Humph. He altered much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick with 'joy, he will recover 'without
physic.

Warwick advances:

War. Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet Prince, speak
low;

The King your father is disposed to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the King.

[All leave the Chamber
but Prince Henry.]

. . . Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so 'troublesome a bedfellow?

O polished perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber 'open wide

To many a watchful night!—'sleep with it 'now!

Yet not so sound, nor half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin† bound,

'Snore-out the watch of night. O majesty!

Thou 'rt like rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety! By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must 'move.—My gracious lord! my father! . . .

'This sleep is sound indeed! this is a sleep

That, from this golden rigol,‡ hath divorced

So many English kings. 'Thy due, from 'me,

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood,—

* Soothing.

† A plain night-cap.

‡ Circlet.

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
 Shall, O dear father! pay thee 'plenteously:—
 'My due, from 'thee, is this imperial 'crown,
 Which, as immediate from 'thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to 'me. Lo, here it sits,—

The Prince places the crown on his head.

Which Heaven shall guard: And, put the 'world's whole
 strength

Into one 'giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour 'from me. This from thee
 Will I to 'mine leave, as 't is left to 'me.

[Exit.

The Prince, still wearing the crown, goes into another room.

The King, awaking, calls:

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

The young Princes and the Earl of Warwick re-enter hastily.

War. What would your majesty? how fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here 'alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the Prince my brother here, my liege.

K. Hen. The Prince of Wales? where is he? let me see him.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we
 stayed.

K. Hen. . . . Where is the crown? who took it from my
 pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. . . . The 'Prince hath ta'en it hence!—go, seek him
 out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my 'death?—

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; 'chide him hither.

[Exit Warwick.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
 And helps to 'end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly Nature falls into revolt,

When 'gold becomes her object!

For this, the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleeps with thought,—their brains
 with care,

Their bones with industry: when, like the bee,

Culling from 'every flower the virtuous sweets,

We bring it to the hive; and, 'like the bees,

Are murdered for our pains! [Warwick
 returns.] Where is he
 Warwick?

War. My lord, I found the Prince

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?
Lo, where he comes.—^[Prince Henry enters.] Come hither to me,
Harry.—

Depart the chamber, lords—leave us alone. ^[Exeunt Lords, &c.]

P. Hen. . . . I never thought to hear you speak 'again.

K. Hen. Thy 'wish was father, Harry, to that thought: . . .

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou 'so hunger for mine empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

'Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth,
Thou 'seek'st the greatness that will 'overwhelm thee!

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave 'thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,

That 'thou art crowned, but not that I am 'dead.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to 'mock at form:—

Harry the 'Fifth is crowned!—Up, vanity!

Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!

And to the English Court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines,* purge you of your 'scum:

Have you a ruffian—that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble 'you no more:

'England shall give him office, honour, might;

For the Fifth Harry, from curbed licence, plucks

The muzzle of restraint; and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!

O, thou wilt be a 'wilderness again,—

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. ^[Kneeling.] O, pardon me, my liege! But for my tears,

I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke,

Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard

The course of it so far. 'There is your crown:

And He that wears the crown immortally

Long 'guard it yours! . . . If I do 'feign,

O, let me in my present wildness 'die!

Coming to look on you,—thinking you 'dead,—

(And dead almost, my liege, to think you 'were,)

I spake unto the crown as having sense,

And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending

* Territories contiguous.

Hath fed upon the body of my father,
 And eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,
 'Accusing it, I put it on my head ;
 To try with it—as with an 'enemy,
 That had before my face 'murdered my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor :
 But if it did infect my blood with 'joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to 'any strain of pride,
 Let God for ever keep it 'from my head !
 And make me as the poorest 'vassal is,—
 That doth, with awe and terror, kneel to it !

K. Hen. O my son !

'Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the 'more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in 'excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry : sit thou by my bed,
 And hear, I think, the very 'latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. . . . Heaven knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I 'met this crown ; and I myself know well
 How troublesome it sat upon my head :
 To 'thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation ;
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than 'I could do,
 Thou art not 'firm enough : Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it 'thy course to busy giddy minds
 With 'foreign quarrels ;—that action, 'hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of thy 'former days. . . .
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me. . . .
 How 'I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
 And grant it may with 'thee in true peace live !

P. Hen. My gracious liege,

You 'won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
 Then plain and right must my possession be :
 Which I, with more than with a 'common pain,
 'Gainst all the 'world will rightfully maintain.

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong

Unto the chamber where I first did swoon ?

P. Hen. 'T is called Jerusalem, my royal father.

K. Hen. Laud be to Heaven !—even there my life must
 'end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
 I should not die 'but in Jerusalem,

Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.—
 But, bear me to that chamber! 'there I'll lie;
 In 'that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[Exeunt.]

The Scene is again at Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire. The feeble fussy Justice—whose want of words compels him to loquacious repetitions—is as anxious to detain his honoured guest Sir John Falstaff, as he is (now that he has gained his ends) to depart.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.—
 What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You 'must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will 'not excuse you;—you shall not be excused;—
 excuses shall not be admitted;—there is no excuse shall
 serve;—you shall 'not be excused.—Why, Davy! [^{Davy}_{en ers.}]

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—
 Yea, marry, William cook,—bid him come hither.—Sir
 John, you shall 'not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With 'red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:—Are
 there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing,
 and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast,* and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be
 excused.

Davy. Now, sir,—a new link to the bucket must needs be
 had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's
 wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley
 fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple
 of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty
 little tiny kickshaws,—tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him 'well. A friend i' the
 'Court is better than a penny in 'purse.—Use his 'men
 well, Davy; for they are arrant 'knaves, and will back-
 bite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-'bitten, sir; for they
 have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Ha! ha! ha! Well conceited, Davy. About thy
 business, Davy. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where
 are you, Sir John! Come, come, come; off with your
 boots.—Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

*Cast up, computed.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph:—^[to the Page.] and welcome, my 'tall fellow.—Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll 'follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. ^[Exit Shallow.] Bardolph, look to our horses. ^[Exeunt Bardolph and Page.] If I were sawed into 'quantities,* I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his 'men's spirits and 'his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish 'justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like 'serving-man. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their 'master: if to his 'men, I would curry† with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter. O, it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. ^[Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. ^[Exit.]

The approaching death of the King causes great public anxiety, on account of the unworthy past conduct and companionship of his son and successor. Among the later escapades of the young Prince was a public display of his "wanton pastime" in the Court of King's Bench, where Sir William Gascoigne at that time presided. Holinshed says of the Prince that "on a time, he struck the Chief Justice on the face with his fist for imprisoning one of his mates: he was not only committed to straight prison himself by the said Chief Justice, but also by his father put out of the Privy Council and banished the Court." This incident is now to be referred to by the dramatist.

The Scene changes to an Apartment in the Palace at Westminster. Enter, severally, Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. . . . 'Exceeding 'well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead?

War. He's walked the way of nature.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had called 'me with him:

* Small pieces.

† Seek favour.

The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young King 'loves you not.

Ch. Just. I 'know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time.

Prince John, Prince Humphrey, Clarence, Westmoreland, and others enter.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph., Clar. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. . . . We meet like men that had 'forgot to speak.

War. We do 'remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much 'talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with 'him that 'made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with 'us, lest we be 'heavier!

Sweet princes, what I did, I did in 'honour.

If truth and upright innocency 'fail me,

I 'll to the King my master that is 'dead,

And tell him 'who hath sent me after him.

Enter King Henry the Fifth, attended.

Good morrow, and Heaven save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your 'sadness with some 'fear:

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a 'joint burden laid upon us 'all.

For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assured

I 'll be your 'father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your 'love, I 'll bear your 'cares:

'Yet weep that Harry's 'dead, and so will I;

But Harry 'lives; that shall convert those 'tears,

By number, into 'hours of 'happiness.

P. John. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. . . . You all look 'strangely on me:—^[to the C.] and 'you
'most;

You are, I think, 'assured I love you not?

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured 'rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to 'hate me.

King. No? How might a prince of my great hopes 'forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

May 'this be washed in Lethe,* and 'forgotten?

Ch. Just. I 'then did use the person of your 'father;

The image of 'his power lay then in 'me:

* The river of forgetfulness in hell.

And, in the administration of his law,
 Your highness then pleased to forget my place,
 And 'struck me in my very seat of judgment;
 Whereon, as an offender to your 'father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did 'commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be 'you contented,—wearing 'now the garland,—
 To have a son set 'your decrees at naught,
 To pluck down justice from 'your awful bench,
 To 'trip the course of law, and 'blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person;
 Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal 'image,
 And mock 'your workings in a 'second body.
 Question your royal thoughts; 'make the case 'yours;
 Behold 'yourself so by a son disdained;—
 And then imagine me taking 'your part,
 And, in 'your power, soft silencing your son:
 Now, as you 'are a King, speak, in your state,
 What I have done that 'misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are 'right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
 Therefore 'still bear the balance and the sword:
 And I do wish your honours may 'increase,
 Till you do live to 'see a son of mine
 Offend you—and 'obey you, as 'I did.
 So shall I live to speak my 'father's words:—
 "Happy am I, that have a man so bold
 That dares do justice on my proper 'son;
 And not 'less happy, 'having such a son,
 That would deliver-up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice."—You did 'commit me—
 For which, 'I do commit, into your hand,
 The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
 With this remembrance,—That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
 As you have done 'gainst 'me. . . . There is my hand.
 You shall be as a 'father to my youth:
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practised, wise directions.—
 And, Princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
 My father is gone sadly* to his grave,
 And in his tomb lie all my 'past affections;
 And, with his spirit, sadly I survive
 To 'mock the expectation of the world;

* O. R. wilde into.

To 'frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion.—which hath writ me down
 After my 'seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flowed in 'vanity, till now :
 Now doth it 'turn, and ebb back to the sea.—
 Now call we our High Court of Parliament :
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of 'our state may go
 In equal rank with the 'best-governed nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
 In which, Lord Justice, you 'll have foremost hand.—
 And, (Heaven consigning to my good intents,)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have 'just cause to say,
 Heaven 'shorten Harry's happy life one day. [Exeunt.]

We return to the garden of Justice Shallow's house, where we see Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine 'orchard ; where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dash of caraways, and so forth :—Come, cousin Silence ;—and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John : marry, good 'air. —Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy ; well laid, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a 'very good varlet, Sir John :—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper :—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down :—Come, cousin.

Silence, under the influence of after-supper potations, has become jolly, talkative, and given to singing.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall

[Singing.] *Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer.
 And praise heaven for the merry year ;
 When bread is cheap and drink is dear,
 And jolly lads roam there and here,
 So merrily,
 And ever along so merrily.*

Fal. There's a merry heart !—Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master 'Bardolph some wine, Davy. Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, [^o ^{the} _{p g .}] be merry.

Sil. [*Sings*] *Be merry, be merry; my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'T is merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.*

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of 'this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I 'have been merry twice and once, ere now.

[*Sings*.] *Fill the cup and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

Davy says to Bardolph:

Davy. I hope to see London 'once ere I die.

Bard. If 'I might see you there, Davy,—

Shallow interrupts:

Shal. By the mass, you 'll crack a quart together,—ah! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a 'pottle-pot.*

Shal. I thank thee:—the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that.

Bard. And I 'll stick by 'him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a 'king! Lack nothing: be merry.

[*Knocking heard.*] Look, who 's at door there, Davy! [*Exit Davy.*]

Fal. [*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*] Why, 'now you have done me right.

Sil. Is 't so? Why, then say, an 'old man can do 'somewhat.

Davy re-enters.

Davy. If it please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court! let him come in.—[*Pistol enters.*] How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, Heaven save you!

Fal. What wind blew you 'hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the 'ill wind which blows 'no man to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By 'r lady, I think he be;—but† goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreat coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and 'golden times!

* A measure of two quarts.

† Except.

Fal. I pr'ythee now deliver them like a man of the 'world.

Pist. A 'foutra* for the world, and worldings base!

Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?†

And shall good news be 'baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap!

Shallow hiccups to Pistol:

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament there-fore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir:—If, sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there's but two ways;—either to 'utter them, or to 'conceal them. 'I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under 'which king, Bezonian?‡ speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra* for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender 'lambkin now is King!

Harry the 'Fifth 's the man! I speak the truth!

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door. The things 'I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I will 'double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a 'kighthood for 'my fortune.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow—my 'Lord Shallow! be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we 'll ride all night.—O sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph. [^{Exit} Bardolph] Come, Pistol, utter 'more to me; and, withal, devise something to do 'thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young King is 'sick for me. Let us take 'any man's horses; the laws of England are at 'my commandment. Happy are they which have been my 'friends;—and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

"Where is the life that 'late I led?" say they;

Why 'here it is!—Welcome this pleasant day! [Exeunt.]

We hasten, with Falstaff and his companions, to London, and join the crowd waiting for the young King's return from his coronation in Westminster Abbey. Falstaff says:

* A term of contempt.

† A sacred mountain in Bœotia.

‡ A term of contempt frequently used by the old dramatists.

Fal. Stand here by 'me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the King do you grace. I will 'leer upon him as he comes by; and do but mark the 'countenance that he will give me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 't is no matter; this 'poor show doth better: this doth 'infer the zeal I had to see him,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my 'earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My 'devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to 'shift* me,—

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and 'sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in 'oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see 'him.

Shal. 'T is so, indeed.

Shouts are heard within, and the trumpets sound. The King and his Train of Attendants enter, the Chief Justice among them. Falstaff eagerly presses forward, followed by Pistol.

Fal. Heaven save thy grace, King Hal! 'my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. Heaven save thee, my sweet boy!

King. . . . My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? 'know you what 't is you speak?

Fal. My King! my Jove! I speak to 'thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy 'prayers;

How ill 'white airs become a fool and jester!

I have long 'dreamed of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;

But, being 'awake, I do 'despise my dream.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

Presume not that I 'am the thing I 'was;

For 'Heaven doth know,—so shall the 'world perceive,—

That I have turned away my 'former self;

So will I those that kept me 'company.

* Change clothing.

When thou dost hear I 'am as I 'have been,
 Approach me, and 'thou shalt be as thou 'wast,—
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
 'Till then, I 'banish thee, on pain of death,
 (As I have done the rest of my misleaders,)
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.
 For 'competence of life, I will allow you,
 That 'lack of means enforce you not to evil :
 And, as we hear you do 'reform yourselves,
 Give you advancement.—Be 't 'your charge, my lord,
 To see 'performed the tenor of our word.—
 Set on.

[*Ex. King and Train.*]

As the royal procession moves onward, Falstaff says to his friend :

Fal. Master Shallow, . . . I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have 'home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for, in 'private, to him : look you, he must 'seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement : I will be 'the man 'yet, that shall make you 'great.

Shal. I cannot conceive how ; unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five 'hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my 'word : this that you heard was but a 'colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will 'die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear 'no colours : go with me to dinner :—come, Lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph : I shall be sent for soon at 'night.

As they are proceeding to this promised dinner, Prince John, the Chief Justice and his officers, return. The Chief Justice speaks :

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;*

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord ! my lord !—

Ch. Just. I cannot 'now speak : I will hear you soon.—
 Take them away.

The prisoners are led off. Prince John says :

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the King's :

He hath intent, his wonted followers

Shall all be very well 'provided for ;

* A prison in London.

But all are 'banished,—till their conversations
 Appear more wise and modest to the world.
 Meantime, the King hath called his Parliament.
 I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
 We bear our 'civil swords, and native fire,
 As far as 'France. I heard a 'bird so sing,
 Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the King.
 Come, will you hence?

[Exeunt.]

 EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Dancer.

First, my 'fear; then, my 'court'sy; last, my 'speech. My
 fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my
 speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a 'good speech
 'now, you undo me: for what I 'have to say is of mine own
 'making; and what indeed I 'should say, will, I doubt, prove
 mine own 'marring.

If my 'tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you
 command me to use my 'legs? and yet that were but 'light
 payment,—to 'dance out of your debt. But a good 'con-
 science will make any possible satisfaction; and so will 'I.
 All the 'gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the 'gen-
 tlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the
 gentle-'women,—which was never seen before in such an
 assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much
 cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will 'continue the
 story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair
 Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff
 shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your
 hard opinions; for 'Oldcastle* died a 'martyr, and this is
 'not the man. My tongue is weary; when my 'legs are too,
 I will bid you good night; and so kneel down before you;
 but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.†

[Exit.]

END OF HENRY IV—PART II.

* Alluding to Sir John Oldcastle, a character in the old play, and the supposed original of Sir John Falstaff. † Queen Elizabeth.

KING HENRY V.

It will be observed that the play of "The Life of Henry the Fifth" is not included in Meres' list of 1598: it must have been written in 1599.

Shakespeare, in this play, makes very little use of the older drama known as "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," conteyning the Honourable Battell of Agin Court," which was performed before 1588, but not printed until 1598. It was originally performed at the Globe Theatre—the "Wooden O" of the Prologue—and first printed in 1600, with the following title: "The Cronicle History of Henry the Fifth. With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times played by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants." This early edition wants the Chorus and several scenes. The play was afterwards rewritten by Shakespeare; so that, in the folio of 1623, it is almost doubled in size.

The character of Henry the Fifth was evidently a public favourite: he has a prominent place in three of these Historical plays: in which he figures successively as the affectionate, ardent Youth—the gay licentious Prince—and the brave high-minded King, the greatest of England's Warrior Monarchs.

The characters introduced in this Condensation are:

<p>KING HENRY THE FIFTH.</p> <p>DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, { <i>Brothers</i> DUKE OF BEDFORD, { <i>to the</i> { <i>King.</i></p> <p>DUKE OF EXETER, <i>Uncle to the King.</i></p> <p>DUKE OF YORK,* <i>Cousin to the King.</i></p> <p>THE EARLS OF SALISBURY, WEST-MORELAND, AND WARWICK.</p> <p>THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.</p> <p>THE BISHOP OF ELY.</p> <p>EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, { <i>Conspira-</i> LORD SCROOP, { <i>tors against</i> SIR THOMAS GREY, { <i>(the King.</i></p> <p>SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, AND FLUELLEN, <i>officers in King Henry's army.</i></p> <p>JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, MICHAEL WILLIAMS, <i>soldiers in the same.</i></p> <p>PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH, BOY, <i>servant to them.</i> <i>(in English Herald.</i></p>	<p>CHARLES THE SIXTH, <i>King of France.</i></p> <p>LOUIS, <i>the Dauphin.</i> †</p> <p>DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, AND BOURBON.</p> <p>THE CONSTABLE of France.</p> <p>GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR.</p> <p>MONTJOY, <i>a French Herald.</i></p> <p><i>Ambassadors to the King of England.</i></p> <p>ISABEL, <i>Queen of France.</i></p> <p>KATHARINE, <i>Daughter to Charles and Isabel.</i></p> <p><i>Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.</i></p> <p><i>Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.</i></p> <p>CHORUS.</p>
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*Aumerle in the play of Richard II.

†O. R. Dolphin.

This last-named personage is frequently introduced. To connect historical events, unfitted for dramatic representation, each Act is introduced by a kind of prologue-speaker or Chorus, who describes events necessary for the auditor to know. These prologues, says Schlegel, unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical simplicity: In them the Dramatist sings as a poetical herald what he could not represent to the eye; and by them the spectators are constantly reminded that the peculiar greatness of the actions cannot be developed on a narrow stage: and that they must supply, from their imaginations, the deficiencies of the representation.

The reign of Henry the Fifth extended from 1413 till 1422. The Time, therefore, occupies more than eight years.

The Scene, at the beginning of the play, is in England; but, at the end, in France.

Dr. Johnson remarks that Shakespeare was evidently sensible of the absurdity of representing battles within the limits of a theatre; and, dilating chiefly on this point as an apology, the Chorus comes forward:

Chor. O for a Muse of 'fire, that would ascend
The brightest 'heaven of invention!
A 'kingdom for a stage, 'princes to 'act,
And 'monarchs to 'behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of 'Mars;* and at his heels,
Leashed-in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and
Fire,
Crouch for employment. Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiséd spirit that hath dared,
On this unworthy scaffold,† to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cockpit‡ hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram,
Upon this little stage,§ the very 'casques
That did affright the air at 'Agincourt?
O, pardon! Since a crookéd figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
So let us, 'ciphers to this great account,
On your 'imaginary forces work.
'Suppose, within the girdle of these walls,
Are now confined two mighty Monarchies,
Whose high uprearéd and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow Ocean parts asunder:
Piece-out our imperfections with your 'thoughts:
Into a 'thousand parts divide one man,
And make 'imaginary puissance;
'Think, when we talk of horses, that you 'see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:—

* Demeanour of the God of War. † Stage. ‡ The old Phoenix Theatre in Drury Lane had been a cockpit. This play was originally performed at the Globe, a circular wooden building. § O. R. within this Wooden O.

For 'tis your 'thoughts that now must deck our kings ;
 Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
 Turning the accomplishment of many 'years,
 Into an 'hour-glass : For the which supply,
 Admit me 'Chorus to this history ;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to 'hear, kindly to 'judge, our play.

Exit.

The Scene opens on the Presence Chamber of the Royal Palace in London. King Henry has summoned a Council to receive and reply to the French Ambassador. The young King is attended by his brothers the Dukes of Gloucester and Bedford, and by his uncle the Duke of Exeter. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the first to address the King :

Cant. Heaven and the angels 'guard your sacred throne,
 And may you 'long become it !

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My lord Archbishop, pray you now proceed,
 And justly and religiously unfold
 'Why the law Salique,* that they have in France,
 Or should, or should 'not, 'bar us in our claim ?

Cant. Then hear me, gracious King : There is 'no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to France,
 But this,—which they produce from Pharamond,†—
 “No 'woman shall succeed in Salique land.”

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make this claim ?

Cant. The sin upon 'my head, dread sovereign !
 For in the Book of Numbers‡ is it writ,—
 When the son§ dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the 'daughter.

K. Hen. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dauphin.

Now are we 'well resolved ; and, by Heaven's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces.

The Ambassador of France—with a train of Attendants bearing a heavily laden treasure-chest—enters the Council Chamber.

'Now are we 'well prepared to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin : for, we hear,
 Your greeting is from 'him,—not from the King.

Amb. May 't please your majesty to give us leave
 'Freely to render what we have in charge ?

K. Hen. We are no 'tyrant, but a 'Christian King ;

* The old law of the Salic or Sallian Franks forbade succession through female descent.
 † The semi-fabulous first King of France.
 ‡ Numbers 27 : viii.
 O. R. man.

Therefore, with frank and with uncurbéd plainness,
'Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus, then, in few:*—

Your Highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain 'dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward Third:
In 'answer of which claim, the Prince our master
Says,—that you savour too much of your 'youth;
And bids you be advised, there 's nought in France
That can be with a nimble 'galliard† won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms 'there.
He therefore sends you—meeter for your spirit,—
This 'tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the 'Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. 'What treasure, uncle Exeter?

Exe. [^{Opening}the chest.] . . . Tennis-balls, my liege!

K. Hen. . . . We are glad the Dauphin is so 'pleasant with
us;

His 'present, and your 'pains, we thank you for:
When we have matched our 'rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by Heaven's grace, play a set‡
Shall strike his father's 'crown into the hazard.
We never valued this poor seat of 'England;
But tell the Dauphin,—I will 'keep my state,
Be 'like a King, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in 'my throne of 'France:
For I 'will rise there with so full a glory
That I will 'dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin 'blind to 'look on us.
And tell the pleasant Prince that many a widow
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear 'husbands;
Mock mothers from their 'sons; mock 'castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to 'curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of Heaven,
To whom I do 'appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on.
So get you 'hence in 'peace; . . . and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of 'shallow wit,
When thousands 'weep, more than did 'laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well. [^{Ex.}*Ambess.*]

The Duke of Exeter says to his royal nephew:

Exe. This was a 'merry message.

* Brief—in few words.

† A courtly dance.

‡ Game.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender 'blush at it.
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected; and 'all things thought upon
 That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
 'More feathers to our wings; for, Heaven before,
 We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door. [Exeunt.]

The Chorus again comes forward to narrate the circumstances that precede the embarkation of the English forces:

Chorus. Now, all the 'youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance* in the wardrobe lies:
 Now thrive the 'armourers; and 'honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
 They sell the 'pasture now, to buy the 'horse;—
 Following the 'mirror of all Christian kings,
 With wingéd heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits 'Expectation in the air;
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
 With crowns imperial; crowns, and coronets,
 Promised to Harry and his followers.
 The French,—advised by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,—
 'Shake in their fear; and, with pale policy,
 Seek to 'divert† the English purposes.
 O England!—model to thy 'inward greatness,
 (Like little body with a mighty 'heart.)—
 What mightst thou do, that honour 'would thee do,
 Were 'all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France‡ hath in thee found out
 A nest of 'hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns;§ and three corrupted men,—
 One, Richard Earl of Cambridge; and the second,
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
 Have, for the gilt|| of France, (O 'guilt indeed!)
 Confirmed 'conspiracy with fearful France;
 And by 'their hands this grace¶ of kings must 'die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The King is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.

While the English forces for the invasion of France are concentrating at Southampton, the dramatist compels us to linger in

* Idleness. † Turn aside. ‡ The King of France. § Coins stamped with a crown. || Golden money. ¶ Chief ornament.

London, where, on the street, Corporal Nym meets his promoted friend Lieutenant Bardolph :

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet? I will bestow a breakfast to 'make you friends; and we 'll be, all three, sworn brothers in France: 'let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I 'may, that 's the certain of it; and, when I cannot live any longer, I will 'die as I may: that is my 'rest—that is the 'rendezvous* of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is 'married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you 'were troth-plaint to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may 'sleep, and they 'may have their throats about them at 'that time; and some say knives have 'edges. It 'must be as it 'may: Though patience be a 'tired mare, yet she will 'plod. There must be 'conclusions. . . . Well, I cannot tell.

Bard. Here 'comes Ancient Pistol—and his wife! good Corporal, be patient.

Pistol and the late Hostess Quickly enter :

How now, mine 'host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou 'me host?

Now, by this hand, I swear, I 'scorn the term;

Nor shall my Nell keep—lodgers!

[Nym draws his sword.

Hostess. O well-a-day, if he be not drawn! [Pistol also draws his sword

Now we shall see wilful 'murder committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant!—good Corporal!—offer nothing here.

Nym. Psha!

Pist. Psha for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Hostess. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog† off? I would have you 'solus.‡

[Sheathing his sword.

Pist. "Solus," egregious dog? O viper vile!

The "solus" in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy ugly 'maw;

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

For flashing fire will follow.

Nym. If you grow foul with 'me, Pistol, I will scour you

* End.

† Move.

‡ Alone.

with my 'rapier, as I may, in fair terms: and that 's the
'humour of it!

Pist. O braggart vile, and fatal furious wight!*
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my 'spouse to get?
I 'have, and I will 'hold, the *quondam*† Quickly,
For she 's the 'only she; and—*Pauca*,‡ 'there 's enough.

The Boy runs in hastily:

Boy. Mine host Pistol! you must come to my master!—
and you, Hostess!—he is very sick, and would to bed.—
Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and
do the office of a warming-pan.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Mistress Pistol sobs piteously:

Hostess. By my troth, he 'll yield the crow a pudding one
of these days; the King has killed his heart.—Good
husband, come home presently. [Exeunt Hostess and Boy.]

Bardolph again tries to reconcile the now combative swordsmen:

Bard. Come, 'shall I make you two friends? We must to
France together: Why should we keep knives to cut
one another's throats?

Nym. Pistol, you 'll pay me the eight shillings I won of
you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that 'pays!*

Nym. 'That now I 'will 'have: that 's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall 'compound: Push home! [They draw.]

Bardolph interferes.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I 'll
kill him! by this sword, I will! [Draws.]

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.*

A 'noble§ shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee;
I 'll live by 'Nym, and Nym shall live by 'me;
For I shall suttel|| be unto the camp,
And profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In 'cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, 'that 's the humour of 't!

They shake hands. The Hostess re-enters in great anxiety.

Host. O, come in, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor
heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian,
that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come
to him.

* An old stage quotation. † Former. ‡ Peace. § An old English gold coin
rth about 6s. 8d. || Tavern keeper.

Nym. The King hath run 'bad humours on the knight,
that 's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right ;
His heart is fractured* and corroborate.†

[Exeunt.]

On the pier at Southampton we see King Henry with his soldiers preparing to embark. His brothers, the Dukes of Bedford and Gloster, are there, with his uncle the Duke of Exeter. The three traitors—Grey, Scroop, and Cambridge—whose crime the Chorus has already made known to us, are also in attendance.—The King prudently keeps them near, under pretence of asking their advice. He says :

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge,—my kind Lord of Masham,—
And you, my gentle Knight,—give me 'your thoughts :
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will 'cut their passage through the force of France ?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his 'best.

K. Hen. I doubt not 'that ; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours ;
Nor leave not one 'behind, that doth not 'wish
Success and conquest to attend on 'us.

Cambridge says :

Cam. Never was monarch 'better feared and loved.

Sir Thomas Grey adds :

Grey. Even those that were your father's 'enemies
Have steeped their galls in honey ; and do serve 'you
With hearts create‡ of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;
And shall forget the office of our 'hand,
Sooner than quittance§ of desert and merit.
Uncle of Exeter, enlarge the man
That railed against our person : we consider
It was excess of 'wine that set him on ;
And, on our 'more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop, Cambridge and Grey advise the King to show no clemency, but to punish with severity. Scroop says :

Scroop. That 's 'mercy, but too much 'security :
Let him be 'punished, sovereign ; lest example
Breed, by 'his sufferance, 'more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be 'merciful.

* Broken.

† A nonsense word.

‡ Made up.

§ Recompense.

Cambridge replies :

Cam. So may your highness, and yet 'punish too.

Grey adds :

Grey. You show 'great mercy, if you give him 'life,
'After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas! 'your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons* 'gainst this poor wretch!
If 'little faults, proceeding on distemper, †
Shall not be winked at, how shall we 'stretch our eye
When 'capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and digested,
Appear before us? We 'll 'yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear
care

And tender preservation of our person,—

Would have him 'punished.—And now to our 'French
causes :

You three, if I remember, are Commissioners?

Cam. We are, my lord :

And you did bid us ask 'to-day for our commissions.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is
yours ;—

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham ;—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :

'Read them ; . . . and know, I know your 'worthiness!—

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,

We will aboard 'to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!

What see you in those 'papers, that you lose

So much complexion?—Look ye, how they 'change!

Their 'cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood

Out of appearance?

Cambridge says :

Cam. We 'confess our faults ;

And do submit us to your highness' 'mercy,

To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that 'was quick ‡ in us but late,

By your 'own counsel is suppressed and 'killed :

You must not dare, for 'shame, to talk of mercy!—

See you, my princes and my noble peers,

These English 'monsters! My Lord of Cambridge
here,—

You know how apt our love was, to accord §

To furnish him with all appertinents ||

* Weighty prayers. † Dissipation. ‡ Alive. § Consent. || Requirements.

Belonging to his 'honour; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired
 And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To 'kill us, 'here in 'Hampton:—To the which
 This Knight, (no 'less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is,) hath 'likewise sworn. . . . But, O,
 What shall I say to 'thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage and 'inhuman creature!
 Thou, that didst bear the 'key of all my counsels;
 That knew'st the very bottom of my 'soul,
 That almost mightst have 'coined me into gold;—
 May it be possible, that 'foreign hire
 Could, out of 'thee, extract one 'spark of evil
 That might annoy my 'finger? 'T is so strange,
 That, though the 'truth of it stands-off as gross
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 O, how hast 'thou, with jealousy, infected
 The sweetness of 'affiance! Show men 'dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst 'thou: Seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
 Not working with the eye 'without the ear,
 And but in sober* judgment trusting neither?
 Such and so finely bolted† didst 'thou seem:
 And thus 'thy fall hath left a kind of 'blot,
 To mark the 'full-fraught‡ man and 'best indued,
 With some 'suspicion. I will weep for 'thee;
 For this revolt of 'thine, methinks, is like
 'Another fall of man.—Their faults are open:§
 Arrest them to the answer of the 'law;—
 And Heaven acquit them of their practices!

The Duke of Exeter advances to them.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard
 Earl of Cambridge:
 I arrest 'thee of high treason, by the name of Henry
 Lord Scroop of Masham:
 I arrest 'thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas
 Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

All kneel while Lord Scroop says:

Scroop. Our purposes Heaven 'justly hath discovered;
 And I repent my 'fault more than my 'death:
 My 'fault, but 'not my body, pardon, sovereign!

* *O. R. purgéd.* † *Sifted, purified.* ‡ *Possessed with all good qualities.* † *Evident.*

K. Hen. 'Heaven quit you in its mercy! Hear your sentence:—

You have conspired against our royal person,
 Joined with an 'enemy proclaimed, and from his coffers
 Received the golden 'earnest* of our death;
 Wherein you would have 'sold your King to 'slaughter,
 His princes and his peers to 'servitude,
 His subjects to 'oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into 'desolation.
 Touching† our person, seek we 'no revenge;
 But we our 'kingdom's safety must so tender,
 (Whose ruin you three sought,) that to her 'laws
 We do deliver you. Get you, therefore, hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death!
 The taste whereof, Heaven, of its mercy, give
 You patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear‡ offences. Bear them hence.

[The Conspirators are led off guarded.]

'Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, 'like§ glorious.

'Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance;

'No king of England, if not king of France.

[Exeunt.]

The Scene is again in London—outside the Boar's Head Tavern at Eastcheap. A mournful conversation is going on between Hostess Pistol and her husband; with Nym, and Bardolph, and the little Page.

Host. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth 'yearn.—

Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;—
 Boy, bristle thy courage up;—for Falstaff he is 'dead,
 And we 'must yearn therefore.

Bardolph, in his grief, exclaims:

Bard. Would I were 'with him, wheresome'er he is, either
 in heaven or in hell!

To whom the Hostess replies—with a confused historical and scriptural blending of "Arthur" and "Abraham:"

Nay, sure, he 's not in 'hell: he 's in 'Arthur's bosom, if
 r man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end,
 went away an it had been any christom|| 'child; 'a
 ted, even just between twelve and one, even at the
 ning o' the tide: for, after I saw him fumble with

* paid to complete a bargain. † Concerning. ‡ Grievous. § Equally.
 || The white cloth put over a newly-baptized baby.

the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but 'one way! for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I: "what, man! be o' good cheer." So 'a cried out "Heaven, Heaven, Heaven!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of Heaven; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any 'such thoughts 'yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and 'all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried-out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never liked.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that 'maintained that fire: 'that 's all the riches I got in his service.—

Nym. Shall we shog?* the King will be 'gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let 's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables:

Let 'sense us rule; the word is "Pitch and Pay;"

Trust none;

For oaths are 'straws, men's faiths are 'wafercakes,

And Hold-fast is the 'only dog, my duck.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

[Exeunt.

Then, leaving the women-folk behind, all hurry off to join the English army.

The landing of the English army in France took place in August, 1415; and Harfleur was immediately invested. The boldness of this invasion startled the Court of Charles the Sixth, (*le bien aimé*), who, with his brave son Lewis the Dauphin, assisted by D'Albret, the Constable of France, was preparing a strong resistance to the despised enemy.

* Move off.

The Scene is in the French royal Palace ; where the King, the Dauphin, the Constable, and the Duke of Burgundy are in anxious consultation. The French King speaks :

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us ;
And 'more than carefully it us concerns
To answer 'royally in our defence.

Dau. Therefore, I say 't is meet we 'all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France :
And let us do it with no show of 'fear :
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :
For, my good liege, she 'is so 'idly kinged,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin !
You are too much 'mistaken in this King :
For you shall find, his vanities forespent*
Were but the 'outside of the Roman 'Brutus,
Covering 'discretion with a coat of 'folly.

Dau. Well, 't is 'not so, my Lord High Constable ;
But though we 'think it so, it is no matter :
In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh
The enemy 'more mighty than he 'seems :
So the 'proportions of defence are filled.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry 'strong ;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
For he is bred out of that bloody strain †
That haunted us in our familiar paths :
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy-battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales ;
This is a 'stem of that great stock ;
Then let us 'fear his mightiness and power.

A Messenger enters.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England.

Fr. King. We 'll give them 'present audience. Go, and
bring them.

[Exit Messenger and
certain Lords.]

You 'see, this chase is 'hotly followed, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for 'coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, ‡ when, what they seem to
threaten

Runs far 'before them. Good my sovereign,

*Already past.

† Race.

‡ Make a noise, bark

Take-up the English 'short,* and let them know
Of 'what a monarchy you are the head :
Self-'love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-'neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England ?

Exe. From him ; and thus he greets your majesty.

He wills—that you resign and lay apart
The 'borrowed glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs ; namely, the crown ;
And sends you this most memorable line, [Gives a paper of
genealogy.
Willing you, overlook this pedigree :
And,—when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third,—he 'bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From 'him—the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Exe. Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown
Even in your 'hearts, there will he 'rake for it :
Therefore in fiery tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a 'Jove.—
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message ;
Unless the 'Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further :
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here 'for him : what to 'him from England ?

Exe. Scorn and defiance ; 'slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize 'you at.
Thus says my King :—an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock 'you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and hollow† vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and 'return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say :—if my father render 'fair return,
It is against 'my will ; for 'I desire
Nothing but 'odds with England : to that end,

* Quickly.

† O. R. wombey

(As matching to his youth and vanity,)
 I 'did present him with the Paris balls.
Exe. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it!
 And, be assured, you 'll find a difference,
 (As we, his subjects, have in 'wonder found,)
 Between the promise of his 'greener days,
 And these he masters 'now.
Fr. King. 'To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.
 A night is but 'small breath and little pause,
 To answer matters of this 'consequence. [Exeunt.]

We learn from history that Harfleur capitulated after a five weeks' siege.—But we must adhere to the story as told by the Poet; on whose behalf you are again to suppose before you the Chorus, describing this invasion of France:

Chor. Thus, with 'imagined wing, our swift scene flies
 In motion of no 'less celerity
 Than that of 'thought. 'Suppose, that you have 'seen
 The well-appointed King at Hampton* pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus† fanning:
 Play with your 'fancies; and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge vessels‡ through the furrowed sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but 'think
 You stand upon the rivage,§ and behold
 A 'city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so 'appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 'Grapple your minds to 'sternage|| of this navy;
 And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
 Urd with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Past, or not 'arrived to, pith and puissance:
 Who is he, whose chin is but enriched
 With 'one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your 'thoughts, and 'therein see a siege;
 'Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Behold, the Ambassador from France comes back;
 Cry—*that the King doth offer him*

*—"at Douer" (Dover)—clearly a mistake.

† The newly-risen

|| Sterns. § Coast, shore. ¶ Steerage or stern.

Katharine his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner
 With linstock* now the devilish cannon touches, . . .
 And 'down goes all before them ! Still be kind,
 And eke out our 'performance with your 'mind. [Exit.

Now before us are the walls of Harfleur, shattered by the batteries of the English cannon. In the midst of the turmoil, while the soldiers are preparing their scaling-ladders, and piling fascines to reach the enemy, the English King is heard animating and cheering his excited troops :

K. Hen. Once 'more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;

Or close the wall 'up, with our English dead !
 In 'peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility :
 But, when the blast of 'war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the 'tiger !
 'Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair Nature with hard-favoured 'Rage ;
 Then lend the eye a 'terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage† of the head,
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galléd rock
 O'erhang and jutting his confounded base,
 'Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean !
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full 'height ! On, on, you noble‡ English,
 Whose blood is fetched§ from 'fathers of war-proof !—
 Fathers—that, like so many 'Alexanders,||
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument :—
 Dishonour not your 'mothers ! Be copy now
 To men of 'grosser blood, and teach them
 'How to war ! And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us 'here
 The 'mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are 'worth your bréeding—which I doubt
 not . . .

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,¶
 'Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot !
 'Follow your spirit ; and, upon 'this charge,
 Cry—" Heaven for Harry, England, and Saint George !"

* The stock to which the match is fastened. † Port holes. ‡ O. R. noblish.
 § O. R. fet. ¶ Alexander the Great, King of Macedon, born 356 B. C., died 323 B. C.
 ¶ Leather ties.

☞ This attack on the battlements of Harfleur is successful. The Governor appears on the ramparts, bearing a flag of truce, while Henry and the English leaders advance. The King inquires :

K. Hen. How 'yet resolves the Governor of the town ?

This is the latest parle we will admit :
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, (like to men proud of destruction,)
Defy us to our 'worst : for, as I am a soldier,
(A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not 'leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie 'buried.
What say you ? Will you yield, and this 'avoid ?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus 'destroyed ?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :

The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready
To 'raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy :
'Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
For we no 'longer are defensible.

K. Hen. 'Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
Use mercy to them 'all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we 'll retire to Calais.
To-night, in 'Harfleur we will be your guest :
To-morrow, for the 'march are we addressed.

[Exeunt.]

Amidst shouts of victory and triumphal sounds of martial music, the young King of England and his train enter the gates of Harfleur.

After the surrender of Harfleur, the English King was marching on to Calais ; but, on his way, he was intercepted, by the French, at one of the bridges over the river Somme.

Two Officers of the invading army—Captain Gower, an Englishman,—and Captain Fluellen, a Welshman—are overheard conversing before the English Camp.

Gov. How now, Captain Fluellen ! come you from the Bridge ?

Flu. I assure you there is fery* excellent services committed at the Pridge.

Gov. Is the Duke of Exeter safe ?

Flu. The Tuke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon ; and a man that I love and honour with my soul,

* The peculiarities of the Welsh utterance of English were, and, in many districts still are, a sharp rising intonation, and the substitution of Breath-Consonants for Voice-Consonants. In Somersetshire this peculiarity was, and is, strangely reversed.

and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (Heaven be praised and blessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but 'keeps the Pridge most valiantly, with excellent tiscipline. There is an auncient Lieutenant there at the Pridge,—I think, in my fery conscience, he is as faliant a man as Mark Antony;—and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do faliant service.

Gow. What do you 'call him?

Flu. He is called—Auncient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Flu. Here is the 'man.

Pistol enters.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Cot; and I have 'merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,

Of buxom* valour, hath,—by cruel fate,

And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel;—

That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. Py your patience, Auncient Pistol. Fortune is 'painted plint, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune 'is plint: And she is painted also with a 'wheel to signify to you, (which is the moral of it,) that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and fariation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—in good truth, Fortune is an 'excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stolen a pyx,† and 'hanged must be:

Let gallows gape for 'dog; let 'man go free:

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:

'Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee 'requite.

Flu. Auncient Pistol, I do 'partly unterstant your meaning.

Pist. Why then, 'rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Auncient, it is 'not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my 'prother, I would tesire the Tuke to use his good pleasure, and 'put him to executions; for tisciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die, and be hanged! and figo‡ for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

* Well-trained.

† A box in which the consecrated wafer is kept.

‡ A fig.

Flu. It is well. Fery koot.

[Exit Pistol.]

Pistol, thus unable to save his friend Bardolph's life, bounces out in high dudgeon vowing vengeance on all Welshmen in general, and (as we shall afterwards hear) on Fluellen in particular. Gower says:

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit 'rascal! I remember him 'now: a braggart! a cutpurse!

Flu. I 'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords at the Pridge as you shall see in a summer's tay.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars; to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a 'soldier. But you must learn to 'know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Cower;—I do 'perceive he is 'not the man that he would kladly make show to the 'orld he is: if I fint a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mint. [^{Drums}heard] Hark you, the King is coming; and I must speak with him.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

Cot pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Tuke of Exeter is 'master of the Pridge: I can tell your majesty, the Tuke is 'a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have 'you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of the 'athversary hath been fery kreat, reasonable kreat: marry, for my part, I think the 'Tuke hath lost 'nefer a man, . . . but one,—that is like to be executed for ropping a church;—one Pardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all pupukles,* and whelks,† and knops, and flames o' fire: and his lips plows at his nose; and 'it is like a 'coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes ret: but his nose is executet, and his fire 's out.

A special flourish of trumpets indicates the approach of a Herald. Montjoy enters.

Mont. You know me by my habit.†

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: 'What shall I know 'of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.—Thus says my King:—Say thou to Harry of England—Though we seemed 'dead, we did but 'sleep; 'advantage is a better soldier than

* Carbuncles.

† Welts.

‡ Tabard; a herald's coat.

'rashness. Tell him we 'could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to 'bruise an injury, till it were full 'ripe: 'now we speak upon our 'cue, and our voice is imperial:—England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his 'ransom; which must proportion the 'losses we have borne, the 'subjects we have lost, the 'disgrace we have digested. For our 'losses, his 'exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our 'blood, the muster of his 'kingdom too faint a number; and for our 'disgrace, his 'own 'person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this, add—'defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his 'followers, whose 'condemnation is pronounced.—So far my King and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office 'fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy King—I do not seek him 'now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment;* for, to say the sooth,— (Though 't is no 'wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and 'vantage,) My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessened; and those few I have, Almost no better than so many 'French; Who, when they were in 'health, I tell thee, Herald, I thought, upon 'one pair of English legs Did march 'three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, Heaven, That I do brag thus!—This your air of France Hath 'blown that vice in me; and I must 'repent.— Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am; My 'ransom is this frail and worthless trunk; My army, but a weak and sickly guard: Yet, Heaven before,† tell him we 'will come on, Though France himself, and such another neighbour, Stand in our way. Bid thy master well advise: If we 'may pass, we 'will; if we be hindered, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well. The 'sum of all our answer is but this:— We would not 'seek a battle, as we 'are; Nor, as we are, we say we will not 'shun it.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [Exit.

The Duke of Gloucester says:

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us 'now.

* Hindrance.

† Being my guide.

K. Hen. . . . We are in 'Heaven's hand, brother, not in
'theirs.—

March to the Bridge; it now draws toward night:—

'Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;

And on to-morrow . . . bid 'them march 'away! [Exeunt.]

While the English forces, greatly reduced by sickness and famine, are slowly and cautiously marching towards Calais to return if possible to England, they suddenly encounter the French army strongly drawn up on the plains of Azincour (or Agincourt;) and so posted that the farther march of Henry is impossible, without venturing another engagement. The joy of the French camp is excessive.— A Messenger hastily addresses the leaders:

Mess. My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents. [Exit.]

Con. 'Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! 'he longs not for the dawning, as 'we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope, with his fat-brained followers, so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any 'apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. 'That they lack; for if their heads had any 'intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Con. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their 'mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

Orl. Foolish 'curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say,—that 's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a 'lion.

Con. Just, just; and the 'men do sympathise with the 'mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but 'these English are shrewdly 'out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to 'eat, and none to fight.—Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now 'two o'clock: but, let me see,—by 'ten, We shall have 'each a 'hundred Englishmen. [Exeunt.]

We are again addressed by the Chorus, who gives a vivid description of the rival forces of France and England on the eve of the great battle.

Chor. 'Now entertain conjecture, of a time
 When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
 Fill the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of 'either army stilly sounds,—
 That the fixed sentinels almost receive
 The secret 'whispers of each other's watch :
 Fire answers fire ; and, through their paly flames,
 Each battle sees the other's umbered* face :
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
 Piercing the Night's dull ear ; and, from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing† the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.—
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-mirthful‡ 'French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited Night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemnéd English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè
 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,
 In wasted§ lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon—
 So many horrid ghosts ! O, 'now, who will behold
 The royal 'Captain of this ruined band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent ;
 Let him cry,—“ Praise and glory on his head ! ”
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
 Bids them “ Good-morrow ! ” with a modest smile,
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen !
 Upon his royal face, there is no note
 How 'dread an army hath enrounded him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one 'jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watchéd night ;
 But 'freshly looks, and overbears attain,||
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;
 That every 'wretch, pining and pale 'before,
 Beholding 'him, plucks 'comfort from his looks :—
 A largess¶| universal, (like the 'sun,)
 His liberal eye doth give to 'every one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
 Behold,—as may unworthiness define,—

* Discoloured. † Preparing, accourting.
 ‡ Injurious thought.

‡ O. R. lusty. † O. R. investing.
 ¶ Gift, sign of approval.

A little touch of Harry in the 'night :
 And so our scene must to the 'battle fly—
 The famous Agincourt! 'Yet sit and see ;
 Minding 'true things by what their 'mockeries be. [Exit.]

Now, in the night, we have before us the English Camp at Agincourt, and we can hear the English King conversing with the various Officers in attendance.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 't is true that we are in 'great danger ;
 The greater therefore should our 'courage be.—
 Good morrow, brother Bedford.—Now, by heaven,
 There is some soul of 'goodness in things 'evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out ;
 For our bad neighbour makes us 'early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry :
 Besides, they are our 'outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all ; admonishing—
 That we should dress us fairly for our 'end :
 Thus may we gather 'honey from the 'weed,
 And make a moral of the 'Devil himself.—

Erpingham enters.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham !
 A good soft 'pillow, for that good white head,
 Were better than a churlish 'turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege : 'this lodging likes me 'better,
 Since I may say—" *Now lie I, like a 'king.*"

K. Hen. Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes* in our camp ;
 Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to 'my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

[Exit Gloster and Bedford.]

Erp. Shall 'I attend your grace ?

K. Hen. No, good Sir Thomas :
 Go, with my brothers, to my lords of England :
 'I, and my 'bosom, must debate awhile,
 And then, I would no 'other company.

As Erpingham withdraws, Pistol enters.

Pist. *Qui va là ?* †

The disguised King replies in English :

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. 'Discuss unto me : Art thou 'officer ?

Or art thou base, common, and popular ?

K. Hen. I am . . . a 'gentleman of a company.

* Nobles.

† O. R. *Che vous la ?*

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so.—Who are 'you?

Pist. As 'good a gentleman as the 'emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a 'better than the 'King?

Pist. The King 's a bawcock,* and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I 'love the lovely bully!—What 's thy 'name?

K. Hen. . . . Harry *le Roi*.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a 'Cornish name: art thou of Cornish 'crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a 'Welshman.

Pist. Uh! Know'st thou *Fluellen*?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him,—I 'll knock his 'leek about his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your 'dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock 'that about 'yours.

Pist. Art thou his 'friend?

K. Hen. And his 'kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee then. Bah! My name is Pistol called!

[Exit.

K. Hen. . . . It sorts well with your fierceness.

As the King stands aside, *Fluellen* and *Gower* encounter in the dark.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen!*—

Flu. So! so! so!—speak lower.—It is the kreatest atmir-
ation in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient
prerogatifes and laws of the wars is 'not kept: if you
would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey
the Kreat, you shall fint, I warrant you, that there is
no tittle-tattle, nor pipple-papple, in 'Pompey's camp.
I warrant you, you shall fint the 'ceremonies of the
wars, and the 'cares of it, and the 'forms of it, and the
'sopriety of it, and the 'modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the 'enemy is loud; you hear 'him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating cox-
comb, is it meet, think you, that 'we should also, look
you, pe an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb?—
in your own conscience, now?

Gow. I 'will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and 'peseech you, that you will. [Ex. *Gower*
and *Fluellen*.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, there is
much care and 'valour in this Welshman.

* A fine fellow.

The King again muffles his face in the borrowed cloak, when three soldiers—John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams—are sauntering along. Court says :

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the 'morning which breaks yonder ?

Bates. I think it be : but 'we have no great cause to 'desire the approach of day.

Williams adds :

Will. We see yonder the 'beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the 'end of it.—Who goes there ?

The King advances and replies :

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what 'captain serve you ?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman : I pray you, what thinks 'he of our estate ?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand—that look to be washed 'off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the 'King ?

K. Hen. No ; nor it is not meet he 'should. For, (though I speak it to 'you,) I think the King is but a 'man, as I am :—the violet smells to 'him as it doth to 'me ; the 'element shows to him, as it doth to me ; 'all his senses have but 'human conditions. Therefore, when 'he sees reason of fears, (as 'we do,) 'his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as 'ours are. Yet, in reason, no man should possess 'him with any appearance of fear,—lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what 'outward courage he will ; but I believe, (as cold a night as 't is,) he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck ;—and so I would he were, and I by him, at 'all adventures,—so we were quit 'here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak 'my conscience of the King : 'I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he 'is.

Bates. Then I would he were here 'alone ; so should 'he be sure to be 'ransomed,—and a many 'poor men's lives 'saved.

Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here 'alone ; howsoever, you speak this to feel 'other *ven's minds* : Methinks 'I could not die 'anywhere so

contented, as in the King's 'company,—his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than 'we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should 'seek after; for we know 'enough, if we know we are the King's 'subjects: if his cause be 'wrong, our 'obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of 'us.

Will. But, if the cause be 'not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make,—when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the Latter Day, and cry all, "We died at . . . such a place": some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly* left. I am afeared there are few die 'well, that die in a 'battle; for how can they 'charitably dispose of anything, when 'blood is their argument?† Now, if these men do 'not die well, it will be a 'black matter for the King that 'led them to it; whom to 'dis-obey, were against all proportion of 'subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a 'son, that is by his 'father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry, the 'imputation of his wickedness, (by 'your rule,) 'should be imposed upon his 'father:—But this is 'not so: the King is 'not bound to answer the particular endings‡ of his soldiers; nor the father of his son, nor the master of his servants; for they purpose not their 'death, when they purpose their 'services. Every subject's 'duty is the 'King's; but every subject's 'soul is his 'own. Therefore, should every 'soldier in the wars do as every 'sick man in his 'bed,—wash every mote out of his conscience:—and 'dying so, death is to him 'advantage; or 'not dying, the time was 'blessedly lost, wherein 'such preparation was gained.

Will. 'T is certain, every man that dies 'ill, the ill is upon his 'own head; the 'King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for 'me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for 'him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the King say, he would 'not be ransomed.

Williams interposes:

Will. Ay!—he 'said so, to make 'us fight cheerfully: but when our 'throats are 'cut, he 'may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

* Without protection or preparation.

† Subject of controversy.

‡ Deaths.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word 'after.

Will. Ah! you 'll pay him 'then! That 's a perilous shot out of an elder*-gun. You 'll never trust his word 'after! Come, 't is a 'foolish saying!

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round : † I should be 'angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a 'quarrel between us, if you 'live.

K. Hen. I 'embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again ?

K. Hen. Give me any gage ‡ of thine, and I will wear it in my 'bonnet : then, if ever thou darest 'acknowledge it, I 'will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here 's my 'glove ; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

[Exchanging gloves.

Will. This will I also wear in 'my cap : if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is 'my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to 'see it, I will 'challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be 'hanged!

K. Hen. Well, I 'will do it,—though I take thee in the 'King's company.

Will. 'Keep thy word : fare thee well.

Bates says :

Bates. Be 'friends, you English fools, be friends : we have 'French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. Come! come!

[Exeunt Soldiers.

Afraid of an immediate rupture, Bates and Court prevail on their comrade to retire.—The disguised leader is alone.

K. Hen. Upon the King!

Let us our lives, our souls, our sins, lay on the King!

'We must bear all. O hard, O hard condition,

Twin-born with greatness! what infinite heart 's-ease

Must 'kings neglect, that 'private men 'enjoy!

And what have 'kings, that privates have not 'too,

Save 'ceremony,—save general ceremony?

And what 'art thou, thou idol Ceremony?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and 'form,

Creating awe and fear in 'other men?

Wherein 'thou art 'less happy, being feared,

Than they in 'fearing. And what drink'st thou oft,

But poisoned 'flattery? O, be 'sick, great Greatness,

And bid thy Ceremony give thee 'cure!

Canst thou, when thou command'st the 'beggar's knee,

Command the 'health of it? No, thou proud dream,

Wooden—made from the elder-tree. † General. ‡ Pledge for challenge.

That play'st so subtly with a 'king's repose :
 'I am a king that find thee ; and I know
 'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
 No ! not 'all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched 'Slave,
 Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, crammed with 'distressful bread,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus,* and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium;† and follows so the year
 With profitable 'labour, to his grave :
 And, but for 'Ceremony, such a wretch,—
 Winding-up days with toil, and nights with sleep,—
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a 'King.

Old Sir Thomas Erpingham enters hastily :

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your 'camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,

Collect them all together at 'my tent :

I 'll be before thee.

[Exit *Erp.*]

... O God of battles ! 'steel my soldiers' hearts :
 Possess them not with 'fear ; take from them now
 The sense of 'reckoning, lest the opposéd numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them ! Not 'to-day, O Lord,—
 O, 'not to-day,—think not upon the fault
 My 'father made in compassing the crown !
 I Richard's body have interred anew ;
 And on it have bestowed more contrite 'tears,
 Than from it issued forcéd drops of 'blood ;
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who, twice a-day, their withered hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; 'More will I do . . .

The signal trumpet sounds :

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me ! [Exit.]

As the King is entering his tent, he overhears the Earl of Westmoreland—doubtful of the fearful odds of a mere handful of wearied English, contending against the confident and lately-recruited French—exclaiming :

West. O that we 'now had here
 But 'one ten thousand of those men in England,
 That do no work to-day !

* The sun.

† The abode of happy souls.

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves 'accurs'd they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while 'any speaks
 That fought with 'us upon Saint Crispin's day.
 'All things are ready, if our 'minds be so.
 'You know your places: Heaven be with you all !

The heraldic signal is heard :—Montjoy enters.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
 If for thy ransom thou wilt 'now compound,
 Before thy most assuréd 'overthrow ?

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back :
 Bid them 'achieve me, and 'then . . . 'sell my bones !
 Good heaven ! why should they mock poor 'fellows
 thus ?

Let me speak 'proudly :—tell the Constable
 We are but warriors for the 'working-day ;
 Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirched
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;
 There 's not a piece of 'feather* in our host—
 (Good argument, I hope, we will not 'fly—)
 And time hath worn us into slovenry :
 But, by the mass, our 'hearts are in the trim ;
 And my poor soldiers tell me,—yet ere night
 They 'll be in 'fresher robes. Save thou thy labour ;
 Come thou no 'more for ransom, gentle Herald :
 They shall have 'none, I swear, but these my joints,—
 Which will yield little, tell the Constable. [Exit Mont.
 Now, soldiers, march away :
 And how 'Thou pleasest, Heaven, dispose the day ! [Ex.

The Battle of Agincourt is now fought: the historical date is October 25, 1415. We learn the result by a hasty glance at the French headquarters, where, in the midst of repeated alarms and wild excitement, are assembled the Constable of France, Orleans Bourbon, the Dauphin, and others.

Dau. *Mort de ma vie !* all is 'confounded ! all !
 Reproach and everlasting shame
 Sit mocking in our plumes.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke !

Dau. O perdurable † shame !—let 's 'stab ourselves. . . .

Be these the wretches that we played at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his ransom ?

Bour. Shame, and 'eternal shame ! nothing 'but shame !

* *Plumage* shewing cowardice— the white feather.

† *Lasting*.

Let 's die in honour! Once more to the field!

Let us on 'heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To 'smother-up the English in our throngs,
If any 'order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order 'now! I 'll to the 'throng:
Let life be short; else, 'shame will be too 'long! [Exeunt.]

Before the victory of the despised English had been ascertained, King Henry had ordered the slaughter of his prisoners: because, having no men to spare from the battle, he had left the baggage of his troops under the guard of boys and servants. Some runaway French soldiers have attacked and murdered these defenceless camp-boys; and, as Henry fears that his prisoners—who were more numerous than his own soldiers—might be tempted to aid in this plunder, he issues, but soon withdraws, the cruel order for their immediate slaughter.

Captains Fluellen and Gower are heard in conversation on this subject.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 't is expressly 'against the law of arms: 't is as arrant a piece of knafery, mark you now, as can be offert: In your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'T is certain there 's not a boy left alive; besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant King!

Flu. Ay; he was porn at 'Monmouth, Captain Cower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was porn?

Gow. Alexander the 'Great?

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, kreat? The pig, or the kreat, or the mighty, or the huge, or the maknanimous, are all 'one reckonings,—save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the Great was born in 'Macedon: his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it 'is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, Captain,—if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is poth alike. There is a rifer in Macedon; and there is also, moreover, a rifer at Monmouth: it is called *Wye at Monmouth*: . . . but it is out of my prains

what is the name of the 'other rifer; but 't is all one,—
't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers—and there is
salmons in poth. If you mark 'Alexander's life well,
Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent
well; for there is 'figures* in all things. Alexander,—
in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his
cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his
indignations,—and also being a little intoxicates in his
prains,—did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill
his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. 'Our King is not like him in 'that: 'he never killed
any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales
out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak
but in the 'fikures and comparisons of it: As Alexan-
der is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his
cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his 'right
wits and his koot judgments, turned away the fat
knight with the kreat pelly-doublet: he was full of
jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks: . . . I have
forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff?

Flu. That is he:—I 'll tell you, there is 'koot men porn at
Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

King Henry, Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others, enter at-
tended.

K. Hen. I was not angry, since I came to France,
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, Herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill;
Bid them come down, or void† the field;
If they 'll do neither, we will come to 'them,
And make them skirr,‡ as swift as stones from slings:—
Go, tell them so.

Exe. Here comes again the Herald of the 'French.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

Montjoy enters.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, Herald?
Com'st thou 'again for ransom?

Mont. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To 'book our dead, and then to 'bury them;
To sort our 'nobles from our 'common men;

* Allegories.

† Quit.

‡ Scour, hasten.

For many of our 'Princes—woe the while!—
Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood!
O, give us leave, great King, to view the field,
And here dispose our dead!

K. Hen. I tell thee, Herald,
I know not if the day be 'ours, or 'no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is 'yours.

K. Hen. Praiséd be Heaven, and not our strength, for it!—
What is this Castle called, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Captain Fluellen advances :

Flu. Your grandfather, of famous memory, an 't please
your majesty ; and your kroat-uncle Edward the Plack
Prince of Wales, (as I have read in the Chronicles,)
fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says fery true : If your majesties is re-
membered of it, the Welshmen did koot service in a
karden where leeks did krow, wearing leeks in their
Monmouth caps ; which your majesty know, to this
hour is an honourable padge of the service ; and I do
pelieve your 'majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek
upon Saint Tavy's tay.

K. Hen. I wear it for a 'memorable 'honour ;
For 'I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the waters in the Wye cannot wash your majesty's
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that :
Cot pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases His
Krace,—and your majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. I 'am you majesty's countryman, I care not who know
it : I will confess it to all the 'orld : I need not to be
ashamed of your majesty, praised be Cot, so long as
your majesty is an 'honest man.

K. Hen. Heaven 'keep me so!—'Our herald go with
him.—

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On 'both our parts.

[Exeunt Herald.

As Montjoy and the English attendants withdraw, the King per-
ceives the soldier Williams—with whom he had exchanged angry
words on the preceding night. He says to Exeter :

K. Hen. Call yonder fellow hither.

Ex. Soldier, thou must to the King.

Williams advances :

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that 'glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should 'fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a 'rascal—that swaggered with me last night; who if 'a live and ever dare to 'challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or if I can see 'my glove in his cap,—which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would 'wear, if alive,—I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think 'you, Captain Fluellen? Is it fit this soldier 'keep his oath?

Flu. He is a crafen and a fillain 'else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a 'gentleman of great sort,—quite 'from the answer of 'his degree.

Flu. Though he be as koot a gentleman as the tevil is—as Lucifer and Belzepup himself,—it is necessary, look your krace, that he 'keep his vow and his oath.

[The King turns to the soldier.

K. Hen. Then 'keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I 'will, my liege, as I 'live!

K. Hen. Whom servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Cower is a 'koot captain, and is koot knowledge and literated in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[Exit.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear 'thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy 'cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I . . . plucked this glove from his helm: if any man 'challenge this, he is a friend to 'Alençon, and an enemy to 'our person; if thou encounter any such, 'apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your krace does me as kreat honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself akkriefed at this klove, that is all; but I would fain see it once! and please Cot of his krace that I 'might see.

K. Hen. 'Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my tear frient, an 't please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[Exit.]

Fluellen dutifully takes the glove—closely followed by the merry King.

While Fluellen and Gower are in conversation, Williams, the soldier, seeing his gage, goes angrily up to the Welsh Captain :

Will. Sir, know you this glove ?

Flu. Know the klove ! I know the klove is a klove.

Will. 'I know 'this ; and thus I 'challenge it.

[Strikes him.]

Flu. 'Sploot ! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in Enklant !

Gower angrily says :

Gow. How now, sir ! you villain !

Will. Do you think I 'll be 'forsworn ?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Cower ; I will give treason his payment into 'plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am 'no traitor !

Flu. That 's a 'lie in thy throat.—I charge you, in his majesty's name, apprehent him : he 's a frient of the Tuke Alençon's.

In the midst of the altercation, the King and the Noblemen in attendance enter :

K. Hen. How now ! what 's the matter ?

Flu. My liege, her is a fillain, and a traitor, that, look your krace, has struck the klove, which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was 'my glove ; here is the 'fellow of it : and he that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his 'cap : 'I promised to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my glove 'in his cap, . . . and I have been as good as my word !

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, pekkarly, knafe it is : I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the klove of 'Alençon, that your 'majesty is kive me ; in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give 'me thy glove, soldier : look, here is the 'fellow of it. . . .

'T was 'I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike ;

And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his 'neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me 'satisfaction ?

Will. All 'offences, my liege, come from the 'heart: never come any from 'mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was 'ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not 'like yourself: you appeared to me but as a 'common man; witness the night, your garment, your lowliness: And what your highness suffered under 'that shape, I beseech you take it for your 'own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I 'took you for, I made 'no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, 'fill this glove with 'crowns, And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, soldier, And wear it for an 'honour in thy cap, Till I 'do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:— And, Captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this tay and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly. Hold, there is twelve 'pence for you; and I pray you to serve Heaven and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of 'your money.

Flu. It is with a koot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to ment your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so 'koot: 't is a koot shilling, I warrant you,—or I will 'change it.

The English Herald returns.

Her. Here is the number of the slaughtered 'French.

K. Hen. Where is the number of our 'English dead! [Delivers a paper.]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, [Herald presents another paper.]
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty.—O Heaven, Thy arm was here;
And not to 'us, but to Thy arm 'alone,
Ascribe we all! Come, go we to the village:
And be it 'death, proclaimed throughout our host,
To 'boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is His only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, Captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That 'God fought 'for us.

Flu. . . . Yes, my conscience,—He tit us kreat koot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:

Let there be sung *Non nobis** and *Te Deum*†

* Not to us alone.

† To Thee, O God. Thanksgiving hymns of the Church.

The dead with charity enclosed in clay ;
 We 'll then to 'Calais ; and to 'England then :
 Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[Exeunt.]

The Chorus again advances, to call attention to some subsequent events :

Chor. Vouchsafe, to those that have not 'read the story,
 That I may 'prompt them. Now we bear the King
 Toward 'Calais : grant him there ; there being seen,
 Heave him 'away, upon your wingéd thoughts,
 'Athwart the sea. Behold the English beach
 Pales-in* the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouthed
 sea,
 Which like a mighty whiffler† 'fore the King,
 Seems to prepare his way : so let him land,
 And solemnly see him set-on to 'London.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon 'Blackheath :
 Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword
 Before him through the city : he 'forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
 Quite 'from himself, to 'God. But now behold
 In the quick forge and working-house of 'thought,
 How London doth pour-out her citizens !
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
 Like to the Senators of antique Rome,
 With the Plebeians swarming at their heels,—
 Go forth and fetch 'their conquering Cæsar in :
 And now 'in London place him ;—and omit
 All the occurrences, (whatever chanced,)
 Till Harry's back-return to conquered 'France :
 There must we bring him ; and myself have played
 The interim, by remembering you—'t is past.
 Then brook 'abridgment ; and your eyes advance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Ex.]

The Scene is now in an English Court of Guard in France. Fluellen and Gower are in conversation.

Gow. Nay, that 's right, Fluellen ; but why wear you your leek 'to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.

* *Hems in.* † Forerunner or leader in a procession.

Flu. . . . There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in 'all things: I will tell 'you, as my frient, Captain Cower:—The rascally, scald,* beggarly, prakking knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself and all the 'orld know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my 'leek:—it was in a place where I could not preed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to 'wear it, in my cap, till I see him once akain, and then, . . . I will tell him a little piece of my tesires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.

Pistol enters.

Cot pless you, Auncient Pistol! you scurvy knafe, Cot pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have 'me fold up Parca's† fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of 'leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy knafe, at my tesires, and my requests, and my petitions, to 'eat, look you, this leek: pecause, look you, you do not love it; nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would 'tesire you to 'eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats!

Flu. . . . There is 'one koat for you.

[Strikes him.

Will you be so koot, scald knafe, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die!

Flu. You say fery true, scald knafe, when Cot's will is: I will tesire 'you to 'live, in the meantime, and eat your fictuals: come, there is 'sauce for it. [Strikes him again.] You called me, yesterday, 'mountain-squire; but I will make 'you, to-tay, a squire of 'low tegree. I pray you, fall-to: if you can 'mock a leek, you can 'eat a leek. [Strikes him again

Gower interposes:

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will 'make him eat some 'part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four tays.—Pite, I pray you; it is koot for your kreen wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. 'Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambikiuties.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly 'revenge! I eat, . . . and eke,‡ I swear—

* Scurvy. † Goddess of destiny. ‡ Also.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some 'more sauce to your leek? there is not enough 'leek to 'swear by.

[Bents him heartily.]

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel! thou dost 'see I eat.

Flu. Much koot do you, scald knafe, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is koot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them! that is all.

Pist. Good!

Flu. Ay, leeks is koot:—Hold you, there is a croat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes, ferily and in truth, you shall 'take it; or I have 'another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I 'take thy groat . . . in earnest of 'revenge!

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in 'cutgels: you shall be a 'woot-monger, and buy nothing of me but cutgels. Cot be with you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[Exit.]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this!

Gower says:

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave! Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—'begun upon an honourable respect, and 'worn as a memorable trophy of pre-deceased valour,—and dare not avouch, in your 'deeds, any of your 'words? I have 'seen you gleeing* and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the 'native garb, he could not therefore handle an English 'cudgel: you find it 'otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh 'correction teach you a good English 'condition. Fare ye well.

[Exit.]

Pist. . . . Doth Fortune play the huswife† with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead in France.

Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs

Honour is 'cudgelled. To England will I steal: . . .

And 'patches will I get unto these 'scars,

And swear I got them in the 'Gallia 'wars.

[Exit.]

After the battle of Agincourt in 1415, Henry's return to England was celebrated with great public rejoicings. Flushed with his success, he returned to France at the head of a large army. The terror inspired by his name, and the dissensions of the French nobles, prevented any formidable opposition to his claims; and at length,

* Sneering.

† Jilt.

the Treaty of Troyes was concluded (in 1420), by which the young King of England was declared heir to the throne of France.

This treaty of peace is to be cemented with a bond of love—the marriage of King Henry to the French princess Katharine. While some formalities of the treaty are being arranged by the Nobles on both sides, Henry attends to the wooing himself, by an interview with the lady.

The Scene changes to an Apartment in the French King's palace at Troyes in Champagne.

Enter on one side, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; on the other, the French King Charles the Sixth, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, and Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and his train. King Henry speaks:

K. Hen. 'Peace to this meeting, wherefore* we are met!

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,—
Health and fair time of day!—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine!—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are 'you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. 'So happy be the 'issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
To change all griefs and quarrels into 'love.

K. Hen. To cry Amen to that, thus we appear.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary† eye
O'er glanced the terms of peace: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your Council presently
To re-survey them? we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloucester,—
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything 'in, or 'out of, our demands;
And we 'll consign‡ thereto. Will 'you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with 'them:
Haply, a 'woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urged, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with 'us:
'She is our 'capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of 'our articles.

* For which (peace). † Hasty, cursory. ‡ Consent to sign.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[Ex. Fr. King, etc.]

All withdraw—except Henry and Katharine, and her Gentlewoman.

K. Hen. . . . Fair Katharine, and 'most fair!

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,

Such as will enter at a 'lady's ear,

And plead his love-suit to 'her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesté sall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love me 'soundly with your French 'heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it 'brokenly, with your English 'tongue. . . . Do you 'like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez-moi*, . . . I cannot tell vat is—"like me."

K. Hen. An 'angel is like you, Kate—and you are like an 'angel!

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to 'affirm it.

Kath. *O vraiment! vraiment! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What say you, fair one? That the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Kath. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits.

K. Hen. I' faith, Kate, I know no ways to 'mince it in love, but 'directly to say "I love you!" then, if you urge me farther than to say, "Do you, in 'faith?" I wear out my suit.—Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur*, . . . me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to 'verses, or to 'dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, (under the correction of 'bragging be it spoken,) I should quickly win a wife. But, Kate, I cannot look greenly,* nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths,—which I never use till 'urged, nor never 'break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun burning,—that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees 'there,—let thine 'eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst 'love me for this, 'take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall 'die, is true,—but for thy 'love, by my faith, no; yet I love thee too!

* Like a young lover.

And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined* constancy; for he perforce 'must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in 'other places; for these fellows of infinite 'tongue, that can 'rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always 'reason themselves out again. What! a 'speaker is but a 'prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; † a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: But a good 'heart, Kate, is the 'sun and the 'moon; or rather, the sun, and 'not the moon;—for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have 'such a one, take 'me; and take 'me, take a 'soldier; take a 'soldier, take a 'King. And what sayest thou then to my love? Speak, my fair! and fairly, I pray thee!

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the 'enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving 'me, you should love the 'friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a 'village of it; I will have it 'all mine! and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then 'yours is France . . . and 'you are 'mine!

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue—like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai—le possession—de France—et quand vous avez—le possession de moi,*—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc, 'votre est France et . . . vous êtes 'mienne!*—It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the 'kingdom as to speak so much 'more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to 'laugh at me. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much 'English,—Canst thou love me?

Kath. . . . I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your 'neighbours tell, Kate? I 'll ask 'them.—Come, I 'know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you 'll question your gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her 'dis-praise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me 'mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee 'cruelly.

* Unalloyed, pure, true. † Fall away, shrink.

KING HENRY VI.

PARTS I, II, AND III.

These Three Historical Plays are here condensed into One Reading: chiefly because their original authorship is doubtful, and because Shakespeare's share was only that of adapter or reviser: they having, however, been used by him as introductory to his own Series. It will be observed that, in Meres' list of 1598,* no mention is made of these plays: although, at that date, they were very popular performances. Probably it was then known that, with Shakespeare, they wanted originality—being, in fact, merely transcripts, (though with valuable additions and emendations,) of some previous anonymous compositions.

PART I.

Of the First Part, nothing has been clearly ascertained; and it seems hopeless now to learn when or by whom it was originally composed. It may, however, have been used as a kind of dramatic patchwork for the "prentice hand" of our yet unknown author. Shakespeare's first poem ("Venus and Adonis,") was not printed till 1593: and this, (the earliest play with which his name is associated,) bears little internal evidence of his genius, either in sentiment or style: being a confused series of English and French military incidents; balancing, almost alternately, success and defeat; containing little discrimination of character; and aiming at no well-defined catastrophe.

The dramatic portraiture of Joan of Arc is as unworthy of the Maid of Orleans, as it is of the Bard of Avon: the dramatist does not indeed vituperate so coarsely as some of the old historians; but he has largely adopted their views, by depreciating the fame, and sullyng the good name, of this high-minded and patriotic peasant girl. For these reasons, the character of "La Pucelle" has been wholly eliminated from this Condensation.

The First Part of King Henry the Sixth, though ascertained to have been performed in 1589, was not printed till in the folio of 1623; where it was admitted by the Editors,—probably because it had been recognized as a necessary introduction to the Second and Third Parts; and perhaps, because a few alterations, amendments, or additions may have been made in it by Shakespeare himself.

PART II.

The Second Part,—known to have been performed in 1591—was first printed in 1594, with the following title: "The First Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrie, and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical ende of the proude Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of *Jacke Cade*, and the Duke of Yorke's first Claime unto the Crowne."

* See page 8.

You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate! there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of 'them, than in the tongues of the French council; and 'they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of 'monarchs. Here comes your father.

The French King and Queen re-enter, with all the other lords.

Bur. My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I 'love her;—and that is 'good English.—Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you. Take her, fair son;
Then the contending kingly opposites
Of France and England,—whose very 'shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,—
May 'cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms; that never War advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

K. Hen. Now, welcome Kate; and bear me witness all,
That here I take her as my sovereign Queen.—
Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we 'll take 'your oath,
And all the 'peers, for 'surety of our league.
Then shall I swear to 'Kate, and 'you to 'me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [Exeunt.]

The Chorus again advances with an Epilogue.

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling, by starts, the full course of their glory.
Small time; but, 'in that small, most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord:—
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they 'lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft* our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance 'take. [Exit]

END OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

* The three plays of Henry VI were popular before Shakespeare began to write.

KING HENRY VI.

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* See page 8.

PART III.

The Second Part of the "Contention," now printed as the Third Part of Henry the Sixth, appeared in 1595 (but, like the preceding play, without the author's name)—entitled "The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole Contention betweene the two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants."

It appears probable that these Two Parts of the "Contention" were originally written, either separately or conjointly, by two subordinate authors, Robert Greene and George Peele. They were subsequently revised and rewritten by Shakespeare, and therefore admitted by the Editors of the folio (1623) into their collection. The First Part was retained, apparently because Shakespeare had used it as introductory to his version of the two later plays; while these, being a continuation of the story,—and known to have been rewritten, augmented and improved by him,—followed as the Second and Third Parts.

As copies of these Two "Contentions" are in existence, we can compare these original forms—often feeble, injudicious, and un-rhythmical—with the vigorous, poetical, and polished improvements of Shakespeare.—Briefly, the account stands thus:—In the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI, there are, altogether, 6043 lines: of these, about 1770 lines are found in the "Contentions" unchanged, and are therefore the composition of the earlier dramatist: 2373 old lines are retained, but with variations, corrections, and improvements; and 1899 new lines are added:—these *improved* and *new* lines are therefore Shakespeare's.*

The Principal Characters retained in this Triad of Condensations are:

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD *Prince of Wales, his Son.*

HUMPHREY DUKE OF GLOSTER,
Uncle to the King and Lord Protector.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*

THOMAS BEAUFORT, DUKE OF EXETER,
Great-uncle to the King.

HENRY BEAUFORT, *Great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*

JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl, afterwards Duke of Somerset.*

LORD CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his Son.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF YORK.

EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.*

GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence.*

RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloster and King Richard III.*

EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland.*

} *his Sons.*

EARL OF SUFFOLK, *afterwards Duke.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF WARWICK, *his Son, afterwards known as King-maker.*

LORD SAY.

* At the end of the Third Part of this Condensation a Scene is reprinted, from the First Part of the "Contention," (1594,) which will give the Reader some idea of the original composition, as well as of the improvements introduced by Shakespeare.

HENRY EARL OF RICHMOND, a
youth, afterwards King Henry
VII.

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

VERNON, of the White Rose or York
party.

TOWN CLERK of Chatham.

JACK CADE, an Irish demagogue.

GEORGE BEVIS,

JOHN HOLLAND,

DICK THE BUTCHER,

SMITH THE WEAVER,

MICHAEL,

} Cade's
followers.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier,
King of Sicily, afterwards
QUEEN of Henry the Sixth.

ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER,
wife of the Lord Protector.

LADY ELIZABETH GRAY, after-
wards QUEEN of Edward IV.

Lords, Ladies, Attendants, Her-
alds, Citizens, Soldiers, Messen-
gers, &c.

The Time of the Action of these Three Plays extends from the Death of King Henry V in 1422, to the Death of King Henry VI in 1471; thus developing the progress of the Wars with France, and of the Great Civil War in England.

The Scene is in various parts of England and of France.

The Scene opens on the funeral ceremonies of the late King, Henry V—who,—leaving the throne to his infant son, now only nine months old,—is about to be interred in Westminster Abbey. The royal corpse has been lying in state, attended by the Dukes of Gloster, Bedford, and Exeter, the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and others. As soon as the solemn dirges of "earth to earth and dust to dust" have ceased rolling through "the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults" of the splendid Cathedral, the Duke of Bedford,—uncle to the baby King, and now regent of France,—thus speaks:

Bed. Hung be the 'heavens with black! yield day to night!
'Comets,—importing 'change of times and states,—
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And, with them, scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a King of so much worth.

Gloster, the Lord Protector, adds:

Glo. England ne'er 'had a King until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
What should I say? his deeds exceed 'all speech;
He ne'er lift up his hand but conqueror.

The Duke of Exeter, grand-uncle to the new King, says:

Exe. 'We mourn in 'black: why mourn we not in 'blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;

And Death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify.

The crafty Henry Beaufort, another great-uncle, Bishop of Winchester (who is afterwards appointed Cardinal,) is desirous to express his sentiments :

Win. He was a king blessed of the 'King of kings.
Unto the French, the dreadful Judgment-day
'So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The Church's prayers made him so prosperous.

The Duke of Gloster irreverently interposes :

Glo. The Church! where is it?—
None do 'you like but an 'effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we 'like, thou art Protector,
And 'lookest to command the Prince and realm.
Thy 'wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than Heaven, or religious churchmen, may.

Glo. Name not 'religion; for thou lov'st the 'flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church 'thou go'st,
Except it be—to pray 'against thy foes.

Bed. Cease these jars and rest your minds in peace!
Let 's to the altar.—Heralds, wait on us.—
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our 'arms.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke!
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!

In the midst of these unseemly jars during the funeral solemnities, unhappy intelligence arrives from France: where Lord Talbot, loved by his own soldiers and feared by the French, is in chief command.—A State Messenger hastily enters :

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
'Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture;
Guienne, Rheims, Orleans, Paris, are all lost!

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him 'burst his lead, and 'rise from death.

Exe. 'How were they lost? what 'treachery was used?

Mess. 'No treachery; but want of men and money.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bedford impatiently interrupts :

Bed. 'Me they concern; Regent I am of France.—
Give me my 'steeléd coat. I 'll 'fight for France.—

Away with these disgraceful 'wailing robes!
'Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Another Messenger, with despatches, enters :

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite;
The Dauphin Charles is now crowned king in Rheims :
Orleans, Reignier, Alençon, take his part.

Glos. The Dauphin now crowned king? all fly to him?
Bedford, if 'thou be slack, 'I 'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why 'doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I mustered in my 'thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Another Messenger enters :

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Wherein Lord Talbot was ta'en prisoner.

Bed. His ransom there is none 'but 'I shall pay.
I 'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His 'crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Farewell, my masters! To my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake. [Exit.]

The Protector Gloster says :

Glo. I 'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.]

Exeter adds :

Exe. To 'Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordained his special governor;
And, for his safety, 'there I 'll best devise. [Exit.]

Who is this in priestly apparel, sardonically smiling as he slowly follows? It is Henry Beaufort, the wily Bishop of Winchester.

Win. 'Each hath his place and function to attend:
'I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-'out-of-office:
The King from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exit.]

For the purpose of connecting after-events with the early days of King Henry's long reign, we now proceed to the precincts of

one of the Inns of Court—the Gardens of the Temple—where we overhear a dispute between Richard Plantagenet and the Earl of Somerset—representing the future rival Houses of York and Lancaster. This paltry altercation led to the disastrous Wars of the Roses; which, for thirty years, impoverished and decimated the people of England, antagonized her soldiers and her peaceful citizens, almost annihilated her ancient nobility, and sacrificed eighty Princes of the rival royal families. “What great events from little causes spring!”

The subject of the original dispute—which soon centralized into a personal quarrel—appears to have been—Whether the son of a father found guilty of high treason, was legally justified in claiming his father’s personal title of nobility?

The Scene is the Temple Garden in London.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet and Vernon. Plantagenet speaks:

Plan. . . . Great lords and gentlemen, what means this ‘silence?

Dare no man answer, in a case of ‘truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-‘Hall we were too loud;
The ‘Garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then, Suffolk, say if I ‘maintained the truth?

Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in ‘error?

Suf. ‘Faith, I have been a ‘truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to ‘it;
And, therefore, frame the ‘law unto my will.

Som. Judge ‘you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. . . . Between two ‘hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two ‘horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two ‘girls, which hath the merriest eye—
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But, in these nice sharp quilllets* of the ‘law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

The Yorkest Plantagenet resumes:

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a ‘mannerly forbearance!
Since you are tongued-tied, and so loath to ‘speak,
In dumb ‘significants† proclaim your thoughts.—
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
If he suppose that ‘I have pleaded ‘truth,
From off this briar pluck a ‘white rose with ‘me.

The Lancastrian Somerset replies:

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare ‘maintain the party‡ of the truth,
Pluck a ‘red rose from off this thorn with ‘me.

Warwick again speaks:

War. ‘I love no colours; and—without all colour

* Subtleties.

† Signs, indications.

‡ Cause, side.

Of base insinuating flattery—

I pluck this 'white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. 'I pluck this 'red rose, with young Somerset,
And say, withal, I think he held the right.

Vernon interrupts :

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The 'fewest roses are cropped from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the 'right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected ;
If 'I have fewest, I subscribe in 'silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here—
Giving 'my verdict on the 'white rose side.

Somerset bitterly retorts :

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off ;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the 'white rose 'red,
And fall on 'my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion 'bleed,
Opinion shall be 'surgeon to my hurt,
And 'keep me on the side where still I am.

All advance to choose their roses—the majority white ones,
which are waved in triumph. Richard Plantagenet says :

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your 'argument ?

Som. Here, in my 'scabbard ! meditating that
Shall dye your 'white rose in a 'bloody red.

Plan. Meantime, your 'cheeks do counterfeit 'our roses ;
For 'pale they look with fear—as witnessing
The truth on 'our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for 'fear, but 'anger,—that 'thy cheeks
'Blush, for pure shame, to counterfeit 'our roses ;
And yet thy tongue will not 'confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a 'canker, Somerset ?

Som. Hath not 'thy rose a 'thorn, Plantagenet ?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing,—to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his 'falsehood !

Som. Well, I 'll find 'friends to wear my 'bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what 'I have said is 'true,—
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen !

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn 'thee and thy 'faction, peevish boy !

Suf. Turn not thy scorn 'this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I 'will! and scorn both him and 'thee.

Suffolk angrily interposes:

Suf. I 'll turn 'my part thereof into thy 'throat!

Som. Away, away, good William de la Poole!

We 'gracè the yeoman by 'conversing with him.

War. Now, by Heaven's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence.

Third son to the Third Edward, King of England.

Spring crestless 'yeomen from so 'deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,*

Or 'durst not, for his craven heart, say thus!

Som. By Him that made me, I 'll 'maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,

For treason 'executed in our late King's days?

And, by 'his treason, stand'st not 'thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

Plan. My father was 'attached,† but not attainted,

Condemned to 'die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I 'll prove, on better men than Somerset!

I 'll note you in my book of memory,

To 'scourge you for this apprehension!‡

Look to it well, and say you are well warned.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;

And know us, by these colours, for thy foes.

Suf. Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!

And so farewell—until I meet thee 'next!

[Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious

Richard.

[Exit.

Somerset goes away, followed by Suffolk, and the Partisans of the Red Rose. Warwick says to Plantagenet:

War. This blot, that they object against your House,

Shall be wiped out in the next Parliament;

And if thou be not then created 'York,

'I will not live to be accounted 'Warwick.

And here I prophesy:—This brawl to-day,

Grown to this faction, in the Temple Garden,

Shall send, between the Red rose and the White,

A 'thousand souls to death and deadly night.

[Exeunt.

In this Parliament (assembled not in London, but at Leicester) the young King, a boy only in his fifth year, presided.

* Right of sanctuary—where swords should not be drawn. † Accused. ‡ Oghston.

As it is impossible for the theatre to provide a suitable representative for every stage of the King's adolescence (and as his reign extended over nearly fifty years,) our readers must, in mercantile language, "strike an average," and picture his present ideal representative as a young man—mild, inoffensive, and religious; adorning the sceptre, rather than wielding it.

In this great assembly, the angry feelings that had existed between Duke Humphrey of Gloster and the Bishop of Winchester are openly manifested.—Humphrey of Gloster,—popularly known as the "good" Duke Humphrey, on account of his mild exercise of royal authority,—is Regent of England. His open, but unguarded temper has hitherto been sorely tested by the arrogant Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester—one of the legitimated children of old John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. It had been vainly thought by his royal relatives, that his obscure birth and religious profession would be sufficient obstacles to a high political career.

In the midst of public business, Gloster offers to present a Bill for consideration: the Bishop angrily snatches it from him and tears it to pieces.

Win. Com'st thou, with deep-premediated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised?
Humphrey of Gloster, if thou 'canst accuse,
Do it without 'invention,—suddenly.

Glo. Presumptuous priest!

Think not,—although in writing I preferred*
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,—
That therefore I have 'forged; or am not able
'Verbatim† to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
That very 'infants prattle of thy pride;
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The 'King, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply;
And he shall know I am as good—

Glo. As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir! for what are 'you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. What! Am I not Protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Glo. Yes!—as an outlaw in a castle keeps,

And useth it to patronage‡ his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

* Brought forward.

† Word for word.

‡ To protect by authority.

Glo. 'Thou art reverent,
Touching thy 'spiritual function,—not thy 'life.
Win. 'Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam 'thither, then.

The young King interposes :

King. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
'I would prevail,—if 'prayers might prevail,—
To 'join your hearts in love and amity.
Who should be pitiful, if 'you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a 'peace,
If holy Churchmen take delight in 'broils?
War. Yield, my lord Protector ;—yield, Winchester ;
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To 'slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
Win. 'He shall submit, or I will 'never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the King 'commands me stoop : Here,
Winchester, I offer thee my hand . . .
King. . . . Fie, Uncle Beaufort ! I have heard you preach
That 'malice was a great and grievous 'sin ;
And will not you 'maintain the thing you teach ?
Win. . . . Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee ;
Love for 'thy love, and hand for hand, I give.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token [^{Giving his}_{hand.}] serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.
So help me Heaven, as I dissemble not.
Win. [*Aside.*] So help 'me Heaven, as I 'intend it not !
King. O loving uncle, and kind Duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this accord ?*—

A hollow reconciliation being thus effected, Warwick, with Salisbury and Richard Plantagenet, advances—bearing a petition that the claim of the latter to the dukedom of York may be established. Warwick says :

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which, in the right of Richard Plantagenet,
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glo. Well urged, my lord of Warwick ;—for, sweet prince,
You have great reason to do Richard right.
King. Stoop now, and set your knee against my foot ;
And, in reguerdon† of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York :

* O. R. contract.

† Reward.

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,—
And rise created princely 'Duke of York.

The Lord Protector Gloster speaks :

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty

To cross the seas, and to be crowned in 'France.

King. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes ;

For 'friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[Sennet. Flourish,
Exeunt all.]

In the meantime, Charles the Dauphin has, under the auspices of the Maid of Orleans, been crowned at Rheims, (as Charles (the Seventh, King of France,) and anointed with the holy oil said to have been brought by a pigeon from Heaven.—A little later, (in 1431,) the young King of England is brought over to Paris, where he is also crowned and anointed, and acknowledged King of France,—by all the vassals who lived within the English provinces in that country. After an insipid display of state, (poor when compared with the coronation of Charles at Rheims), the feeble-minded but amiable King Henry returns to England.

The Scene is a Room of State in the Palace in London. The young King has assembled his Court to welcome the return of the Earl of Suffolk, who had been sent to France to negotiate a marriage with Margaret of Anjou, daughter of Reignier, titular but landless King of Sicily.

The Earl of Suffolk thus addresses the King :

Suf. As, by your high imperial majesty,

I had in charge, at my depart for France,

To 'marry Princess Margaret for your grace ;

So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,

In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,

I have 'performed my task, and was espoused :

And humbly now, upon my bended knee,

In sight of 'England and her lordly peers,

Deliver-up my title in the Queen

To your most gracious hands, that are the 'substance

Of that great shadow I did represent :—

The happiest gift that ever Marquess gave,

The fairest Queen that ever King received.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret.

O Lord! that lend'st me life,

Lend me a 'heart replete with thankfulness ;

For Thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,

A world of earthly blessings to my soul,

If sympathy of 'love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my 'mind hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alderliest* sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her 'sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to 'weeping joys.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love!

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness! [Flourish.]

The contract of marriage is then read aloud by the Lord Protector Gloster; but, when he comes to the clauses containing the cession of the duchies of Maine and Anjou to the bride's father Reigner (the poor titular King of Sicily), suppressed indignation deprives him of utterance; and his secret enemy, the Bishop of Winchester (by whose advice Suffolk had acted) concludes the reading in his stead. Then the King speaks:

K. Hen. They please us 'well.—Lord Marquess, bow thy knee:

We here create thee the first 'Duke of Suffolk.—
We thank you, lords, for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her 'coronation be performed.

[Ex. King, Queen,
etc., and Suffolk.]

The King, Queen, and Courtiers withdraw. Then the Protector Gloster indignantly rises and addresses the Lords of the Council.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To 'you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,—
'Your grief, the 'common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To 'keep, by policy, what Henry got?
Have you, ourselves,† Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy,
That France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And shall these labours, and these honours, 'die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
'Your deeds of war, and all 'our counsel, 'die?

*All-dearest.

†O. R. yourselves.

O peers of England! 'shameful is this league,
 Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
 Blotting your names from books of memory;
 Razing the characters of your renown;
 Defacing monuments of 'conquered France,—
 Undoing 'all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
 For France, 't is 'ours; and we will 'keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle; we 'will keep it,—if we 'can;
 But now it is impossible we should.
 Suffolk (the new-made Duke, that rules the roast,)
 Hath given the Duchies of Anjou, and Maine,
 Unto the poor King Reignier,—whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his 'purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
 These counties were the 'keys of Normandy.—
 But wherefore 'weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief, that they are 'past recovery;
 For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 My 'sword should shed hot 'blood, mine eyes 'no tears.
 Anjou, and Maine? myself did win them 'both;
 Those 'provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
 And are the 'cities, that I got with 'wounds,
 Delivered-up again with peaceful 'words?

York. Suffolk has dimmed the honour of this isle!
 France should have torn and rent my very 'heart,
 Before 'I would have yielded to this league.
 I never read but England's Kings have had
 Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;
 But 'our King Henry gives away his 'own,
 To match with her that brings 'no 'vantages.

Glo. A proper 'jest,—and never heard before!
 She should have 'stayed in France, and 'starved in
 France,
 Before—

The Cardinal again rises:

Car. Nephew of Gloster, now you grow too hot:
 It was the 'pleasure of my lord the King.

Glo. Uncle of Winchester, . . . I know your mind:
 'T is not my 'speeches that you do mislike,
 But 't is my 'presence that doth trouble you.
 Rancour 'will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
 I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
 We shall begin our 'ancient bickerings.—

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be 'lost ere long.

[Exit.

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.—

'T is known to you he is mine enemy;

Nay, more, an enemy unto you 'all,

And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.

Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

And heir-apparent to the English crown:

Look to it, lords! be wise, and circumspect.

What though the common people favour him,

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—

“Heaven long preserve the Good Duke Humphrey!” . . .

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,

He will be found a 'dangerous Protector.

[Exit.

As the Cardinal withdraws, the Duke of Buckingham rises:

Buck. Why should he then protect our 'sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself?—

Cousin of Somerset, join you with 'me,

And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

We 'll quickly hoise* Duke Humphrey from his seat.

[Exit Buckingham and Somerset.

The lords, hostile to the Protector, leave the Council: The Earl of Salisbury, his son Lord Warwick, and the Duke of York remain. Salisbury says:

Sal. Pride went 'before, ambition 'follows him.

These lords do labour for their 'own preferment;

Behoves it 'us to labour for the 'realm.

'I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster

Did bear him like a noble 'gentleman:

Oft have I seen the haughty 'Cardinal,

(More like a 'soldier than a man o' the Church,)—

As stout and proud, as he were lord of all,

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,

'Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,†

Have won the greatest favour of the Commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey;

And, brother York, 'thy acts in Ireland,

And those in France, when regent for our King,

Have made thee feared and honoured of the people.

Join we together, for the public good,

(In what we can,) to bridle and suppress

'The pride of Suffolk, and the Cardinal.

War. So Heaven help Warwick, as he 'loves the land,

And common profit of his country.

* Heave,

† Hospitality.

York. And so says York, [Aside.] for he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury and his son withdraw. The crafty Duke of York is alone. [Ex. S. and W.]

York. Anjou and Maine both given to the French!
 Cold news for 'me; for I had hope of 'France,
 Even as I have of fertile 'England's soil.
 A day will come when York shall claim the 'crown;
 For 'that 's the golden mark I seek to hit.
 Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:
 Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep:
 'Soon will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;
 And in my standard bear the arms of 'York,
 To grapple with the house of 'Lancaster;
 And, force perforce, I'll make 'him 'yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down. [Exit.]

The evident incapacity of the young King to grapple with formidable state affairs, excites the ambition not only of the Duke, but of the Duchess of Gloster. Instigated by a dream, she privately proceeds to employ necromancy, and the agency of evil spirits, to compass the King's death.

The young Queen Margaret soon discovers her husband's weak disposition, and her consequent humiliation as Queen Consort; for, in a very short time after her marriage, she is heard expostulating with her secret lover, the late ambassador:

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the 'guise,
 Is this the 'fashion, in the Court of England?
 Is this the 'government of Britain's isle,
 And this the 'royalty of Albion's King?
 What! shall King Henry be a 'pupil still,
 Under the surly Gloster's governance?
 Am I a 'Queen, in title and in style,
 And must be made a subject to a 'Duke?
 I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
 Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
 And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
 I thought King Henry had resembled 'thee;
 But all 'his mind is bent to 'holiness. . .
 ' would, the College of the Cardinals
 Would choose him 'Pope, and carry him to Rome,
 and set the 'triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his Holiness!

- Suf.* Madam, be patient; as I was the cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
'In England work your grace's full content.
- Q. Mar.* Beside the haught Protector, have we Beaufort
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the 'least of these
But can do more in England than the 'King!
- Suf.* And he of these that can do 'most of all,
Cannot do 'more in England than the 'Nevils.
- Q. Mar.* Not all these 'lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud 'dame, the Lord Protector's wife:
She 'sweeps it through the Court with troops of ladies,
More like an 'empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in Court do take her for the 'Queen:
Shall I not live to be 'avenged on her?
- Suf.* Madam, myself have limed a bush for her;
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays:
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
Although we fancy not the 'Cardinal,
Yet must we 'join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
So, one by one, we 'll weed them 'all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm. [Exit.]

Although the ruin of the Duke of Gloster had long been determined on by the Cardinal and his faction, the Protector was first humiliated in the punishment of his ambitious Duchess, who was found guilty of sorcery and witchcraft. There had been seized in her possession a waxen figure of the King, which, being melted before a slow fire, would magically cause the living prototype to waste by slow degrees. After this disgrace and banishment of the Duchess, the Duke's enemies proceed against himself. He is now formally summoned to appear before a Parliament, held not in London, which was supposed to be friendly to him, but at Bury.* In this Parliament, held within the Abbey there, the King, surrounded by his nobles, addresses the deceitful Queen:

- K. Hen.* I muse, my Lord of Gloster is not 'come:
'T is not his wont to be the 'hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us 'now.

Queen Margaret replies:

- Q. Mar.* Can you not 'see? or will you 'not observe
The strangeness of his altered countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?

* Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk.

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts ;
 And, when he please to make commotion,
 'T is to be feared they all will follow him.
 Now 't is the Spring, and weeds are 'shallow-rooted ;
 Suffer them 'now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
 My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
 'Reprove my allegation, if you can.

The courtly Suffolk replies :

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this Duke ;
 And had I 'first been put to speak my mind,
 I think, I should have told your 'grace's tale.
 'Smooth runs the water where the brook is 'deep,
 And in his 'simple show he harbours 'treason.
 The fox barks 'not, when he would steal the lamb :
 No, no, my sovereign ; Gloster is a man
 Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

The King rises :

K. Hen. My lords, at once : The care you have of 'us,
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
 Is worthy praise ; but shall I speak 'my conscience ?
 Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
 From 'meaning treason to our royal person,
 As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
 The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
 To 'dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah ! what 's more dangerous than this fond affi-
 -ance ?

Seems he a 'dove ? his feathers are but 'borrowed ;
 Is he a 'lamb ? his skin is surely 'lent him ;
 Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us 'all
 Hangs on the cutting-short that fraudulent man !

At this instant Gloster himself enters :

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the King !
 Pardon, my liege, that I have stayed so long.

Suffolk haughtily rises :

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too 'soon,
 Unless thou wert more 'loyal than thou art :
 I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Treason ! Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?
 The purest spring is not so free from taint,*
 As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

Suf. It serves you 'well, my lord, to say so much ;

* O. R. muddle.

But mighty crimes are laid unto your charge.
I do arrest you in his Highness' name ;
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

The tender-hearted King speaks :

K. Hen. Uncle of Gloster, 't is my special hope,
That you 'will clear yourself from all suspects ;
My conscience tells me you are 'innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my 'life ;
'Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And 'Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
Sharp 'Buckingham unburdens, with his tongue,
The envious load that lies upon his 'heart ;
And doggéd 'York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have plucked back,
By 'false accuse doth level at my life :
And 'you, my Sovereign Lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirred up
My liefest* liege to be mine 'enemy.
I shall not 'want false witness to condemn me :
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Cardinal Beaufort addresses the King :

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
'T will make them 'cool in zeal unto your grace.

Buck. Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure. [Ex. *Glo.*,
etc.]

Gloster is at once removed in custody. The King says, with emotion, as he is about to leave the Abbey :

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

The Queen says :

Q. Mar. What! will your highness 'leave the Parliament ?
K. Hen. Ay, Margaret, for my heart is drowned with
grief . . .

Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face 'I see

* Dearest.

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty.
 His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
 Say—"Who's a traitor, 'Gloster he is none." [Exit.]

As soon as the King has withdrawn, the death of Gloster is hastily determined. The triumphant Cardinal Beaufort says:

Car. That he should 'die is worthy policy,
 But yet we want a 'colour for his death.
 'T is meet he be condemned by course of 'law.

Suffolk interrupts:

Suf. But, in 'my mind that were 'no policy:
 The King will labour still to 'save his life;
 The commons haply 'rise to save his life;
 O, do not stand on quilletts,* 'how to slay him:
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
 Sleeping, or waking, 't is no 'matter how.
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
 Say but the word, and 'I will be his priest.

Car. But 'I would have him 'dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
 Ere 'you can take due 'orders for a priest.
 Say, you consent, and censure† 'well the deed,
 And 'I 'll provide his executioner.

A Messenger enters:

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
 To signify the rebels there are 'up,
 And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
 Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime.

The Cardinal says:

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
 My Lord of York, try what your 'fortune is.
 The uncivil kerns‡ of Ireland are in arms,
 And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
 To Ireland will 'you lead a band of men,
 And try your hap 'against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord,—so please his 'majesty.

Suffolk says:

Suf. Why, 'our authority is 'his consent,
 And what 'we do establish, he 'confirms:
 Then, noble York, 'take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
 Whiles I take order for mine 'own affairs. [Exeunt Lords.]

All withdraw except the crafty Duke of York.

York. Well, nobles, well; 't is politiciely done,

* Quibbles.

† Approve.

‡ Common foot-soldiers.

To send me packing with a host of men :
 I fear me, you but warm the starv'd snake,
 Which, cherished in your breasts, will 'sting your 'hearts.
 'T was men I 'lacked, and you will 'give them me.—
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
 I will stir up in 'England some black storm ;
 And, for a 'minister of my intent,
 I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
 John Cade of Ashford,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer.
 This fellow 'here shall be my substitute ;
 For that John Mortimer, who now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble :
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the House and claim of York.
 Why, 'then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And 'reap the harvest which that rascal sowed ;
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the crown* for me !

[Exeunt.

Preparations are made for the trial of the Duke of Gloster, now in the custody of Cardinal Beaufort ; but they are checked by intelligence of the Duke's sudden death. The King swoons. The tumultuous noise of the crowds thronging to the Abbey is heard. The commons press to the door, as Warwick enters to confirm and extend the intelligence.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is 'murdered—
 By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees
 That want their 'leader, scatter up and down,
 And care not 'whom they sting in his revenge.

K. Hen. That he is 'dead, good Warwick, 't is too true ;
 But 'how he died, Heaven knows, not Henry.
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 And comment 'then upon his sudden death.

Warwick goes into the inner room, and Salisbury retires to the commons at the door. The King continues :

K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts !
 My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
 Some 'violent hands 'were laid on Humphrey's life.
 If my suspect† be false, forgive me, Heaven,
 For judgment only doth belong to 'Thee. ~

* O. R. next.

† Suspicion.

The doors of the inner chamber are thrown open, and Gloster is discovered dead in his bed; Warwick speaks:

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.—

See, how the blood is settled in his 'face.

Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless:

But see, 'his face is black, and 'full of blood;

His eye-balls further out than when he lived,

Staring full ghastly, like a 'strangled man:

His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;

His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped

And 'tugged for life, and was by 'strength subdued.

Look, on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;

His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.

It cannot be but he was 'murdered here!

The 'least of all these signs were probable.

Warwick at once openly accuses the Duke of Suffolk as an accomplice, at least, in the murder; and a challenge is given for trial by combat. The King approvingly says:

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?

'Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel 'just;

And he but naked, though locked up in steel,

Whose conscience with 'in-justice is corrupted. [Exeunt.]

Before the hostile peers can proceed with their duel, the Commons clamorously demand the impeachment of Suffolk on other grounds:—that he had usurped the power of the crown, being aided by the Queen, who encouraged him in his ambition, and returned his attachment as her lover. The ever-clement King, anxious to save his life, banishes him from England. After the sentence, the Queen intercedes for him to the King:

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me 'plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. 'Un-gentle Queen, to call him 'gentle Suffolk.

No more, I say; if thou dost plead for 'him,

Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

Had I but 'said, I would have kept my word;

But when I 'swear, it is irrevocable.—

If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found

On any ground that 'I am ruler of,

The 'world shall not be ransom for thy life.—

Come, Warwick, come; good Warwick, go with me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Ex. King and Warwick.]

•All withdraw but the Queen and Suffolk.

*The body of one who had died a natural death.

- Q. Mar.* Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
- Suf.* Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
- Q. Mar.* Fie, coward 'woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast 'thou not spirit to curse thine 'enemies?
- Suf.* A 'plague upon them! wherefore should I 'curse
them!
Would curses 'kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
With full as many signs of 'deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave!
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fixed on end, as one distract;
And even 'now my burdened heart would 'break,
Should I 'not curse them! . . . Poison be their drink!
Gall, 'worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of 'cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!*
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full! [Exeunt.

We have seen the last of the Duke of Suffolk. His banishment (in 1450) was closely followed by his death: he was intercepted on his way to France; his head was struck off, and his body thrown into the sea.

From this time the government was greatly influenced by the Earl of Warwick, known, from subsequent events, as the King-maker.

We also turn, for the last time, to Cardinal Beaufort, who survived his nephew, the late Lord Protector, only a few weeks. Feeling the approach of death, he sends for the King; who, attended by the Earl of Warwick, now stands by the death-bed.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st Death, I 'll give thee England's 'treasure,
Enough to purchase such 'another island,
So thou wilt let me 'live, . . . and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah! what a sign it is of 'evil life,
Where 'death's approach is seen so terrible!

* Crested serpents.

War. Beaufort! . . it is thy 'sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. . . . Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his 'bed? where 'should he die?

Can I make men live, whether they will or no? . . .

O! torture me no more! . . . I will 'confess.—

Alive again? then 'show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him. . . .

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my wingéd soul!—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O Thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O, beat-away the busy meddling Fiend,

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul;

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his 'soul, if God's good pleasure be.

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold-up thy hand,—make 'signal of thy hope. . . .

He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a 'death argues a monstrous 'life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners 'all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,

And let us all to meditation.*

[Exit.]

We now turn to the Kentish insurrection headed by Jack Cade, an Irishman by birth, who had been at first in the pay of the Duke of York; but who now, assuming the name of Mortimer, pretends that he is a scion of the royal family. Cade excites the men of Kent, to the number of about twenty thousand, to join his standard; and he is now at Blackheath, near London—followed by George Bevis, John Holland, and a crowd of upstart boors. George says:

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a 'lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep 'now, then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the 'commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say, it was never 'merry world in England, since 'gentlemen came up. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

* For a reprint of the original of this Scene—from the First Part of the "Contention," (1594)—see the last page of this Condensation.

Geo. Nay, more; the King's 'Council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said, "Labour in thy vocation:" which is as much to say as,—“Let the magistrates be 'labouring men;” and therefore should 'we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard 'hand.

John. Hurra! I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham!—and Dick the butcher!—and Smith the weaver,—and here 's Jack Cade himself! Hurra! hurra!

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [Aside.] Or rather, of stealing a cade* of herrings.

Cade.—inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

All. Silence! silence!—Hurra!—Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [Aside.] He was an honest bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [Aside.] I knew her well; she was a washerwoman.†

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [Aside.] She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold 'many laces.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house. Be brave then; for your Captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, 'seven halfpenny loaves sold for a 'penny; the 'three-hooped pot shall have 'ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small-beer. All the realm shall be in 'common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am King (as King I 'will be),—

All. Heaven save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no 'money; all shall eat and drink on 'my score; and I will apparel them all in 'one livery—that they may agree like brothers, and worship 'me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I 'mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made 'parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should 'undo a man? 'Some say, the 'bee stings;

*Half a barrel.

†O. R. midwife.

but 'I say, 't is the bee's 'wax ; for I did but 'seal once to a thing,—and I was never mine own man since. How now, who 's there ?

A poor Scrivener is dragged in :

Smith. The Clerk of Chatham ! Ah ! he can write, and read, and cast accounts. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain !

Smith. H' as a book in his pocket, with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer. I am sorry for 't ! Unless 'I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name ?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Cade. Dost thou use to 'write thy name ? or hast thou a 'mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man ?

Clerk. Sir, I thank heaven, I have been so well brought up, that I can 'write my name.

All. He hath confessed. Away with him ! He 's a villain and a traitor ! Away with him, 'I say : hang him—with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. [Exeunt some with the Clerk.]

Michael enters :

Mich. Where 's our general ?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly ! Sir Humphrey Stafford is hard by, with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll 'fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself : he is but a knight, is 'a ? Well, to equal him, I will make 'myself a knight presently. [Kneels]—Rise up 'Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him !

Sir Humphrey Stafford marches-in with a body of soldiers, and at once addresses Cade's followers :

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Marked for the gallows, lay your weapons down ;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom :
The king is merciful, if you retire ;
But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward : therefore yield, or die.

Cade takes no notice of Stafford, but addresses his rabble :

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not :
It is to 'you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign ;
For I am 'rightful heir unto 'own.

Staf. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;

And thou thyself a sheerman,—art thou not?

Cade. And Adam . . . was a 'gardener!

Staf. Ay! And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter,—did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had 'two children at one birth.

Staf. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question! but 'I say, 't is 'true.

The elder of them, being put to nurse,

Was, by a beggar-woman, stolen away;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a bricklayer when he came to age.

His son am I: deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true; therefore, he shall be King.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house; and
the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore,
deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone!

Staff. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [Aside.] He lies, for I invented it myself.—Go to, sirrah:
Tell the King from me, that, for his father's sake,
Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-
counter* for French crowns, I am content he shall
'reign; but I'll be 'Protector over him. And, further-
more, I'll have the Lord Say's head, for selling the
dukedom of Maine; for thereby is 'England maimed,
and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds
it up. Fellow kings, I tell you this—that Lord Say
can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our
'enemies; go to then, I ask but this:—can he that
speaks with the tongue of an 'enemy be a 'good coun-
sellor, or not?

All. No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.

Staf. Well, seeing 'gentle words will not prevail,

'Assail them with the army of the King.

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;

And you that be the King's friends, follow 'me.

[Exeunt Stafford and Soldiers.]

Cade shouts out:

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow 'me!—

* A game resembling chuck-farthing.

We will not leave 'one lord, one gentleman :
Spare none but such as go in 'clouted shoon,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take 'our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march 'toward us!

Cade. But then are 'we in order, when we are most 'out of order. Come: march! forward!

[*Exeunt.*]

In the series of skirmishes that follow, Stafford is slain, and the King's forces are routed. Cade and his followers are therefore enabled to enter London—where we find him striking his flag-staff on London Stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer 'lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command, that, at the city's cost, the conduit run nothing but 'claret-wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than 'Lord Mortimer.

A Soldier runs in shouting "Jack Cade! Jack Cade!" He is at once knocked down.

Smith. H'm! If this fellow be 'wise, he 'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let 's go 'fight with them. But first, go and set London Bridge on fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Pull down the Savoy; others to the Inns of Court: down with them all! Away! burn all the 'records of the realm: 'my mouth shall be the Parliament of England; and henceforward all things shall be in common.

A Messenger runs in.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France.

Lord Say is dragged in as a prisoner.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it 'ten times.—Ah, thou Say,* thou serge,—nay, thou 'buckram lord! Now art thou within point-blank of 'our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to 'my majesty, for giving up of Normandy? Be it known unto thee by these presence,—even the presence of 'Lord Mortimer,—that 'I am the besom that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a

* Say is a coarse woollen stuff.

grammar-school: and, whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score* and the tally,† thou hast caused 'printing‡ to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun, and a verb—and such 'abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace, to call 'poor men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them!

Lord Say replies to these charges:

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 't is *bona terra, mala gens.*§

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks 'Latin.

Say. 'Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

'I sold not Maine, 'I lost not Normandy;
 Yet, to recover them, would lose my 'life.
 Justice, with mercy, have I always done;
 Prayers and tears 'have moved me; 'gifts could never.
 When have I aught exacted at your hands,
 But to maintain the King, the realm, and you?
 And,—seeing 'Ignorance is the curse of God,
 'Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
 Unless you be possessed with 'devilish spirits,
 You cannot but 'forbear to murder me.
 O, let me 'live!

Cade. [Aside.] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll 'bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar|| under his tongue. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, and strike off 'his head, and bring them 'both upon two poles hither. [Exit some with Lord Say.] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay 'me 'tribute. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into the Thames!—[A parley is sounded, then a retreat.] Ah! what noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them 'kill?

Buckingham and old Lord Clifford enter with Forces.

Buck. Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the King

* Marked list of debts. † Notched sticks for reckoning. ‡ Shakespeare's chronology is here at fault. Cade's rebellion was in 1450, and the first book printed in England appeared in 1471. § Good lands, bad lads. || An attendant spirit.

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled ;
 And here pronounce free 'pardon, to all them
 That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen ? will ye relent,
 And yield to 'mercy, whilst 't is offered you ?
 Or let a rabble lead you to your 'deaths ?—
 Who loves the King, and will 'embrace his pardon,
 Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty !

All. God save the king ! God save the king !

Cade. What ! you base peasants, do ye believe him ? will
 you needs be hanged with your pardons about your
 necks ? You are all recreants, and dastards, and del-
 ight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break
 your backs with burdens, and take your houses over
 your heads : for me, I will make shift for 'one ; and
 so.—a curse light upon you all !

All. We 'll follow Cade ! we 'll follow Cade !

Clif. Is Cade the son of our Fifth King Harry ?
 Will 'he conduct you through the heart of France,
 And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes ?
 Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to ;
 Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,—
 Unless by 'robbing of your friends and us.
 To France, to France ! and 'get what you have lost :
 Spare England, for it is your native coast.
 Henry hath money, you are strong and manly :
 Heaven on 'our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford ! a Clifford ! we 'll follow the King and
 Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this
 multitude ? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them
 to an hundred mischiefs. . . . I see them lay their heads
 together to surprise me ; my sword, make way for me !
 for here is no staying !—Have through the very midst
 of you ! and honour be witness, that no want of reso-
 lution in 'me, but only my 'followers' base and igno-
 minious treasons, makes me—betake me to my heels.

[Exit.]

Buckingham exclaims :

Buck. What ! is he fled ? go some, and follow him ;
 and he, that brings his head unto the King,
 shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
 Follow me, soldiers : we 'll devise a mean
 reconcile you 'all unto the King.

[Exeunt.]

Shortly after, Cade was killed by a country gentleman of Sussex, named Iden, in whose garden he had trespassed, seeking for food and shelter.

The rejoicings of the Royalists, at the death of Cade and the dispersion of his followers, are interrupted by intelligence of the hostile return from Ireland of the Duke of York himself; who now determines to enforce his claim to the crown with an army of ten thousand men. The birth of a son to King Henry,—thus prolonging the succession in the House of Lancaster,—arouses the dormant supporters of the House of York. With partisan bitterness, party emblems are renewed. The Lancastrians still adopt the symbol of the Red Rose—the Yorkists of the White. Recent events hasten the contest between these rival Houses. The murder of the good Duke Humphrey—the banishment of Suffolk—the insurrection of Cade—the advancement of Somerset—the imperiousness of the Queen—the unwelcome birth of her son—and, above all, the incapacity of the King—pave the way for the Duke of York to force the sceptre from King Henry's feeble hands.

The Duke is now close to the King's encampment near Blackheath.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his 'right.

Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king.

Let 'them 'obey, that know not how to 'rule.

This hand was made to handle nought but 'gold:

I cannot give due 'action to my words,

Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.

A 'sceptre shall it have, have I a sword,*

On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce† of France. : [Exit.

Such are the circumstances, historical as well as dramatic, that preceded the Battle of St. Albans, fought in 1455—the first of an unhappy series. These Wars of the Roses were signalized by twelve successive dreadful engagements.

Amidst the wild tumult of this battle, Warwick is heard calling for the leader of King Henry's army.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls:

And if thou dost not 'hide thee from my sword,‡

Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,

And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—

Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland!

Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms! [Exit.

Lord Clifford hastens to obey the call, but he suddenly encounters the great rebel leader, the Duke of York himself.

Clif. Of one or both of us the time is come. . . .

What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

*O. R. soul. †A bulbous iris—the fleur-de-lis, a French emblem of authority.
‡O. R. from the bear.

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
 But that thou art so fast mine 'enemy
Clif. Nor should 'thy prowess want praise and esteem,
 But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.
York. So let it help me 'now against thy sword,
 As I in justice and true right express it.
Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—
York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

They fight,—old Lord Clifford falls and dies.

Thus war hath given 'thee peace, for thou art still.—
 Peace with his 'soul, Heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit.]

As the Duke of York is hastening to another part of the field, Young Clifford, ignorant of his father's death, enters :

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
 Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should 'guard. O War! thou son of hell,
 Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 Throw, in the frozen bosoms of 'our part,
 Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
 He that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no 'self-love; nor he that loves 'himself
 Hath not essentially, but by 'circumstance,
 The name of valour.—

Young Clifford now sees his father's body :

O, let the vile world end,
 And the premised* flames of the Last Day
 Knit earth and heaven together!
 'Now let the general trumpet blow his blast—
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease!—Wast thou ordained, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve†
 The silver livery of advised‡ age;
 And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
 My heart is turned to 'stone: and while 't is mine,
 It 'shall be stony. York not our 'old men spares;
 More will I their 'babes: tears virginal
 Be to me even as the dew to fire;
 Beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 To my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Forth I will not have to do with 'pity:
 I an 'infant of the house of York,
 Alty will I seek out my fame.

* *ere their time.*

† Obtain.

‡ Experienced.

Come, thou 'new ruin of old Clifford's house : [Taking up
the body.
 As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I 'thee upon my manly shoulders ;
 But then Æneas bare a 'living load,—
 Nothing so heavy as 'these woes of mine! [Exit.

While Young Clifford is taking away his father's body, the crook-back Richard of the White Rose, and Somerset, the earliest leader of the Red Rose faction, are fighting. Somerset is killed. The Yorkists are victorious. The defeated King Henry, with his Queen, Young Clifford, and their partisans, are compelled to take flight.

Amidst the military jubilations of victory, the Duke of York, his son Richard Plantagenet, the Earl of Salisbury and his son Lord Warwick, enter triumphantly.—York says :

York. I know our safety is to follow them ;
 For, as I hear, the King is fled to London,
 To call a present court of parliament :
 Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.—
 What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them? nay, 'before them, if we can.
 Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious day :
 Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
 Shall be eternized in all age to come.—
 Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London all ;
 And more such days as these to us befall! [Exeunt.

The Duke of York having gained this Battle of St. Albans, hastens to London, where he hopes not only to dethrone King Henry, but to secure the crown for himself,—as lineal descendant from the Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward the Third. To this claim he was urged by the Earl of Warwick, a warrior of undoubted bravery and a statesman of proved sagacity.

The Scene is in London—the Hall of Parliament. This body had been summoned by King Henry and his Queen : but, by secret means, some soldiers of the Duke of York's party have made a forcible entrance into the House : and they are immediately followed by the Duke of York himself, accompanied by his sons Edward and Richard, and by many of the Yorkist leaders,—all wearing white roses in their hats. After some confusion, Warwick urges the Duke at once to take possession of the regal chair which had been prepared for King Henry :

War. Victorious Prince of York,
 Before I see 'thee seated in that throne
 Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
 I vow, by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.
 This is the 'palace of the fearful King,—

And this the regal 'seat: possess it 'York;
For this is 'thine, and 'not King Henry's heirs'.

Warwick leads the Duke of York to the throne, and he assumes the royal seat.

A sudden flourish of trumpets excites new disquietude; for King Henry enters, attended by young Lord Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and others; wearing red roses in their hats. The King, advancing, stops short:

K. Hen. . . . My lords, look where the sturdy 'rebel sits,
Even in the Chair of State! Belike, he means,
(Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)
To aspire unto the 'crown, and reign as 'King.—
Thou factious Duke of York, 'descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy 'sovereign.

York. No! 'I am 'thine!

K. Hen. What 'title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
I am the 'son of the Fifth Henry,—

Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop.

War. Talk not of France, sith* thou hast 'lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord 'Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crowned, I was but nine months old.

The crook-backed Richard interrupts:

Rich. You are old enough 'now, and 'yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear off the crown from the usurper's head;
Or 'fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.—
Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will 'fly.

York. Son, peace!

K. Hen. Peace 'thou, proud York, and give me leave to
speak.

Think'st thou, that I will 'leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No! first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours (often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,) .

Shall be my 'winding-sheet!

Warwick advances:

War. Henry of Lancaster, 'resign thy crown.

'right unto this princely Duke of York,

I will fill the House with arméd men.

And, o'er the Chair of State, where now he sits,

'rite-up his title with 'usurping blood.

* Since.

He gives the signal, and Soldiers enter. The alarmed King speaks :

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word :—
Let me, for this my 'life-time, reign as king.

York replies :

York. Confirm the crown to 'me, and to mine 'heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet, while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content : Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom 'after my decease.

Clifford exclaims :

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son !
Base, fearful, and despairing Henry !
How hast thou injured both thyself and us !—
Come, cousin, let us tell the 'Queen these news.—
In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome ;
Or live in peace, abandoned, and despised !

[Exit Clif.
North., etc.]

The King dejectedly says :

K. Hen. Ah, Warwick ! Warwick !

War. Why should you sigh, my lord ?

K. Hen. Not for 'myself, Lord Warwick, but my 'son,
Whom I unnaturally shall dis-inherit.
But be it as it may ;—I here 'entail
The crown to 'thee, and to thine heirs for ever ;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war ; and, whilst I live,
To honour 'me as King and sovereign ;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York replies :

York. This oath I willing take, and will perform.

As York descends from the throne, Warwick exclaims :

War. Long live King Henry !—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live 'thou, and these thy forward sons !

Queen Margaret enters with the young Prince of Wales. King Henry advances to meet them.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Queen !

Q. Mar. Who 'can be patient under such extremes ?

Ah, wretched man ! would I had died unwed,
Seeing thou 'st proved so 'unnatural a father !
Hath he 'deserved to lose his birthright thus ?
Hadst thou but loved him 'half so well as I,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there

Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,
And 'dis-inherited thine only son!

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—
The Earl of Warwick, and the Duke, 'enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou King, and wilt be forced?
I 'shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me!
But thou preferr'st thy 'life, before thine 'honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here 'divorce myself,—
Until that Act of Parliament be repealed,
Whereby 'my son is 'dis-inherited.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, stay, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone!
Come, son, away! we may not linger thus. [Exeunt.]

The hollow compromise is soon ended: Queen Margaret rejects it, because it interferes with the rights of her son Prince Edward; and the Brother and Sons of the Duke of York are equally desirous that, for their own prospective advantage, it should at once be infringed. The Duke, for a time, excuses himself:

York. I took an 'oath that he should quietly reign.

His son Edward replies:

Edw. But, for a 'kingdom, 'any oath may be broken:
'I 'd break a 'thousand oaths to reign one 'year.

His other son, the plausible Richard, adds:

Rich. An oath is of no moment,—being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears:
Henry had none, but did 'usurp the place:
Then, seeing 't was he that 'made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous:
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that 'poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we 'linger thus? 'I cannot rest,
Until the White Rose that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart!

York. Richard, enough: I 'will be King, or die!— [Exeunt.]

No sooner has this resolution been taken, than the Duke learns that the ever-vigilant Queen Margaret is proceeding to besiege his own castle: and at once he resolves to anticipate her attack. In the engagement that follows, the Duke's youngest son—the Earl of Rutland, a boy twelve years of age—is taken prisoner by the fierce

Lord Clifford : who, notwithstanding the youth's supplications for mercy, savagely and inhumanly puts him to death.

The result of this battle (at Wakefield Green in Yorkshire—fought on December 24, 1460,)—was in favour of Queen Margaret.

Avoiding the danger and confusion of the battle, the defeated Duke of York is alone.

York. The army of the 'Queen hath got the field :

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
 My sons—Heaven knows, what hath bechanced to them !
 But 'this I know,—they have demeaned themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
 Three times did Richard make a lane* to me,
 And thrice cried,—“ Courage, father ! fight it out ! ”
 And full as oft came 'Edward to my side,
 With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt :
 And when the 'hardiest warriors did retire,
 Richard cried,—“ Charge ! and give no foot of ground !
 “ A crown ! a crown, or else a glorious tomb !
 A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre ! ”

Approaching alarums are heard.

Ah, hark ! the fatal followers do 'pursue ;
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury ;
 The sands are numbered that make up my life :
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

He suddenly sees Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Soldiers, advancing towards him : Northumberland calls :

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clifford adds :

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
 With downright payment, showed unto my 'father.

Clifford is about to kill the Duke, when the Queen interposes :

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford ! for a thousand causes
 I would 'prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
 Seize him, Northumberland !

The Soldiers lay hands on York, who struggles, but is at last taken prisoner.

York. So triumph 'thieves upon their conquered booty ;
 So 'true men yield, with 'robbers so o'ermatched.

Queen Margaret speaks :

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
 Come, make him stand upon this 'molehill here,
 That raught† at 'mountains with his outstretched arms.—

* Clear a path.

† Reached.

What! was it 'you, that would be England's King?
 Was 't you that revelled in our Parliament,
 And made a preachment of your high descent?
 Where are your mess of 'sons to back you 'now?
 The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
 And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
 Dicky, your boy; that, with his grumbling voice,
 Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies? . . .
 Or with the rest, where is your darling 'Rutland? . . .
 Look, York: I stained this napkin with his blood:
 And if thine eyes can 'water for his death,
 I give thee this, to 'dry thy cheeks withal.
 Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee 'deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I pr'ythee, grieve,—to make 'me merry, York!
 What! hath thy fiery heart so parched thine eyes
 That 'not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
 Why art thou 'patient, man? thou shouldst be 'mad;
 And I, to 'make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that 'I may sing and dance! . . .
 Thou wouldst be 'fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a 'crown.—
 A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.—

She puts a paper crown on his head:

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he 'like a King!
 Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
 And this is he was his adopted heir. . . .
 'Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his 'head!

Clifford eagerly advances:

Clif. That is 'my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.

The captive Duke of York now speaks:

York. . . . She-wolf of France,—but 'worse than wolves of France;—

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
 I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee 'blush!
 Thy father bears the 'type of King of Naples,
 Yet not so wealthy as an English 'yeoman.
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to 'insult?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen;
 Unless the adage must be verified,—
 That 'beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
 'T is 'beauty, that doth oft make women proud;

But Heaven knows 'thy share thereof is small :
 'T is 'virtue, that doth make them most admired ;
 The 'contrary doth make thee wondered at :
 'T is 'government, that makes them seem divine ;
 The 'want thereof makes thee 'abominable :
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the Antipodés are unto us. . . .
 O 'tiger's heart, wrapped in a 'woman's hide !
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the 'child,
 To bid the 'father wipe his eyes withal ?
 'Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
 'Thou, stern, obdúrate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bidd'st thou me 'rage ? why, now thou 'hast thy wish :
 Wouldst have me 'weep ? why, 'now thou hast thy will. . .
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
 And every drop cries—" Vengeance for his death,"
 'Gainst 'thee, fell Clifford, . . . and 'thee, false French-
 woman !

Clifford, enraged, rushes on the defenceless Duke :

Clif. Here 's for my oath ; here 's for my father's death ! [Stabs him.]

The " she-wolf of France " inhumanly repeats the blow.

Q. Mar. And here 's to 'right our gentle-hearted King. [Stabs him.]

The dying York can only ejaculate :

York. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God !

My soul flies through these wounds, to seek out 'Thee. [Dies]

Q. Mar. Off with his head ! and set it on York gates :

So York may overlook the 'town of York. [Exeunt.]

In consequence of this murder, the Duke's eldest son Edward succeeds to the title, and determines to maintain his claim to the crown.

Queen Margaret is meanwhile approaching the city of York, leading along her passive husband, and her son Prince Edward ; attended by young Lord Clifford and Northumberland. Pointing to the summit of the gates, she addresses King Henry :

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy,

That sought to be encompassed with your crown :

Doth not the object 'cheer your heart, my lord ?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer 'them that fear their wrack :
 To see this sight it irks my very soul.—

Withhold revenge, dear heaven ! 't is not 'my fault ;

Nor 'wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Young Lord Clifford says :

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do 'lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beasts that would 'usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest 'bear doth 'lick?
Not his that 'spoils her young before her face.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
'Thou smiling, while 'he knit his angry brows:
He, but a 'Duke, would have his son a 'King,
And 'raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being King, blessed with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to 'dis-inherit him.
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his 'father's fault;
And, long hereafter, say unto 'his child,—
“What my great-grandfather and grandsire 'got,
My careless 'father fondly gave 'away?”

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford played the orator,
'Infering arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever 'bad success?
I 'll leave 'my son my virtuous 'deeds behind;
And 'would my father had left 'me no more!
For, all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more 'care to 'keep,
Than 'in possession any jot of 'pleasure.

A Messenger enters hastily.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him King, and many fly to him.
Prepare* your battle, for they are at hand!

Clifford says :

Clif. I would, your highness would 'depart the field:
The Queen hath best success when you are 'absent.

Queen Margaret adds :

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that 's 'my fortune too; therefore I 'll 'stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to 'fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And 'hearten those that fight in your defence.

* O. R. Darraigue.

Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, "Saint
George!"

[Exeunt.

The student of history will observe that the Dramatist passes over two important engagements—the battle at Mortimer's Cross, and a second battle at St. Albans; in order to concentrate our attention on the more important encounter near Towton in Yorkshire—on Palm Sunday, 1461. We linger, in imagination, on the outskirts of the field, which, from a little hillock, we may survey, whilst we listen to the monologue of the King:

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the 'morning's war,
When dying 'clouds contend with growing 'light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can call it neither perfect day nor night.
Now sways it 'this way,—like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it 'that way,—like the selfsame sea
Forced to 'retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the 'flood prevails; and then, the 'wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
'Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.—
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down . . .
To whom 'Heaven will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my Queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me 'from the battle; swearing, both,
They prosper best of all when I am 'thence.
'Would I were 'dead! if Heaven's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O Heaven! methinks, it were a 'happy life,
To be no better than a homely 'swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now;
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,—
Thereby, to see the 'minutes how they run;
How many make the 'hoür full complete;
How many hoürs bring about the 'day;
How many days will finish up the 'year;
How many years a mortal man may live:
When this is known, then to 'divide the times:
So many hoürs must I tend my flock;
So many hoürs must I take my rest;
So many hoürs must I cóntemplate;
So many hoürs must I sport myself:—
So, minutes, hoürs, days, aye, months, and years,
(Passed-over to the end they were created.)

Would bring 'white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were 'this! how sweet! how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
 To 'shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich-embroidered canopy
 To 'kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes, it doth; a 'thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely 'curds,
 His cold thin 'drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted 'sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 (All which secure and sweetly 'he enjoys,)
 Is far beyond a 'prince's delicates,—
 'His viands sparkling in a 'golden cup,
 His body couched upon a curious* bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

The King's sympathies are aroused by two evidences of the horrors of war. A young lad drags-in the corpse of a man whom he has slain—when he discovers that he has killed his father! And a father, who has mortally wounded his son, rushes in with the mangled body in his arms. Both break forth into wild lamentations. The sorrow-stricken King continues his monody:

Woe above woe! grief more than 'common grief!
 O, that 'my death would stay these ruthless deeds!
 O, pity, pity! gentle Heaven, pity!—
 The Red Rose, and the White, are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving Houses:
 The one his purple blood right-well resembles;
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, present:
 Wither 'one rose, and let the other 'flourish!
 If you 'contend, a thousand lives must wither.
 Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
 Here sits a King more woful than you are!

Suddenly alarums are heard, and, shortly after, a retreat is sounded. Queen Margaret's troops are defeated, and the weak-minded King is hurried away to Scotland. The Yorkists, led by Prince Edward, have gained the victory—and thirty-six thousand dead are lying around. The conquerors enter, headed by the three surviving sons of the old Duke of York—Princes Edward, George, and the hunchback Richard: with Warwick, the King-maker. Finding on the field the corpse of Lord Clifford, Warwick triumphantly says:

War. Off with the traitor's head,
 And rear it in the place your 'father's stands.
 And now to London with triumphant march,
 There to be crowned as England's royal king.

* Anxious, full of care.

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to 'France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy Queen.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be ;

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat ;

And never will I undertake the thing

Wherein thy counsel and consent are wanting.—

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster ;—

And George, of Clarence ;—Warwick, as ourself,

Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Now to London, Lords,

To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*]

After this battle of Towton, in 1461, King Henry and Queen Margaret found refuge in Scotland ; and, taking advantage of their absence, the citizens of London soon placed Prince Edward of York on the throne, under the title of King Edward the Fourth. The Scots promised slight assistance to the royal fugitives ; and then the Queen proceeded to France to solicit more effectual help. Returning to England, the Battle of Hexham (in Northumberland) was fought (in May, 1464). The victory again belonged to the Yorkists ; and Queen Margaret and her son, Prince Edward (then a boy ten years of age) returned to France : thence she proceeded to her father's Court, where she lived for several years in privacy and retirement.

While the Earl of Warwick is on his mission to secure the Lady Bona of Savoy (sister to the crafty King Louis the Eleventh of France,) as bride to the young monarch of England ; we return to the Palace in London—where we find King Edward in conversation with the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Woodville, or Grey. This lady is a widow, and now waits on the young King to supplicate him on behalf of her children's property. The Dukes of Clarence and Gloster are standing near, listening to the interview of the amorous King and his fair petitioner :

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,

His lands then seized-on by the conqueror :

Her suit is now, to 'repossess those lands,—

Widow, we will consider of your suit,

And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook 'delay :

May it please your highness to resolve me 'now,

And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Gloster whispers to Clarence :

Glo. Ay, widow ? then I 'll warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases 'him shall pleasure 'you.

K. Edw. . . . How 'many children hast thou, widow ? tell me.

- L. Grey.* Three, my most gracious lord.
- K. Edw.* 'T were pity, they should lose their father's lands.
- L. Grey.* 'Be pitiful, dread lord, and 'grant it then.
- K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow's wit.—
Now tell me, madam, do you 'love your children?
- L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love 'myself.
- K. Edw.* And would you not do much, to do them good?
- L. Grey.* To do 'them good 'I would sustain some 'harm.
- K. Edw.* Then, 'get your husband's lands to do them good.
- L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.
- K. Edw.* . . . I 'll tell you 'how these lands are to be got.
- L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.
- K. Edw.* 'What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
- L. Grey.* What you 'command,—that 'rests in me to do.
- K. Edw.* But you will take 'exceptions to my boon?
- L. Grey.* No, gracious lord,—except I 'cannot do it.
- K. Edw.* Ay! but thou 'canst do what I mean to ask.
- L. Grey.* Why then, I 'will do what your grace commands. . . .
Why stops my lord? shall I not 'hear my task?
- K. Edw.* An 'easy task:—'t is but to love a king.
- L. Grey.* That 's soon performed, because I am a 'subject.
- K. Edw.* Why 'then, thy husband's lands I 'freely give thee.
- L. Grey.* I take my leave with many thousand thanks!
- K. Edw.* Nay, stay thee, stay: thou dost not understand!
'What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
- L. Grey.* My love till 'death, my humble thanks, my prayers:
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
- K. Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean 'such love.
- L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I 'thought you did.
- K. Edw.* Why, then thou shalt 'not have thy husband's lands.
- L. Grey.* Why, then mine 'honesty shall be my dower!
- K. Edw.* Therein thou 'wrong'st thy children mightily.
- L. Grey.* Herein your 'highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this 'merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness* of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with Ay or No.
- K. Edw.* Ay,—if 'thou wilt say Ay to 'my request;
No,—if thou dost say No to my demand.
- L. Grey.* Then, No, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Lady Elizabeth is retiring, but the young King follows her, and, after a more satisfactory appeal, returns to the standers-by:

* Seriousness

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

You'd think it strange if I should marry her?

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be 'ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace-gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.

Glo. Ay! Edward 'will use women 'honourably!
[Exeunt all but Gloster.]

Would he were 'wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from this match no hopeful branch may spring,
To 'cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
Are Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
To take 'their rooms, ere 'I can place myself:—

A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then, I do but 'dream on sovereignty;
Flattering me with 'impossibilities!—

My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could 'equal them.

Well, say there is 'no kingdom then for Richard,
What 'other pleasure can the world afford?

I 'll deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks—
O miserable thought! Love has forsworn me!

And, for I 'should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature, with some bribe,
To shrink mine 'arm up, like a withered shrub:
To make an envious mountain on my 'back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To shape my 'legs of an unequal size;
To 'dis-proportion me in 'every part.

And am I then a man to be 'beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!

Then, since this earth affords no joy to 'me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,

I 'll make 'my heaven to dream upon the 'crown!

And from this torment I will 'free myself,
 Or 'hew my way out with a 'bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile,—and 'murder while I smile;
 And cry, Content! to that which 'grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with 'artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a 'crown?
 Tut! were it further off, I 'll 'pluck it down. [Exit.]

After a very brief wooing, the young King is immediately married to the fair widow.

The Earl of Warwick is meanwhile on his royal mission to the court of King Lewis in Paris. Notwithstanding the opposition of Queen Margaret, the English proposals are favourably received: and the French King at once orders the Articles of Marriage to be drawn up. In the midst of these proceedings, letters arrive, announcing the marriage of the English King: war is immediately declared.

While preparations, assisted by the incensed Earl of Warwick, are being made in France, the Scene changes, to King Edward's Palace in London: Gloster and Clarence are again in conversation:

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think 'you
 Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
 Hath not our brother made a 'worthy choice?

Clar. Alas! you know, 't is far from hence to France:
 How could he stay till Warwick made return?
 Forbear awhile our talk: here comes the King.
 I mind to tell him 'plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended by Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our
 choice,

That you stand pensive, as 'half malcontent?

Clar. . . . As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of
 Warwick.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a 'cause,
 They are 'but Lewis and Warwick: 'I am 'Edward,—
 'Your king and Warwick's,—and must have my will.

Gloster says:

Glo. And you 'shall have your will, 'because our King;
 Yet, 'hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard! are 'you offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No, Heaven forbid, that I should 'wish 'them severed,

Whom 'Heaven hath joined together; ay, and 't were
pity

To 'sunder them that 'yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
Tell me some 'reason why the lady Grey
Should 'not become my wife, and England's queen.—
Speak, Clarence, what you 'think.

Clar. Then this is 'mine opinion,—that King Lewis
Becomes your 'enemy—for 'mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, 'doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this homely* marriage.

K. Edw. England is safe, if true within itself?

Clar. Yes; but the safer, when 't is 'backed with France.

Lord Hastings interposes:

Hast. 'T is better 'using France, than 'trusting France.
Let us be backed by heaven, and by the seas,
Which heaven hath given for fence impregnable;
And, with 'their helps alone, defend ourselves:
In 'them, and in 'ourselves, our safety lies.

A Messenger enters:

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters,—and few words;
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore be brief.

Mess. Warwick, incensed against your majesty,
E'en more than Lady Bona or Queen Margaret,
Dismissed me with these words:—
“Tell him from me, that he hath done me 'wrong,
And therefore I 'll 'un-crown him ere 't be long.”

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words?

Well, I will 'arm me, being thus forewarned:
But say, is Warwick 'friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, 'gracious sovereign: they 're 'so linked in friend-
ship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's
daughter.

At this unexpected intelligence, Clarence discloses his secret
resolution:

Clar. Now, brother King, farewell, and sit you fast,

For I will hence to Warwick's 'other daughter ;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to 'yourself.—

You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Ex. Clar.
La d Som.*]

Clarence hastily withdraws, followed by Somerset.

K. Edw. I rather would have 'foes than hollow friends ;

Now, brother Richard, will 'you stand by us ?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Hastings, will you ? And Montague, will you ?

Why, so ; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour,

Till we 'meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

King Edward instantly orders his army to take the field. Warwick, on landing with his French and other forces, is joined by the Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Somerset. A sudden night-attack is made on the tent of King Edward, and he, being taken prisoner, is placed under the custody of the Archbishop of York : while Henry is released from the Tower, and, by the influence of Warwick, again seated on the regal throne.

Warwick's successes justify his title of King-maker. To strengthen his position, his eldest daughter is married to the Duke of Clarence : and his second daughter, the Lady Anne, to young Prince Edward, son of King Henry the Sixth. In gratitude, Henry appoints Warwick and Clarence joint Protectors of the English crown.

The imprisonment of young King Edward the Fourth by the Archbishop of York is of no long continuance. Assisted by his brother the Duke of Gloster, he escapes to Flanders, whence he soon returns aided by a number of foreign soldiers. He is now joined by his second brother, the Duke of Clarence, who, notwithstanding his late marriage, turns against Warwick.

Another great battle ensues, at Barnet near London, (in April, 1471 ;) in which King Edward is victorious,—and Warwick the King-maker is slain.

Even at the time of Warwick's death, assistance is at hand. Queen Margaret, with her bride-groom son, has landed (King Henry being again a prisoner in the Tower) and she is supported by Somerset, Oxford, and a few other noblemen who still adhere to the waning fortunes of the House of Lancaster.

On the plain near Tewkesbury, in her tent, the unsubdued Queen Margaret, with her son Prince Edward, addresses Somerset, Oxford, and others.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and 'wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to 'redress their harms.

Say, Warwick 'was our anchor ; what of that ?

And Montague our topmast; what of him?
 Why, is not Oxford here 'another anchor?
 And Somerset another goodly mast?
 And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
 For once allowed the skilful pilot's charge?
 'We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,
 But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
 As good to 'chide the waves, as speak them 'fair.
 And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
 What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
 And Richard, but a rugged fatal rock?
 All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say, you can swim; alas! 't is but a while:
 Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
 Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off.
 Or else you famish. Would you fly from 'us?
 There is no hoped-for mercy with the brothers.
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and 'rocks.
 Why, courage, then! what cannot be 'avoided,
 'T were childish weakness to 'lament, or fear.
 Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
 Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurped,
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
 His statutes cancelled, and his treasure spent;
 And yonder is the 'wolf that 'makes this spoil.
 'You fight in 'justice: then, in heaven's name, lords,
 Be valiant, and give 'signal to the fight!

[Exeunt.

This battle of Tewkesbury—fought on May 4th, 1471—resulted in the total defeat of the Lancastrians. Queen Margaret and her son are taken prisoners, and brought before young King Edward, who is accompanied by the Dukes of Clarence and Gloster. The young King speaks:

K. Edw. Now, here a 'period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Somerset and Oxford straight:

Off with their heads!

[Ex. Ox. and Som. guarded.

Bring forth Prince Edward: let us hear 'him speak.

[The Prince is led in guarded.

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And 'all the trouble thou hast turned me to?

Prince. Speak like a 'subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose, that I am now my 'father's mouth:—

Resign thy chair, and, where 'I stand, kneel 'thou;

Whilst I propose the selfsame words to 'thee,

Which, traitor, 'thou wouldst have 'me answer to.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty: 'you are all 'un-dutiful.

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjured George,—

And 'thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,

I am your 'better, traitors as ye are;

And 'thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

The Prince is instantly stabbed by King Edward, Gloster, and Clarence. Queen Margaret is also about to be slain by Gloster, but the King interferes and saves her. Gloster then hastens away, whispering:

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King, my brother.

I 'll hence to London, on a 'serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower!

[Exit.

Queen Margaret—recovering from her swoon at beholding her son's unexpected slaughter—exclaims:

Q. Mar. O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:

Canst thou 'not speak?—O traitors! murderers!

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!

'You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would sure have stirred remorse.

K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence 'perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me 'hence, despatch me 'here:

'Here sheathe thy sword—I 'll pardon thee 'my death.

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it 'thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do! sweet Clarence, do 'thou do it!

Clar. Didst thou not hear me 'swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to 'for-swear thyself:

'T was sin 'before, but now 't is 'charity.

What! wilt thou not? Where is that hideous butcher,

Hard-favoured Richard? Richard, where art 'thou?

Thou art not here: murder is thy 'alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood 'thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!

[Exit, guarded.

The frantic Queen is forcibly removed.

K. Edw. Clarence, where 's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess.

To make a 'bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
 Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
 With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London. [Exeunt.

The Scene now before us is a Room in the Tower, where we see King Henry seated, a book in his hand, and the Lieutenant attending. Intelligence of the battle and of its melancholy consequences has just reached the royal prisoner, when the Duke of Gloster unceremoniously enters:

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my 'lord, I should say rather:
 'T is sin to flatter; therefore, 'not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

The obsequious Lieutenant withdraws.

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf.

What scene of death hath Roscius* 'now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the 'guilty mind:

The 'thief doth fear each bush an 'officer.

K. Hen. The 'bird, that hath been already limed,
 With trembling wings, misdoubteth every bush;
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
 Have now the fatal object in my eye,
 Where 'my poor young was limed, was caught, and
 killed.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,†

That taught his son the office of a 'fowl?

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned.

K. Hen. Ah, kill me with thy 'weapon, not with words!

My breast can better brook thy 'dagger's point

Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for 'my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an 'executioner?

K. Hen. If murdering 'innocents be executing,

Why, then thou 'art an executioner.

Glo. Thy 'son I killed for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst 'thou been killed, when first thou didst
 presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of 'mine.

And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand.

Who now mistrust no parcel of 'my fear,

And many an old man's sigh, and widow's groan,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',

And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—

* The great Roman actor—died about 60 years B. C.
Dædalus and Icarus.

† Referring to the story of

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shrieked at thy birth,—an evil sign!
 The night-crow cried,—foreboding* luckless time!
 Dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
 The raven rooked her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
 Thy mother felt 'more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth 'less than a mother's hope;
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
 To signify, thou cam'st to 'bite the world:
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—die, prophet, in thy speech:
 For this, amongst the rest, was I 'ordained.

The enraged Richard furiously stabs the defenceless King. †

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter 'after this.

O! Heaven forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [Dies.]

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
 'Sink in the ground? I thought it would have 'mounted.
 See, how my 'sword weeps for the poor king's death!
 O, may such 'purple tears be always shed
 From those that 'wish the downfall of our House!—
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell; and say 'I sent thee thither: [Stabs him
again.]
 I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
 Indeed, 't is true, what Henry told me of;
 For I have often heard my mother say,
 When I came in the world, the women cried,
 "Good heaven bless us, he is born with teeth!"
 And so I was; which plainly signified
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
 Then, since the 'heavens have shaped my 'body so,
 Let 'hell make crook'd my 'mind to answer it.
 I have no brother, I am 'like no brother;
 And this word Love,—which greybeards call divine,—
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in 'me:—I am 'myself 'alone.—
 Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;
 But I will sort a pitchy day for 'thee:
 For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be 'thy death.—
King Henry, and the Prince his son, are gone:

**O. R.* aboding.

† The death of King Henry VI was on May 22d, 1471.

Clarence, 'thy turn is next, and then the 'rest;
 Counting myself but bad, till I be 'best.—
 I 'll throw thy body in another room,
 And triumph, Henry, in 'thy day of doom.*

[Exit with
 the body.]

King Edward the Fourth is now the undisputed possessor of the English throne; and his Queen—formerly the Lady Elizabeth Grey—has lately presented him with a son, the unfortunate Edward the Fifth of future history. The happy father says:

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
 'Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
 And now what rests, but that we spend the time
 With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
 Such as befits the pleasure of the Court?
 Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
 For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[Exeunt.]

END OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

REPRINTS.

From the First Part of the "Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster,"—as printed in 1594.

Enter King and Salsbury, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde:

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
 Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such
 another Iland.

Kin. O see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,
 Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed?
 What would you haue me to do then?
 Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
 Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothi-
 cary sent me.

Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
 And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe
 his haire,

So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.

Kin. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly
 blisse,

Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

The Cardinall dies.

* For a reprint of this Speech, see the following page: (p. 278).

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.

Oh God forgiue his soule.

Sal. So bad an ende did neuer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.

Kin. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.

[*Exet omnes.*]

From the Second Part of the "Contention"—"The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke and the good King Henrie the Sixt"—as printed in 1595.

Glo. What? will the aspiring bloud of *Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground, *I* had thought it would haue
mounted,

See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.

Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,

For such as seeke the downefall of our house.

If anie sparke of life remaine in thee, [*Stab him againe.*]

Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.

I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.

Indeed twas true that Henry told me of,

For I haue often heard my mother saie,

That I came into the world with my legs forward,

And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,

And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?

The women wept and the midwife cride,

O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.

And so I was indeed, which plainelie signifide,

That I should snarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.

Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,

Let hell make crookt my mind to answeere it.

I had no father, I am like no father,

I haue no brothers, *I* am like no brothers,

And this word *Loue* which greybeards tearme diuine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me, I am my selfe alone.

Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,

But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.

For I will buz abroad such prophesies,

As *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,

And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.

Henry and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,

And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,

Counting my selfe but bad, till *I* be best.

Ile drag thy bodie in another roome,

And triumph *Henry* in thy daie of doome.

[*Exit.*]

KING RICHARD III.

The Tragedy of Richard the Third may be considered Shakespeare's first original English historical play, although it owes much of its dramatic colouring to the older play of *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, which was printed in 1595, and which Shakespeare embodied in the Third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Shakespeare's Richard the Third was first printed in 1597, with the following title :—“ The Tragedy of King Richard the Third : containing—His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence : the pitiful murder of his innocent Nephewes : his tyrannicall vsurpation : with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants.” In the folio of 1623, it is called “ The Tragedy of Richard the Third, with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.”

The Tragedy was for a long time very popular on the stage ; but now—as an acted drama—it is not directly taken from the poet's text, but is a compilation chiefly from the Third Part of King Henry the Sixth—very effectively selected and augmented by Colley Cibber (in 1700,) and since then adopted by nearly all our eminent actors. In the earlier years of the performance of Cibber's version, the greater part of the First Act was suppressed by the dramatic licenser, on the plea that the murder of the imprisoned King Henry might suggest to the English malcontents a similar fate either for William, the King *over the land*, or for James, the King *over the water*. As soon as the fear of assassination ceased, the restriction was withdrawn, and the sword of every modern Roscius still “ weeps for the poor King's death.”

In the Tragedy of Richard III, historical facts have been frequently blended with tradition—a very fruitful source of error. Under the lynx-eyed jealousy of the Tudor-queen Elizabeth, it was policy to paint this hero of the House of York in the darkest colours ; not only to prove the poet's attachment to the political principles of the Lancastrian race, but to compliment the succeeding dynasty of the Tudors ; by presenting, under the appearance of Virtue in opposition to Vice, a fair if not a plausible claim to public estimation ; in having delivered a suffering nation from a tyrannical monster, to make way for the accession of King Henry the Seventh. There is, here, therefore, “ no scandal against Queen Elizabeth.”

The Dramatis Personæ retained in this Condensation are :

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, <i>Prince of</i> <i>Wales, afterwards</i> <i>King Edward V,</i> RICHARD, <i>Duke of</i> <i>York,</i>	}	<i>Sons to</i> <i>the King.</i>
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GEORGE, <i>Duke of</i> <i>Clarence,</i> RICHARD, <i>Duke of</i> <i>Gloster, afterwards</i> <i>King Richard III,</i>	}	<i>Brothers</i> <i>to the</i> <i>King.</i>
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HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, after-*
wards King Henry VII.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, *his Son.*EARL RIVERS, *Brother to Queen*
Elizabeth.

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD

GREY, *Sons to Queen Elizabeth.*

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieu-*
*tenant of the Tower.*TRESSEL and BERKELEY, *attend-*
ing on Lady Anne.

LORD MAYOR of London.

ELIZABETH, *widow of Sir John*
Grey, but now Queen to King
*Edward IV.*MARGARET, *Widow of King Henry*
*VI.*DUCHESS OF YORK, *Mother to King*
*Edward IV.*LADY ANNE, *Widow of Edward*
Prince of Wales, (afterwards
*married to King Richard III.)**Lords and other Attendants; a*
Pursuivant, Citizens, Messen-
gers, Soldiers, &c.

The Time of the entire Play extends from the murder of King Henry VI, in 1471, to the accession of Henry VII, in 1485: the intervening reigns were those of Edward IV, (died 1483,) and Edward V, (murdered in the same year). The reign of King Richard III began in 1483 and was terminated by his death, in 1485, at the Battle of Bosworth-field.

The Scene of the Action is wholly in England.

We have before us a Street (in London) in which the Duke 'of Gloster is moodily walking, while waiting the arrest of his brother, the Duke of Clarence, who is to be led this way.

Glo. Now is the 'Winter of our dis-content

Made glorious 'Summer by this sun of York;

And all the clouds, that loured upon our House,

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are 'our brows bound with victorious wreaths;

Our bruised 'arms hung up for monuments;

Our stern 'alarums changed to 'merry meetings,

Our dreadful 'marches to 'delightful measures.

Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front;

And now,—instead of mounting barbéd steeds

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—

He capers nimbly, in a lady's chamber,

To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I, that am not shaped for 'sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
 I, that am 'rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
 I, that am cúrtailed of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
 Deformed, unfinished, sent 'before my time
 Into this breathing world,—scarce 'half made-up ;
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of 'peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,—
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun
 And déscant on mine own deformity :
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a 'lover,
 I am determinéd to prove a 'villain.
 Plots have I laid, by prophecies, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the King,
 In deadly hate the one against the other :
 And, if King Edward be as true and just
 As 'I am subtle, false and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mewed-up,
 About a prophecy ; which says—that " G "
 Of Edward's heirs the 'murderer shall be.—
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! Here Clarence
 comes.

The Duke of Clarence is brought in guarded ; attended by
 Brakenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower.

Brother, good day : What means this 'arméd guard
 That waits upon your grace ?

Clar. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct, to convey me to the 'Tower.

Glo. Upon what 'cause ?

Clar. Because my name is 'George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of 'yours ;
 He should, for 'that, commit your 'godfathers.
 But what 's the 'matter, Clarence ? May I know ?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when 'I know ; for, I protest,
 As 'yet I do not : but, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;
 And says, a Wizard told him—that, by " G "
 His issue disinherited should be.
 This, as I learn, and such like toys as these,

Have moved his highness to 'commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is when men are ruled by 'women.—
'Tis not the 'King that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his 'wife, Clarence—'t is 'she
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
'We are not safe, Clarence; we are not 'safe.

Brakenbury advances :

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That 'no man shall have 'private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? An 't please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may 'partake of anything we say:
We speak no 'treason, man;—we say, the King
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble Queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not 'over-jealous;—
We say that 'Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a 'passing-pleasing tongue;
And the Queen's 'kindred are made 'gentlefolks:
How say 'you, sir? can you 'deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.
I do 'beseech your grace to pardon me;
'Forbear your conference with the noble Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's 'abjects, and 'must obey.
Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
'I will deliver you, or else lie* 'for you:
Meantime, have patience, brother.

Clar. I must, perforce. Farewell. [Ex. Clar.
and Brak.]

Glo. . . . Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.
Simple, plain Clarence! I do 'love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to 'heaven,—
If heaven will 'take the present at our hands.
King Edward cannot live; but must not die
Till 'George be packed with post-horse up to heaven.
I 'll in, to urge his hatred 'more to Clarence,
With 'lies well steeled with weighty 'arguments;
And, if I 'fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not 'another day to live:
Which done, Heaven take King Edward to its mercy,
And leave the world for 'me to bustle in!
For, then, I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I killed her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,

* Be imprisoned.

Is, to 'become her husband and her father. . . .
 But yet I run 'before my horse to market :
 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives, and reigns ;
 When they are 'gone,—'then must I count my gains !

[Exit.

The next Scene brings before us another Street in London. Lady Anne, the widow of Prince Edward, is now following in the funeral procession of the lately murdered King Henry the Sixth.

The corpse of King Henry the Sixth is borne in an open coffin, attended by Gentlemen with halberds to guard it—among them Tressell and Berkeley ; Lady Anne being the chief mourner.

The Duke of Gloster contemptuously surveys, at a distance, the mournful procession. Lady Anne speaks :

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously* lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be 't lawful that I invoke thy 'ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne.
 O, curséd be the hand that made these wounds ! †
 Curséd the 'heart, that had the heart to do it !
 If ever he have 'wife, let her be made
 As miserable by the death of 'him,
 As 'I am made by my poor lord, and thee !
 Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load.

Gloster advances :

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures-up this fiend ?

Glo. Villains, set-down the corse : or, by Saint Paul,
 I 'll 'make a corse of him that disobeys !

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmannered dog ! stand 'thou, when 'I command :
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
 Or, by Saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot,
 And 'spurn upon thee, 'beggar, for thy boldness.

[The Bearers set down the coffin.

Anne. Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !

Thou hadst but power o'er his 'mortal body,
 His 'soul thou canst not hurt ; ‡ therefore, be gone !

Glo. Sweet saint ! for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil ! for heaven's sake, hence, and trouble us
 not !

If thou delight to 'view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this 'pattern§ of thy butcheries.
 No 'beast so fierce but knows 'some touch of pity.

* With funeral obsequies. † O. R. holes. ‡ O. R. have § Example.

Glo. But 'I know none—and therefore am 'no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when 'devils tell the 'truth!

Glo. 'More wonderful, when 'angels are so 'angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these 'supposéd crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
'No excuse current, but to 'hang thyself.

Glo. By 'such despair, I should accuse 'myself.

Anne. And, by despairing only, stand excused,
For doing 'worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst 'un-worthy slaughter upon others.
Didst 'thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

Glo. The fitter for the King of Heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is 'in heaven, where 'thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank 'me, that help to 'send him thither;
For he was fitter for 'that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for 'any place but 'hell.

Glo. But, gentle Lady Anne,
Is not the 'causer of these timeless deaths
As blameful as the 'executioner?

Anne. 'Thou wast the cause, and most accursed 'effect.

Glo. Your 'beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the 'world,—
So I might live one 'hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought 'that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks!

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's 'wrack;
You should not 'blemish it, if 'I stood by:
As all the world is cherished* by the sun,
So I by 'that; it is my 'day, my 'life!

Anne. Black 'night o'ershade thy day, and 'death thy life!

Glo. Curse not 'thyself, fair creature; 'thou art 'both.

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee!

† It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that 'loveth you.
‡ It is a quarrel just and 'reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.
§ He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Should help thee to a 'better husband.
¶ His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

* O, R, cheeréd.

Glo. He lives, that 'loves thee better than 'he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same 'name, but one of better 'nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: . . . Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. 'Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected 'mine.

Anne. 'Would they were 'basilisks,* to strike thee 'dead!

Glo. 'I would they were, that I might die at 'once;
For now they kill me with a 'living death.
I never 'sued, to friend nor enemy;
'My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But, now thy 'beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud 'heart sues, and 'prompts my tongue to
speak.—

Teach not thy lips such 'scorn; for they were made
For 'kissing, lady, not for such 'contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adareth 'thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg 'that death upon my knee. . . .

Nay, do not pause; for I 'did kill King Henry,—
But, 't was thy beauty, lady, that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch; 't was I that stabbed young Ed-
ward,—

But, 't was thy heavenly face that set me on! [*She lets fall
the sword.*]
Take-up the sword again,—or take-up 'me!

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I 'wish thy death,
I will not be thy 'executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill 'myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. Tush! that was in thy 'rage:

Speak it again; and, even with the 'word,
This hand, which, 'for thy love, did 'kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far 'truer love;—
To 'both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy 'heart!

Glo. 'T is figured in my 'tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are 'false.

Glo. Then never man was 'true.

* Fabled serpents.

Anne. . . . Well, well, put-up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made ?

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in 'hope ?

Anne. 'All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.—

Look, how my ring encompasseth thy 'finger,
 Even so thy breast encloseth my poor 'heart ;
 Wear 'both of them, for both of them are 'thine !
 And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
 But beg 'one favour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever :—
 That it may please thee leave these 'sad designs
 To him that hath 'most cause to be a mourner,
 And presently repair to Crosby Place ;
 Where, after I have solemnly interred,
 At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
 I will, with all expedient* duty, see 'you : . . .
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this boon ?

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too,
 To see you are become so penitent.

Glo. Bid me farewell ?

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve ;

But, since you teach me how to 'flatter you,

Imagine I have 'said farewell already.

[Exit Lady A., etc.

Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley return to the funeral procession. Gloster hastily turns to the Officers who had before interposed :

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards 'Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glo. No !—to 'Whitefriars ; there attend 'my coming.

[All withdraw but Gloster.

Was ever woman in this humour 'woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour 'won ?

I 'll 'have her !—but I will not 'keep her long.

What ! I, that killed her husband, and his father,

To take 'her, in her heart's extremest hate ;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes.

The bleeding witness of my hatred 'by ;

With heaven, her conscience, and these bars 'against
 me ?

And I no friends to 'back my suit withal,

But the plain 'devil and dissembling looks,

* Expeditious.

And yet to 'win her,—all the world to nothing!
 And will she yet abase her eyes on 'me?
 On me, whose 'all not equals Edward's 'moiety!
 On me, that halt and am mis-shapen thus?
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,*
 I do 'mistake my person all this while:
 Upon my life 'she finds,—although 'I cannot,—
 Myself to be a marvellous-'proper man.
 I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
 And entertain a score or two of tailors
 To study fashions to 'adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will 'maintain it with some little cost.
 But first, I 'll turn yon fellow to his grave;
 And then, . . . return lamenting to my love.—
 Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,
 That I may 'see my 'shadow as I pass.

[Exit.

We precede the Duke of Gloster to the Palace, where we see Elizabeth the Queen Consort, accompanied by her brother, Lord Rivers, and her sons by her first husband,—Lords Dorset and Grey. Lord Rivers addresses his sister:

Riv. Have patience, madam: there 's no doubt his majesty†
 Will soon 'recover his accustomed health.

Q. Eliz. If he were 'dead, what would betide on 'me?

Grey. The heavens have blessed you with a goodly 'son,
 To be your comforter when 'he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young; and his minority
 Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster—
 A man that loves not 'me, nor 'none of you

Gloster, Hastings, and Dorset enter.

Glo. They do me 'wrong, and I will not endure 't!
 Who are they that complain unto the King,
 That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
 Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
 I must be held a 'rancorous 'enemy!
 Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
 But thus his simple truth must be 'abused
 By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?‡

Riv. To whom, in all this presence, speaks your grace?

* A small French coin equal to the twelfth part of a sou—a petty coin given to beggars.
 † King Edward IV. ‡ Knaves. In some games of cards the Knaves are still called Jacks.

- Glo.* To 'thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? Or thee? Or 'any of your faction?
- Q. Eliz.* Brother of Gloster, you 'mistake the matter.
The King, of his own royal disposition,
Hath sent for you; that thereby he may gather
The 'ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.
- Glo.* I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,
That 'wrens may* prey where 'eagles dare not 'perch:
Since every 'Jack became a 'gentleman,
There 's many a 'gentle person made a Jack.
- Q. Eliz.* Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster;
You envy 'my advancement and my 'friends':
Heaven grant we never may have need of 'you!
- Glo.* Meantime. Heaven grants that 'we have need of 'you:
Our brother is imprisoned by your means.
- Q. Eliz.* By Him that raised me to this careful height,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead 'for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury!
- Glo.* You may deny that you were 'not the cause
Of my Lord 'Hastings' late imprisonment?
- The Queen's brother interposes:
- Riv.* She may, my lord; for—
- Glo.* She may, Lord Rivers! why, who 'knows not that she
may?
She may do 'more, sir, than denying that:—
She may help 'you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on 'your 'high 'deserts.
What 'may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—
- Riv.* What, marry, may she?
- Glo.* What, marry, may she? marry with a King,
A bachelor, a 'handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a 'worser long.
- Q. Eliz.* My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven! I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country 'servant-maid
Than a great Queen, with this condition,—
To be thus taunted, scorned, and stormed at:

* O. R. make.

Small 'joy have I in being England's 'Queen.—

Queen Margaret, who has entered unperceived, mutters :

Q. Mar. And 'lessened be that small, Heaven, I beseech thee !

[She advances.

Thy honour, state, and seat are due to 'me.—

O gentle* villain, do not turn away !

Glo. Foul wrinkled 'witch, what mak'st thou in my sight ?

Wert thou not banished ?—aye, on pain of death ?

Q. Mar. I was ; but find more 'pain in 'banishment,

Than 'death can yield me here by my 'abode.

A husband and a son 'thou ow'st to me ;—

And 'thou a kingdom ;—'all of you allegiance !

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with 'paper,

His curses,—then from bitterness of soul

Denounced against thee,—are 'all fallen upon thee !

Q. Mar. 'Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?

Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to 'my quick curses ! . . .

If not by 'war, by 'surfeit† die your King !

[^{To Queen} Elizabeth.] Edward 'thy son, who now is Prince of Wales,

For Edward 'my son, who 'was Prince of Wales,

Die in his youth, by like untimely violence !

Thyself a Queen, for me that 'was a Queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !

And see 'another, as I see 'thee now,

Decked in 'thy rights, as thou art stalled in 'mine !

Long die thy 'happy days 'before thy death ;

And, after many 'lengthened hours of grief,

Die,—'neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !—

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag !

Q. Mar. And leave-out 'thee ? Stay, dog, for thou 'shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,

'Exceeding those that I can 'wish upon thee,

O, let them keep it till thy sins be 'ripe !

No sleep close-up that deadly eye of thine !

Thou 'rag of honour ! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret !

Q. Mar. O, let me make the 'period to my curse !

Glo. 'T is done by 'me, and ends in—" Margaret !"

Queen Elizabeth interrupts :

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against 'yourself.

[To Q. Mar.

* High-born, royal.

† Gluttony, luxurious excess.

Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of 'my fortune !
The time will come when thou shalt wish for 'me
To 'help thee curse that poisonous bunch-backed toad.

Hastings and Buckingham advance :

Hast. False-boding woman, 'end thy frantic curse.

Buck. Peace, peace! for 'shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to 'me :

'My charity is 'outrage, 'life my shame !

O princely Buckingham, I 'll kiss thy hand,

In sign of league and amity with 'thee :

'Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

O Buckingham, take 'heed of yonder 'dog !

Look, when he fawns, he 'bites ; and 'when he bites,

His venom-tooth will rankle to the death !

Have naught to do with him, beware of him !

Gloster sneeringly asks :

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I 'respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel ?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split 'thy very heart with sorrow ;

And say—poor Margaret was a prophetess !

[Exit.

As Queen Margaret withdraws, Catesby enters and addresses Queen Elizabeth :

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—

And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go with me ?

Riv. We wait upon your grace.

[Ex. Queen, etc.

All follow the Queen but Gloster :

Glo. I 'do the wrong, and first begin to 'brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,

I lay unto the grievous charge of 'others.

Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,

I do bewep to 'many simple gulls ;

Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham ;

And say,—it is the Queen and her allies

That stir the King against the Duke my brother.

But then I sigh ; and, with a piece of Scripture,

With old odd ends stolen forth of Holy Writ,

I seem a 'saint, when most I play the 'devil !

[Exit.

In the meantime Gloster, to clear away all obstructions to the throne, resolves on the immediate death of his elder brother, the Duke of Clarence—who is now a prisoner in the Tower.

The Lieutenant, Sir Robert Brakenbury, has just entered the prison-chamber :

Brak. Why looks your grace so 'heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night !

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,*

That, as I am a Christian-faithful man,

I would not spend 'another such a night,

Though 't were to buy a 'world of happy days,—

So full of dismal terror was the time !

Brak. 'What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had 'broken from the Tower,

And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;

And, in my company, my brother Gloster,

Who, from my cabin, tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches : thence we looked toward England,

And cited up a thousand fearful times,—

During the wars of York and Lancaster,—

That had befallen us. As we paced along

Upon the giddy 'footing of the hatches,

Methought, that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,

Struck 'me, (that sought to stay him,) overboard,

Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O heaven ! methought, what pain it was to drown !

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !

Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;

A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued † jewels,—

All scattered in the bottom of the sea :

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes

Where 'eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,—

As 't were in 'scorn of eyes,—reflecting 'gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure, in the time of death,

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I 'had ; and often did I strive

To 'yield the ghost : but still the envious flood

Kept ‡ in my soul, and would not let it forth,

To find the empty vast, and wandering air ;

But 'smothered it within my panting bulk,

Which almost 'burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. 'Awaked you not in this sore agony ?

* O. B. So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights. † Beyond value. ‡ O. B. Stopp'd.

Clar. O, no! my dream was lengthened 'after life;
 O! then began the tempest to my 'soul!
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,*
 With that grim† ferryman‡ whom poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual Night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renownéd Warwick;
 Who cried aloud, "What scourge, for 'perjury,
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
 And so . . . he vanished: Then came wandering by
 A Shadow, like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he 'shrieked out aloud,
 "Clarence is come,—false, fleeting,§ perjured Clar-
 ence—

That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;—
 Seize on him, Furies! take him to 'your torments!"
 With that methought, a 'legion of foul Fiends
 Environed me, and howled into mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling waked; and, (for a season after,)
 Could not believe but that I 'was in hell,—
 Such 'terrible impression made my 'dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted 'you;
 'I am afraid, methinks, to hear you 'tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have 'done those things
 (Which now bear evidence against my soul,)
 For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!—
 O heaven! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 Yet execute thy wrath on 'me alone;
 O, spare my guiltless 'wife, and my poor 'children!—
 Keeper, I pr'ythee, sit by me awhile;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; Heaven give your grace good rest!—

[Clarence sleeps.]

Sorrow breaks seasons; and 'reposing hours
 Make the night morning, and the noon-tide night. [Exit.]

Poor Clarence's dream was ominous of his doom. Brakenbury was commanded, by royal warrant, to deliver the custody of the Duke to hired assassins: this fraternal obstacle was, therefore, soon removed; dramatically, by the sword—historically, by drowning in a butt of Malmsey—in 1477.

The Scene changes to a Room of the Palace in London.
 King Edward is led in sick; Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers,
 Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others are in the presence.

* *The Styx*, a river of hell. † O. R. sour. ‡ Charon, the ferryman of hell.
 § *Wavering, changing sides.*

K. Edw. Why, so! Now have I done a good day's work:—
 You peers, 'continue this united league:
 And then in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
 Since I have made my 'friends at peace on 'earth.
 Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
 Dissemble not your hatred,—swear your 'love.

Riv. By heaven! my heart is purged from grudging 'hate;
 And, 'with my hand, I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the 'like!

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal 'thou this league
 With thy embracements to my 'wife's allies,
 And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. May I meet 'hate where I expect most 'love,
 When I am cold in zeal to 'you or 'yours.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
 Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
 There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
 To make the blesséd 'period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here 'comes the noble Duke.

Gloster enters.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign King, and Queen;
 And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have 'spent the day.
 Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
 Made 'peace of 'enmity, fair 'love of 'hate,
 Between these swelling wrong-incenséd peers.

Glo. A 'blesséd labour, my most sovereign liege.—
 Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
 (By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,)
 Hold 'me a 'foe; if I, unwittingly,
 Have aught committed that is hardly* borne
 By any in this presence,—I desire
 To 'reconcile me to his friendly peace:
 'Tis 'death to me to be at 'enmity;
 I 'hate it, and desire all good men's 'love.—
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of 'you;
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
 If ever 'any grudge were lodged between us;—
 Of you, Lord Rivers,—you, Lord Grey;—indeed, of
 'all.

I do not know that Englishman alive
 With whom 'my soul is any 'jot at odds
 More than the infant that is born to-night:—
 I thank my God for my humility.

* Injuriously.

Q. Eliz. A 'holy day shall this be kept hereafter :—
I would to heaven 'all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. . . . Why, madam, have I offered love for 'this,—
To be so 'flouted in this royal presence ?
Who knows not that the noble Duke is 'dead ? [They all
start.
You do him injury to scorn his corpse.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead ? The order was 'reversed.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your 'first order died ;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him 'buried.

The King almost swoons :

K. Edw. Ah ! for my 'brother not a man would speak,—
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto 'myself
For him, poor soul ! Come, help me to my closet.
Alas, poor Clarence !

[Exit King, Queen, etc.]

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness !—Marked you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Looked pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death ?
O, 'they did urge it 'still unto the King !
Heaven will 'revenge it.—But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

[Exit.]

The Scene changes to another Apartment in the Palace. The intelligence of Clarence's death is fatal to the sickly King—whose son becomes inheritor to the throne. The widowed Queen Elizabeth, attended by Lords Rivers and Dorset, hastens to inform the old Duchess of York :

Q. Eliz. O, 'who shall hinder me to wail and weep ?
Edward,—my lord, your son, our King,—is dead !
Was never widow had so dear a loss !

Duch. Was never 'mother had so dear a loss !
Pour all your tears ; 'I am your sorrow's 'nurse,
And I will 'pamper it with lamentations.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your 'son : send straight for him ;
Let him be 'crowned ; in him your comfort 'lives :
Drown desperate sorrow in 'dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in 'living Edward's throne.

Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliff, and others enter. Gloster speaks :

Glo. Sister, have comfort : 'all of us have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can 'cure their harms by 'wailing them.—

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy !

I did not 'see your grace :—I crave your blessing.

Duch. Heaven bless thee ; and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glo. Amen ! [Aside.] And make me die a 'good old man !—

That is the butt-end of a 'mother's blessing :

I marvel that her 'grace did leave it out.

Buckingham advances.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of 'moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's 'love :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetched
Hither to London, to be 'crowned our King.

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall 'post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you, my mother,—will 'you go
To give your censures* in this business ? [Ex. Queen, etc.]

The grief of the royal ladies keeps them silent. All retire, except Buckingham and Gloster :

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
For heaven's sake, let not 'us two stay at home ;
For, by the way, I 'll sort† occasion,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet !—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll 'not stay behind. [Exeunt.]

Edward the Fourth—whose unexpected death took place in 1483—left two sons, Edward Prince of Wales, now in his twelfth year, (who now becomes King under the title of Edward the Fifth ;) and the little prattler, Richard Duke of York, in his ninth year. The Duke of Gloster has been appointed, by the late King, Lord Protector or Regent. One of his first acts is, to remove the young King from Ludlow to London ; taking care to have his most active friends—Lord Rivers, his maternal uncle, Sir Richard Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan—arrested on the way.

Before us is a Street in London : all is excitement : trumpets are sounding, banners waving : the royal procession approaches ; it comprises the young King, the Dukes of Gloster and Buckingham, Catesby, and others. Buckingham and Gloster are in advance :

* Judgments, opinions.

† Arrange.

Buck. Welcome, sweet Prince, to London.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin!

The weary way hath made you melancholy?

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses* 'on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want 'more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, those uncles were too dangerous:
Your grace attended to their sugared 'words,
But looked not on the poison of their 'hearts:
Heaven keep you 'from them, and from 'such false
friends!

Prince. Heaven keep me from false 'friends! but 'they were
'none.

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal 'self.

If 'I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the 'Tower.

Prince. I do not 'like the Tower, of any place.
'Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, 'begin that place;
It is recorded so, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were 'not registered,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age.

Glo. [Aside.] So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;

With what his valour did enrich his 'wit,
His wit set-down† to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of 'this conqueror;
For 'now he lives—in fame, though not in life.

Glo. [Aside.] Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Buck. Now, in good time, here 'comes the Duke of York.

The boyish Duke of York enters, attended by Lord Hastings:

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my 'dread lord; so 'must I call you 'now.

Prince. Ay, brother,—to 'our grief, as it is 'yours.

Gloster advances:

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said,—that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown 'me far,
And therefore is 'he idle?

* Misfortunes. † Cæsar is said to have invented a system of stenography.

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I 'must not say so.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I 'know will give.

Glo. A 'greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.

York. A 'greater gift! O, that 's the 'sword to it.

Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would,—that I might thank you as you 'call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

The young King interrupts:

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:

I hope your grace knows how to 'bear with him.

York. You mean, to 'bear me, not to bear 'with me:

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should . . . bear me on your 'shoulders.

Gloster, deeply feeling these gibes, turns to the young King:

Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along!

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To 'meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What! will you go unto the 'Tower, my lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in 'quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:

My grandam told me he was 'murdered there.

Prince. I fear no uncles 'dead.

Glo. Nor none that 'live, I hope.

Prince. An if they 'live, I hope I need not fear:

But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,

Thinking on 'them, go I unto the Tower.

[Exeunt Prince
and train.]

Buckingham says:

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not 'incited,* by his subtle mother,

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 't is a parlous† boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:‡

He 's all the 'mother's from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—

* O. R. incenséd.

† Perilous, dangerous.

‡ Intelligent.

Gloster moodily retires. Buckingham continues :

Come hither, Catesby.

What think'st thou? Is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of 'our mind?

Cate. He, for his father's sake, so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught 'against him.

Buck. What think'st thou, then, of 'Stanley? will not 'he?

Cate. He will do, all in all, as Hastings doth.

Buck. Go, gentle Catesby, and 'sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to 'our purpose :
If thou dost find him tractable to 'us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reason ;
And give us 'notice of his inclination.

Gloster advances :

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us 'both. [Exit
Catesby.]

Buck. Now my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will 'not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man!—somewhat we 'will do :—
And, look, when 'I am King, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables
Whereof the King my brother stood possessed.

Buck. I 'll 'claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it 'yielded, with all kindness. [Exeunt.]

In the morning, another "obstacle" is to be speedily removed. A Council is held in an Apartment of the Tower. Lord Hastings is the earliest to take his seat : there are grouped around him Buckingham, Stanley, the Bishop of Ely, Hastings, Ratcliff, Lovel, and others. Hastings speaks :

Hast. 'Now, noble Peers : The cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the 'coronation.

The wily partisan Buckingham asks :

Buck. Who knows the Lord 'Protector's mind herein?
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I have not sounded him, nor he delivered
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But 'you, my noble lords, may name the time ;
And, in the Duke's 'behalf, I 'll give 'my voice.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke 'himself.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

Buckingham says :

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your 'voice,—for 'crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be 'bolder;
His lordship 'knows me well, and 'loves me well.—
Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

The Lord Protector and Buckingham leave the chamber : Hastings says :

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day ;
I think there 's ne'er a man in Christendom
That can less 'hide his love, or hate, than he ;
For, by his 'face, straight shall you know his 'heart.
Gloster and Buckingham return. The Protector speaks :

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what 'they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of cursèd witchcraft, and that have 'prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hastings replies :

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes 'me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be :—
I say, my lord, they have deserved their 'death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the 'witness of their ill :
See 'how I am bewitched ; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, withered up :
And this is Edward's 'wife, that 'monstrous witch,—
Consorted with that wicked Shore,—'t is 'they
That by their witchcraft have thus injured* me.

Hast. 'If they have done this deed, my gracious lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of these loathsome hags,
Tellest thou me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor :
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul, I swear
I will not dine until I 'see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, 'look that it be done :
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[Exeunt all but Hastings,
Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Hastings exclaims :

Hast. Woe, woe for 'England! not a whit for 'me.
O Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse
Is 'lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Despatch, my lord ; the Duke would be at dinner.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,

* O. R. marked.

Which we more hunt-for than the grace of God !
 'Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast—
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch ; 't is bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard !—miserable England !

I prophesy the fearful'st time to 'thee,
 That ever wretched age hath looked upon.

Come, lead me to the block ; bear him my head : . . .

'They smile,—at 'me who shortly shall be dead !* [Exit.

After the execution of Hastings, there was no concealment that Gloster aimed at the crown. It was publicly urged, by his creature the Duke of Buckingham, that Edward the Fourth had been previously married ; and therefore that the young King, and his brother the Duke of York, were illegitimate. The wily Duke of Buckingham is easily induced to become Gloster's agent in sounding the Citizens of London.

The Scene is now in the court of Baynard's Castle, where Gloster awaits the arrival of his smooth-tongued advocate :

Glo. How now, how now ? what say the citizens ?

Touched you my right as claimant for the crown ?

Buck. I did ; laid open all your victories :

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
 Indeed, left nothing 'fitting for the purpose
 Untouched or slightly handled, in discourse :
 And when mine oratory grew toward an end,
 I bade those that did love their country's good
 Cry " God save Richard, England's royal king ! "

Glo. And did they so ?

Buck. No, so Heaven help me ! they spake not a 'word :

But, like dumb statues or †unbreathing stones,
 Stared each on other, and looked deadly pale :
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them ;
 And asked the Mayor,—What meant this wilful silence ?
 His answer was ;—The people were not wont
 To be spoke-to, unless by the 'Récorder. ‡
 Then 'he was urged to tell my tale again,
 " Thus saith the 'Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred ; "
 But nothing spake in warrant from 'himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps,

* Lord Hastings was executed on June 13, 1483. † O. R. statues or breathing stones.

‡ A judicial officer.

And some 'ten voices cried, "God save King Richard!"
 And thus I took the 'vantage of those few,
 "Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I;
 "This 'general applause and cheering shout
 Argue your wisdom and your love to Richard:"
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand: pretend* some fear;
 Be not you spoke-with, but by mighty suit:
 And look you get a Prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand betwixt two Churchmen, good my lord,
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
 And be not 'easily won to our request.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for 'them
 As I can say nay to thee for 'myself,
 No doubt we'll bring it to a 'happy issue.

[Exit Gloucester.]

The Lord Mayor and Citizens enter. Strong arguments—known best by those conversant with the changes in political and municipal life—must have been presented to the Lord Mayor; for we now find him, notwithstanding his lately declared unwillingness, waiting on the candidate King, to solicit him, in the name of the city authorities, to accept the crown. The crafty Lord Protector at first declines; Buckingham then advances to join in the solicitation;

Buck. Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
 I think the Duke will 'not be spoke withal.

Catesby enters from the Castle.

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,
 What says your lord to my request?

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
 To visit him 'to-morrow, or next day:
 He is 'within, with two right reverend Fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation;
 And in no 'worldly suit would he be moved
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke;
 Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
 Are come to have some conference with his grace. [Exit Catesby.]
 Ah, my lord Mayor, 'this prince is not an 'Edward!
 'He is not lolling on an idle bed,
 But meditating with two deep divines;
 Happy were England, would this gracious Prince
 Take on himself the sovereignty thereof.

* O. R. intend.

Gloster appears on a gallery above, between two Bishops. The Lord Mayor says :

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince.

The wily Gloster descends :

Glo. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my 'church,
Neglect the visitation of my 'friends.—
I do suspect I have done some 'offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes ?

Buck. You have, my lord : 'Would it might please your
grace,

At our entreaties, to 'amend that fault !

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a 'Christian land ?

Buck. Know then, it 'is your fault that you resign
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
To the corruption of a 'blemished stock :
Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge,
And 'kingly government, of this your land—
Your right of birth, your empery,* your own.

The obsequious Lord Mayor adds :

May. Do, good my lord ; your Citizens 'entreat you.

The servile Catesby says :

Cate. O, 'make them joyful ; 'grant their lawful suit !

Glo. Alas ! why would you 'heap these cares on 'me ?

I am 'unfit for state and majesty :—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I 'cannot, nor I 'will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son,
As well we know your tenderness of heart ;
Yet, whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall 'never reign our King ;
But we will plant some 'other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your House :
And, in this resolution, here we leave you.—
Come, Citizens : Zounds, I 'll entreat no more !

Glo. O, do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham. [^{Ex B ck.,}
May., etc.]

Buckingham, the Lord Mayor, and Citizens withdraw. The crafty Catesby knows his cue :

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, 'accept their suit.

If you 'deny them, all the 'land will rue it.

* Empire, royal possession.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
 Call them again. [*Catesby*
goes out.] I am not made of stone,*
 But 'penetrable to your kind entreaties,
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham and Catesby, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen,
 &c.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men;—
 Since you 'will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
 I must have patience to 'endure the load:
 But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
 Attend the 'sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere 'enforcement shall acquittance 'me:
 For Heaven doth know, and you may partly see,
 How far 'I am from the desire of this.

May. Heaven bless your grace! we see it, and will 'say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the 'truth.

Buckingham eagerly interposes:

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title:

Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

May. and Cit. Amen, amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be 'crowned?

Glo. Even when you please, since you 'will have it so.

Buck. 'To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy task again.—

Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Glo.† Why, now, my golden dream is 'out!

Ambition, like an early friend, throws back

My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoyed

To tell me what I 'dreamt is 'true! A crown!

Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds,

O, how thy awful glory 'fills my soul!

Nor can the 'means that got thee dim thy lustre;

For, not men's 'love, 'fear pays thee adoration,

And fame not more survives from good than 'evil deeds.

The aspiring youth that 'fired the Ephesian dome

Outlives in fame the pious fool that 'raised it.

Conscience, lie still! 'more lives must yet be drained:

Crowns 'got with blood, must be with blood 'main-
 tained.

[*Exit.*]

* *O. R. stones.* † The following speech is introduced from Colley Cibber's version.

Richard Duke of Gloucester was thus placed on the throne, on the 25th of June, 1483, under the title of Richard the Third. His wife, the Lady Anne, was at the same time crowned Queen.

We have now before us the new King, seated on the throne. Buckingham, whose assistance had been mainly instrumental in placing him there; Catesby, a most subservient courtier, and many others, are in the presence; but all—save one—are hastily dismissed.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard 'seated:
But shall we wear these glories for a 'day?
Or shall they 'last, and we 'rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for 'ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah! Buckingham! now do I play the touch,*
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—

Young Edward 'lives:—Think now what I would
speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be 'King.

Buck. Why, so you 'are, my thrice renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! 'am I King? 't is so:—But 'Edward 'lives. . .

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be 'plain?—I wish the bastards 'dead;
And I would have it 'suddenly performed.

What say'st thou 'now? 'speak suddenly; be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all 'ice; thy kindness 'freezes:
Say, have I thy 'consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I 'positively speak herein:

I will resolve your grace 'immediately.

[Exit.]

K. Rich. . . . I will converse with 'iron-witted fools
And unrespective† boys: none are for 'me
That look into me with 'considerate eyes:
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
No more shall 'he be neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he 'now for breath?—Well, be it so.

[Stanley
enters.]

How now, Lord Stanley, what 's the news?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset 's fled
To Richmond.

* Touchstone.

† Inconsiderate.

K. Rich. . . . Come hither, Catesby! Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close. [Exit Catesby.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—

Tyrrel enters.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, 'indeed?

Tyr. 'Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to 'kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Ay, my lord; but I had rather kill two 'enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it! two 'deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:—
Tyrrel, . . . I mean those Princes in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll 'rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music! Hark, come hither,
Tyrrel:

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear: [Whispers
There is no more but so:—say it is 'done,
And I will 'love thee, and 'prefer* thee for it.

Tyr. 'T is 'done, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. . . . Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [Exit.

Buckingham returns:

Buck. My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that pass. 'Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear that news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your 'wife's son:—well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith are pawned;—
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Which you have promised that I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, 'look to your wife! if 'she convey
Letters to Richmond, 'you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. . . . As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be 'king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king?—perhaps,—

* Advance.

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, . . . What 's o'clock ?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, 'let it strike.

Buck. 'Why let it strike ?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,* thou keep'st the
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation :

I am not in the 'giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then, resolve me whether you 'will or no.

K. Rich. Thou 'troublest me ; I am not in the 'vein !

Richard angrily leaves the chamber. Buckingham stands in
amazement.

Buck. Is it even so ? rewards he my true service

With such contempt ? made I him king for 'this !

O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearful head is 'on !

[Exit.

Young King Edward, and his brother the Duke of York, are in the
meantime murdered in the Tower by Tyrrel and his associates :
then Tyrrel hastens to the Palace to meet King Richard.

Tyr. All health, my sovereign liege !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, 'am I happy in thy news ? . . .

Tyr. If to have 'done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, 'be happy then,—

For it is done !

K. Rich. But didst thou 'see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And 'buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;

But 'where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after-supper,

When thou shalt tell the 'process of their death.

Meantime, but think 'how I may do thee good,

And be 'inheritor of thy desire. Farewell till then.

[Exit Tyrrel.

The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;

His daughter have I meanly matched in marriage ;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abram's bosom,

And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.

Now, (for I know the Breton Richmond aims

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

* Jack o' the clock, an automaton figure that struck the hours.

And, 'by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,)
To 'her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Catesby enters hastily.

How now, Catesby?

Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. 'Bad news, my lord: 'Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learned that fearful 'cómmenting
Is leaden servitor* to dull 'delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced 'beggary:
Then fiery 'Expedition be 'my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Come, muster men: 'my counsel is my 'shield;
We must be brief when 'traitors brave the field. [Exeunt.

These repeated mentions of the Earl of Richmond inform us that a new claimant for the crown has appeared. This young Earl—Henry the Seventh of subsequent history—was descended, on the mother's side, from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; and, on the father's, he was grandson of Sir Owen Tudor, and of Katharine of France, widow of Henry the Fifth. To combine these Lancastrian claims with those of the House of York, it had been proposed that he should marry Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth. With this same princess, King Richard—on the death of his wife, the easily deceived lady Anne, who very conveniently left him a widower—also seeks an alliance, although she is his niece.

While Richard is making hasty levies, the Queen Dowager, the mother of the murdered Princes; and the Duchess of York, the mother of King Richard, alarmed at the death of so many of their kindred, await his coming, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. Queen Elizabeth exclaims:

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my unblown flowers!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Duch. So many miseries have crazed 'my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Why should calamity be full of 'words?

Q. Eliz. Let them have 'scope: though what they do im-
part
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the 'heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me;—
I hear his drum:—be 'copious in exclams.

* Dull or stupid attendant.

King Richard enters, at the head of his train, with drums and trumpets.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

His mother advances to reply :

Duch. O, she that 'might have intercepted thee,
From 'all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done !

Queen Elizabeth adds :

Q. Eliz. Hide'st thou that forehead with a golden crown ?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children ?

Duch. Thou toad ! thou toad ! where is thy brother Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers ? Vaughan ? Grey ?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings ?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets ! strike alarum, drums !

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the 'Lord's 'anointed : strike, I say !

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or, with the clamorous report of war,

Thus will I 'drown your exclamations.

[Flourish.
Alarums.

Duch. Art thou 'my 'son ?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank Heaven, my father, and yourself.

Madam, I have a 'touch of 'your condition,*

Which cannot brook the accent of 'reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak ! I will be 'mild and 'gentle.

K. Rich. And 'brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou 'so hasty ? 'I have stayed for 'thee,

Heaven knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to 'comfort you ?

Duch. No, by the holy rood,† thou know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my 'hell !

A grievous burthen was thy 'birth to me ;

Tetchy and wayward was thy 'infancy ;

Thy 'school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;

Thy prime of 'manhood daring, bold, and venturous ;

Thy 'age confirmed, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous :

What 'comfortable 'hour canst thou now name,

That ever graced me in 'thy company ?

K. Rich. If I be so 'dis-gracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and 'not offend you, madam.

Strike up the drum !

Duch. I pr'ythee, 'hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

*A small portion of your disposition.

† The Cross—an image of the crucifixion.

Duch. Hear me a 'word :

For I shall never speak to thee 'again.

K. Rich. So !

Duch. Either thou 'lt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;
Or 'I, with grief and extreme age shall perish :
Therefore take with thee my most heavy 'curse !
'My prayers on the 'adverse party fight ;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the Spirits of thine enemies,
And promise 'them success and victory !
Bloody thou 'art ! bloody will be thy 'end !
Shame serves* thy 'life, and doth thy 'death attend.

[Exit.

Queen Elizabeth speaks :

Q. Eliz. Though far more 'cause, yet much less 'spirit to
curse

Abides in me ; I say Amen to all.

[Gong.

K. Rich. Stay, madam ; I must speak a word with 'you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons for thee to murder.

K. Rich. You have a daughter called Elizabeth—

Q. Eliz. And must 'she die for this ? O, let her live !

K. Rich. You speak as if that 'I had slain my cousins.

All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,

As I intend more 'good to you and yours

Than ever you or yours were by me 'wronged !

Q. Eliz. What good is covered with the face of heaven,
To be 'dis-covered, that 'can do 'me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads ?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,—

The high 'imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. 'Flatter my sorrows with report of it :

Tell me, What state, what dignity, what honour,

Canst 'thou demise † to any child of 'mine ?

K. Rich. Even all I 'have ; yea, and 'myself and all ;

So, in the Lethe ‡ of thy angry soul,

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs

Which, thou 'supposest, 'I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief ; lest that the 'process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' 'date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. How canst 'thou woo her ?

*Accompanies, † Grant or devolve as a right. ‡ The river of Forgetfulness (in hell.)

K. Rich. That would I learn of 'you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engraven
"Edward, and York;" then haply will she 'weep:
Therefore present to her a handkerchief
Stained purple with her brothers' blood,
And bid her 'dry her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a 'story of thy noble deeds;
Tell her—thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Made'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You 'mock me, madam! this is 'not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There 's no other way;
Unless thou couldst put-on some other 'shape.

K. Rich. Look, what is 'done cannot be now 'amended:
If I did take the kingdom from your 'sons,
To make amends, I 'll give it to your 'daughter.
I cannot make you what amends I 'would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I 'can:
And when this arm of mine shall have chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's throne.
In her, consists 'my happiness and thine;
Therefore, dear mother,—I 'must call you so—
Be the 'attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I 'will be, not what I 'have been;
Not my deserts, but what I 'will deserve:
Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell. [Exit Queen Elizabeth.]
... Relenting fool! and shallow, changing woman!

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following.

How now, Ratcliff! What news?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rides a puissant navy. To the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends;
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull,* expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them 'ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Nor-
folk:—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

*Float about.

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Fly, Catesby, to the Duke, and bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury. [Exit Catesby.]

Stanley enters.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None 'good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but it may 'well be told.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle? neither good nor bad?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on 'him!
White-livered runagate,* what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by 'guess.

K. Rich. Well, 'as you guess?

Stan. Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the 'crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair 'empty? is the sword unswayed?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossessed?

What heir of York is there alive but 'we?
And who is England's King but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes 'he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. You 'cannot 'guess wherefore the Welshman comes?
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him 'back?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not 'now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, 'my friends are in the 'North.

K. Rich. Cold friends to 'Richard! What do they in the
'North,

When they should serve their sovereign in the 'West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, sire, to move:

Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster-up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, 'thou wouldst be gone to 'join with Rich-
mond?

I will not 'trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no 'cause to hold my friendship 'doubtful:
I never 'was, nor never 'will be, false.

* Cowardly renegade.

K. Rich. . . . Go, muster men. But, hear you;—leave behind

Your 'son, George Stanley: look your 'heart be firm,
Or else his 'head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with 'him, as I prove true to 'you. [Exit

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death?

Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is,—that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered;
And he himself wandered away alone,—
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry thee mercy!

Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed
'Reward to him that brings the traitor 'in?

Mess. Such proclamation 'hath been made, my liege.

Re-enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is 'taken!—

K. Rich. Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!*

Cate. That is the 'best news: but the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford.

K. Rich. Away towards 'Salisbury! While we 'reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To 'Salisbury; the rest march on with 'me. [Flourish.
Exeunt.

The shifting Scene now presents to view an open plain near Salisbury. Buckingham, in the custody of the Sheriff and Officers, is led to execution;

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my 'body's 'doomsday.

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wished might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his 'wife's allies:
This is the day wherein I 'wished to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this All-Souls' day to 'my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:—
That high All-Seer whom I dallied with,

* This line is from Cibber's version.

Hath turned my feignéd prayer on my head,
 And given in 'earnest what I begged in 'jest.
 Thus doth He force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their 'own points on their masters' bosoms.
 Now Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
 "When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sor-
 row,
 Remember, Margaret was a prophetess."—
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
 Wrong hath 'but wrong, and blame the 'due of blame.

[Exit.

Men's minds are now turned to the new claimant for the crown—Henry Earl of Richmond, the only surviving Prince of the Lancastrian line. The Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of King Edward IV, had a nearer claim to the throne in the order of succession: and, to strengthen the interests of both, a marriage was proposed.—The vigilant King Richard had himself determined to wed his niece: and, to frustrate this intention, the Earl of Richmond has, with a large armament, invaded England.

The Scene is now near Tamworth in Leicestershire. The young Earl,—attended by Oxford, Blunt, and a few others,—thus addresses his forces:

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny;
 Thus far, into the bowels of the land,
 Have we marched on without impediment;
 And here receive we, from our father Stanley,
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,*
 That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,
 Is† now even in the 'centre of this isle,—
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
 From Tamworth thither, is but 'one day's march.
 In Heaven's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual 'peace,
 By this 'one bloody trial of sharp 'war.

Herb. I doubt not but 'his friends will turn to 'us.

Blunt. He hath 'no friends but what are friends for 'fear.

Richm. All for 'our vantage. Then, in Heaven's name,
 march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
 Kings it makes 'gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[Exit.

* King Richard's armorial ensign was a boar.

† O. B. Res.

A very short interval brings us to the field of Redmore, within three miles of the town of Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire. The hostile encampments face each other. On one side, we see King Richard, attended by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, and others:

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—

Up with 'my tent! Here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow? Well, all 's one for that.
Who hath descried the 'number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their 'utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia 'treble that account:
Besides, the 'King's 'name is a tower of strength,
Which they, upon the adverse party, want.—
Let us survey the vantage of the 'ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:—
Let 's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[Exeunt.

Enter, on the other side of Bosworth Field, the Earl of Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Richmond speaks:

Richm. The weary sun hath made a 'golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day 'to-morrow.—
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.—
Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
His regiment lies, half a mile at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us 'consult upon to-morrow's business:

In to my tent; the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw
into the tent.

Re-enter, from his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?

Cate. It 's supper-time, my lord.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; all things in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, 'hie thee to thy charge;

* Judgment: ability to command.

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
 Stir with the 'lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.— [Exit
 Catesby! send out a pursuivant-at-arms
 To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
 'Before sun-rising,—lest his son George fall
 Into the blind cave of eternal night.— [Exit
 Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow. . . .
 Catesby.
 I have not that alacrity of spirit,
 Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
 Bid my guard watch; leave me, Ratcliff:
 About the mid of night, come to my tent
 And help to arm me.—Leave me 'now, I say. [Ex. Rat. and
 Att.]

We are again at Richmond's tent. Stanley addresses Richmond—
 Lords, and others attending.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
 Be thine. How fares our loving 'mother?

Stan. I, by attorney,* 'bless thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for 'Richard's good.
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
 With best advantage I'll 'deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
 Once more, adieu! Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to sleep awhile,†
 Lest leaden slumber peise‡ me down 'to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory!
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
 Make us Thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise Thee in the victory!
 To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
 Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [Sleeps.]

The Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry VI, rises between
 the two Tents.

Ghost of P. E. [To Richard.] Let me sit heavy on 'thy soul to-
 morrow!

Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
 At Tewksbury:—despair, therefore, and die!—

[To Richmond.] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged
 souls

* Special appointment, deputation. † O. R. to take a nap. ‡ Weigh down.

Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf :
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts 'thee.

The Ghost of Henry VI rises.

Ghost of K. H. [To Richard.] Think on the Tower, and me :—
despair and die !

Harry the Sixth bids 'thee despair and die !—

[To Richmond.] Virtuous and holy, be 'thou conqueror !
Harry, that prophesied thou 'shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep : live 'thou, and flourish !

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost of C. [To Richard.] Let 'me sit heavy on thy soul to-mor-
row !

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death !
To-morrow, in the battle, think on 'me :—Despair and
die !—

[To Richmond.] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for 'thee :
Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. [To Richard.] Dream on thy cousins smothered in the
Tower :

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !—

[To Richmond.] Sleep, Richmond ; sleep in peace, and wake
in joy !

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish !

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.

Ghost of Q. A. [To Richard.] Richard, thy wife,—that wretched
Anne thy wife,—

Now bids thee in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword :—Despair, and die !—

[To Richmond.] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a 'quiet sleep ;
Dream of success and happy victory !

The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse !—Bind up my wounds !—
Have mercy, Heaven !—Soft ! I did but 'dream.—
O coward 'conscience, how dost thou afflict me !—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by:
 Richard 'loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes, 'I am:
 Then 'fly. What, from 'myself? Great reason why,—
 Lest I revenge myself 'upon myself. . . .
 My conscience hath a 'thousand several tongues,
 And 'every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every 'tale condemns me for a 'villain.
 I shall despair! There is no creature 'loves me;
 And if I die, no soul shall 'pity me:
 Nay, wherefore 'should they, since that I myself
 Find 'in myself no pity to myself?—Who is there?

Ratcliff re-enters.

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord. The early village-cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle-on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream!
 Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of 'shadows.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear! I fear!—shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the 'substance of ten-'thousand soldiers,
 Armed all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond. . . .
 It is not yet near day. . . . Come, go with me;
 Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper,
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exit.

Richmond awakes, as Oxford and other Officers enter his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond! Have you slept, my
 lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams!
 Methought 'their souls, whose bodies Richard mur-
 dered,
 Came to my tent, and cried, "On! victory!"—
 How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 't is time to arm and give direction.—
 More than I 'have said, loving countrymen,
 The leisure and enforcement of the time
 Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—
 God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
 Then, in the name of Heaven and all our rights,

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords!
 For me, the 'ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be—this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
 But, if I 'thrive, the 'gain of my attempt
 The 'least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound drums and trumpets boldly, cheerfully;
 Heaven, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!

[Exeunt.

The night having passed, and its visions being dispelled, we return to King Richard; who is visiting the tents, and anxious for the battle: he inquires:

K. Rich. Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he 'disdains to shine; for, by the book,*
 He should have braved the east an hour ago:
 A 'black day will it be to somebody.—
 Not shine 'to-day! Why, what is that to 'me
 More than to 'Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
 That frowns on 'me, looks sadly upon 'him.

Norfolk, with a paper in his hand, enters.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse.—
 Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
 'I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain;
 Our archers in the midst.—What think'st thou, Nor-
 folk?

Nor. A 'good direction, warlike sovereign.—

This paper found I on my tent this morning. [Giving

K. Rich. [a scroll.] [Reads.] "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
 For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."
 A thing devised by the enemy.—
 Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
 Let not our babbling 'dreams affright our souls:
 'Conscience is but a word that 'cowards use,
 Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
 Our strong 'arms be 'our conscience, 'swords our law.
 Remember 'whom you are to cope withal;—
 A throng† of vagabonds, rascals, runaways:
 A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
 Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
 Lash hence these overweening rags of France!
 If we 'be conquered, let 'men conquer us,

* Almanac, calendar.

† O. R. sort.

And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers
Have in their 'own land beaten. [^{Drum}_{afar off.}] Hark! their
drum.—

Fight, 'gentlemen of England! Fight, bold 'yeomen!—
Draw, 'archers, draw your arrows to the head!—

Spur 'your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!

Amaze the welkin* with 'your broken staves! [^{Enter a}_{Messenger.}]

What says Lord Stanley? 'will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth 'deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:

'After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A 'thousand hearts are great within my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;

Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! 'Victory sits on 'our helms. [Exeunt

In another part of the field Catesby is heard:

Cate. Rescue! my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!

The King enacts 'more wonders than a man,

Daring an 'opposite† to every danger:

His horse is slain, and all on 'foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

King Richard rushes in:

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my 'kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I 'll 'help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the 'hazard of the die:

I think there be 'six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of 'him.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight. Richard is slain.‡ Retreat and flourish. Re-enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. Heaven, and your arms, be praised! The day is ours!

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo, here, this long-usurpéd royalty

Have I plucked off, to grace 'thy brows withal:

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Thou Amen to all! . . .

But tell me now, is young George Stanley living?

* Sky. † Venturing an opposition. ‡ Richard was slain on a field called Redmore (near Market-Bosworth in Leicestershire) August 21, 1485.

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

Richm. Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,

That in submission will return to us:

We will unite the White Rose and the Red:

Smile, heaven, smile upon this fair conjunction!—

England hath long been mad, and scarred 'herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughtered his own son,

The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire:

O, 'now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,*

(The true succeeders of 'each royal house,)

Enrich the time to come with 'prosperous days!—

Let 'them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would, with treason, wound this fair land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopped! 'Peace lives again:—

That she may 'long live here, Heaven say—Amen!

[Exit

END OF KING RICHARD III.

* This marriage, combining the claims of York and Lancaster, and commencing the Tudor dynasty, terminated the Great Civil War and three hundred and thirty years of Plantagenet sway.

KING HENRY VIII.

The play of Henry the Eighth, supposed to have been written either before the death of Queen Elizabeth (in 1603) or shortly after the accession of King James the First—although not published until 1623, was apparently very popular during the close of Shakespeare's career. A previous play on the same subject by Samuel Rowley, and bearing the quaint title of "When you see me, you know me," had been published in 1605; and about 1613, Shakespeare's play was first produced under the title of "All is True:" during its performance, the old Globe theatre was burnt down.^a In the following Spring, however, a new theatre was built, and reopened with this play, now re-named Henry the Eighth. Rowley's play was chiefly comedy; Shakespeare's is dignified and religious; "Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe." The panegyrics on the dead Queen and the living King (who hated each other) support the opinion that the play may have been performed at an earlier date, and revived in 1613, with costly decorations, and a new Prologue and Epilogue.—This composition closes the series of Shakespeare's English Historical Plays.

This play is so far unlike others of the series, that it owes nothing to any dramatic predecessor, but everything to the Poet's knowledge of the past: it introduces a great many passages (almost verbally repeated,) from the "Chronicles" of Holinshed—from Cavendish's "Life of Wolsey"—and from Fox's "Acts and Monuments of Christian Martyrs."

The fall of Wolsey was undoubtedly due to his opposition to the King's marriage with Anne Bullen,^b but Shakespeare ascribes the circumstance to the accidental enclosure of a letter, (on the subject of the divorce from Queen Katharine,) which, intended for the Pope, had been inadvertently placed in a packet to the King. This incident does not in fact belong to Wolsey; but to one of his contemporaries, Ruthal, Bishop of Durham, who, by a similar mistake, forwarded to Wolsey a schedule of all his private wealth.

The character of Queen Katharine is beautifully, yet royally depicted: and the reference to her young daughter—the "bloody" Mary of history—is simple and touching. The Queen is introduced as taking an active part in State affairs—thus paving the way, as it were, for the resentment of the Cardinal. Her trial is distinguished by her noble, womanly, wifely, and forcible objections to her English Court of Justice; and her downfall is dignified by a calm confidence of right, and by the unwavering support of a truly Christian spirit.

The character of her rival, Queen Anne Bullen,^b is also favourably depicted—a perfect pattern of that "excelling nature," in whose eyes (a later poet^c curiously says) "Gospel light first dawned."

It must be remembered that this play may have been written dur-

^aThe old "Globe" theatre—a circular, wooden building, thatched, was burnt to ground in July, 1613. ^b Now usually printed Boleyn. ^c Thomas Gray (1716-1771).

ing the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and it required much courage as well as great delicacy, on Shakespeare's part, to bring on the stage, however modified or relieved, the moral deformities of her "uxorious" father, and the easy impressibility of her beautiful mother. The dramatic portraiture of the King is not, however, strictly favourable; his harshness, tyranny, and impetuosity are suppressed; he is rather the "bluff King Hal," endowed with apparent good nature and general integrity; and to these characteristics—so different from the degrading qualities usually assigned to him—Shakespeare, in his first title to the play, ("All is True,") publicly expresses his belief in the historical fidelity of the incidents and characters.

The Dramatis Personæ retained in this Condensation are :

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.	GRIFFITH, <i>Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.</i>
CARDINAL WOLSEY.	GARTER KING-AT-ARMS.
CARDINAL CAMPELUS.	SURVEYOR to the Duke of Buckingham.
CAPUCIUS, <i>Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.</i>	BRANDON, <i>and a Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>
CRANMER, <i>Archbishop of Canterbury.</i>	<i>Porter, and his Man.</i>
DUKE OF NORFOLK.	QUEEN KATHARINE, <i>Wife to King Henry.</i>
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.	ANNE BULLEN, <i>her Maid of Honour (afterwards Queen.)</i>
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.	<i>An OLD LADY, Friend to Anne Bullen.</i>
EARL OF SURREY.	PATIENCE, <i>Waiting-woman to Queen Katharine.</i>
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.	
GARDINER, <i>Bishop of Winchester.</i>	
LORD SANDS.	
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.	
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.	
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.	
CROMWELL, <i>Secretary to Wolsey.</i>	

The Time occupies about twelve years: commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign,—shortly after the gorgeous spectacular displays of pomp between King Henry and Francis I of France, at the meeting known as the Field of the Cloth of Gold (in 1520)—to the christening of the Princess Elizabeth in 1533.

The Scene is chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton (in Huntingdonshire).

PROLOGUE.^a

I come no more to make you 'laugh: things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,—
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,—
We 'now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;

^a Supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.

The subject will deserve it. Such as give
 Their money out of hope they may 'believe,
 May here find 'Truth too. Those that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree
 The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 'Richly in two short hours. Only they
 That come to hear a merry, boisterous play,—
 A noise of targets,—or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,—
 Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen Truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is,—beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 To shew that "All is true" we now intend,—
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye 'see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living; think, you see them 'great,
 And followed with the general throng and sweat
 Of thousand friends: then, in a moment, see
 How soon this 'mightiness meets 'misery!
 And if you 'can be merry 'then, I'll say—
 A man may 'weep upon his 'wedding-day.

Henry the Seventh died in 1509, and his only surviving son, Henry the Eighth, then succeeded: for the elder son, Arthur, had died seven years before, shortly after his marriage to the Princess Katharine of Spain.

The events of the first twelve years of this reign are not brought forward in Shakespeare's play: The principal of these are—The marriage of the young King to the Princess Katharine, the widow of his deceased brother Arthur, and daughter to Ferdinand of Spain:—The invasion of France;—The Battle of the Spurs:—The victory over the Scots at Flodden:—The marriage of Lewis the Twelfth of France to Henry's sister, the Princess Mary: three months afterward, the death of that Prince, and the consequent accession of Francis the First;—and, four years later, the election of Charles, King of Spain, to be Emperor of Germany. Both these potentates (Lewis and Charles) courted the favour of the young King of England, and of his chief minister and adviser, Cardinal Wolsey—a man who had, from a humble rank in life (reputed to have been the son of a butcher in Ipswich) risen to the highest dignities in Church and State. The meeting between the Kings of France and England (known in history as "the Field of the Cloth of Gold") took

place in 1520; and its magnificent pageantry is the subject of the opening Scene—an Antechamber in the King's Palace in London. There we overhear a conversation between the Dukes of Buckingham and Norfolk: two of Cardinal Wolsey's most powerful and bitter enemies:

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,—
Healthful; and, ever since, a 'fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stayed 'me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the Vale of Ardres.^a

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time, Pomp was 'single, but now 'married
To one above itself. The two great Kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them.

Buck. Who did guide?—
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! No man's pie is freed
From 'his ambitious finger. What had 'he
To do in these fierce^b vanities?

Nor. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that 'puts him to these ends.
For, being not propped by 'ancestry, gives note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that 'Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Buck. I cannot tell
'What Heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his 'pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he 'that?

Nor. Like it your grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety)—that you read
The Cardinal's 'malice, and his 'potency,
Together; to consider further, that

^a O. R. Andren (in Picardy).

^b Proud (her).

What his high hatred 'would effect, wants not
 A minister in his 'power. 'You know his nature,
 That he 's revengeful; and 'I know his sword
 Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and 't may be said,
 It reaches far; and where 't will 'not extend,
 Thither he 'darts it. Bosom-up my counsel,—
 You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where 'comes that rock,
 That I advise your shunning.

Cardinal Wolsey passes in procession—the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixes his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain. The angry Cardinal inquires of his Secretary:

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!

Where 's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in 'person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know 'more; and Buckingham
 Shall lessen this big look.

The Cardinal and his Train withdraw. Buckingham says bitterly:

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, and I
 Have not the power to 'muzzle him; therefore best
 Not 'wake him in his slumber. I read in 's looks
 Matter against me; and his eye reviled
 Me, as his 'abject object: at this instant,
 He bores^a me with some 'trick. He 's gone to the
 King;—
 I 'll follow, and 'out-stare him!

Nor. Stay, my lord,
 And let your reason, with your choler, question
 What 't is you go about.

Buck. 'I 'll to the King;
 And, from a mouth of honour, quite cry down
 This Ipswich fellow's 'insolence!

Nor. Be advised;
 Heat not a furnace for your foe, so hot
 That it do singe 'yourself.

Buck. . . . I am thankful to you, and I 'll go along
 By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow
 Is both corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

^a Wounds.

Buck. To the 'King I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,—

For he is subtle, and as 'prone to mischief

As able to 'perform it,—

Only to show his pomp as well in France

As here at home,—suggests^a the King, our master,

To this last costly treaty,—this interview,

That swallowed so much treasure. Charles the Emperor,

Under pretence to see the Queen, his aunt,—

For 't was, indeed, his colour;^b but he came

To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation,

Deals with our Cardinal, (as I trow, with gold)

That he would please to alter the King's course,

And 'break the peace with France. Let the King know—

As soon he shall, by me—that thus the Cardinal

Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,

And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry

To hear this of him; and could wish he were

Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable.

I do 'pronounce him in that very shape

He shall appear in 'proof.

Brandon, an Officer of the Palace, attended by a Sergeant-at-Arms and Soldiers, enters.

Bran. My lord the Duke of Buckingham, I here

Arrest thee of high treason, in the name

Of our most sovereign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,

The net has 'fallen upon me! I shall 'perish,

Under device and practice.^c

Bran. I am sorry

To see you ta'en from liberty. 'T is his Highness' pleasure.

You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing

To plead mine 'innocence; for that dye is on me

Which makes my whit'st part 'black. The will of Heaven

Be done, in this and all things.—I obey.—

^a Excites.

^b Pretence.

^c Artifice.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King to attach Lord Montacute;—and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, John de la Court—
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so! These are the 'limbs o' the plot.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux—Nicholas Hopkins.

Buck. My 'Surveyor is false! the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath showed him gold. My life is spanned^a already:
I am the 'shadow of poor Buckingham,—
Whose figure even this sudden^b cloud puts out,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [Exeunt.

The next Scene is the Council-chamber. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder, attended by the Nobles: the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side. The King addresses him:

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best 'heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it.—Let be called before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I 'll hear him his confessions justify;
And, point by point, the treasons of his master
He shall 'again relate.

A noise within, crying, "Room for the Queen!" The Queen enters, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. The King rises from his state and takes her up.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must 'longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—'half your suit
Never name to us: you have half our 'power:
The 'other moiety, ere you ask, is 'given;
'Repeat your will,—and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty. I am solicited,—not by a
few,—

And those of true condition,—that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been 'Commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flawed the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on 'you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master,—
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil!—even 'he es-
capes not

Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks

^a Measured, determined.

^b O. R. instant.

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud 'rebellion 'gainst their sore 'taxation.

K. Hen. How? Taxation?
'Wherein? and 'what taxation?—My lord Cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with 'us,
'Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a 'single part, in aught
Pertains to the State; and front but in that file^a
Where 'others tell steps 'with me.

The Queen says :

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You 'know no more than others. These exactions are
Most pestilent to the 'hearing; and to 'bear 'em,
The 'back is sacrifice to the 'load. They say,
They are 'devised by 'you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

The King says :

K. Hen. Still, 'exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous, but
Under your promised 'pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through 'Commissions,—which compel from
each
The 'sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the 'pretence for this
Is named—your wars in France. This makes bold
mouths:
Tongues 'spit their duties out, and cold 'hearts freeze
Allegiance in them: their 'curses now
Live where their 'prayers did. I would, your highness
Would give it 'quick consideration; for
There is no 'primer business.

K. Hen. By my life, this is against our pleasure!

Wolsey rises :

Wol. And for 'me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A 'single voice; and 'that not passed me, but
By learned approbation of the 'judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The 'chronicles of my doing,—let me say

^a Am only first in that list.

'T is but the fate of 'place,^a and the rough brake
That virtue 'must go through. If we stand 'still,
In 'fear our motion will be mocked or carped at,
We should take 'root here where we sit,—or sit
State-'statues only.

The King replies :

K. Hen. Things done 'well,
And with a 'care, 'exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done 'without example, in their issue
'Are to be feared. Have you a 'precedent
Of this "Commission" ? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our 'laws,
And hurt them at our 'will.^b 'Sixth part of each ?
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
And, though we leave it with a 'root, thus hacked,
The air will drink the sap. . . . To every county,
Where this is questioned, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has 'denied
The force of this Commission. Pray, look to 't ;
I put it to 'your care, Lord Cardinal.

Wolsey takes his Secretary aside :

Wol. A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. Let it be noised,
That, through 'our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
'Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

Buckingham's Surveyor is led forward. The Queen says :

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many :
The gentleman is learned ; a most rare speaker ;
To 'nature none more bound ; his 'training such
That he may furnish and 'instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of 'himself.
You shall hear—this was his gentleman in trust—
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-receited practices ; whereof
We cannot 'feel too 'little, 'hear too 'much.

The Cardinal says to the Surveyor :

Wol. Stand forth ; and, with bold spirit, relate what you,

^a High position.

^b O. R. and stick them in our will.

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him,—every day
It would infect his speech,—that, if the King
Should without issue 'die, he 'll carry it so
To make the sceptre 'his. And then he menaced
'Revenge upon the 'Cardinal.

Wol. To your high 'person
His will is most 'malignant; and it stretches
'Beyond you—to your 'friends.

The Queen interrupts :

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with 'charity.

K. Hen. Speak on :
How 'grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His Cónfessor : who fed him every minute
With words of 'sovereignty.

The indignant Queen again interrupts :

Q. Kath. . . . If I know you well,
You were the 'Duke's Surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants. Take good heed
You charge not, in your spleen, a 'noble person,
And spoil your nobler 'soul ! I say, take heed.

Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but 'truth.
I told my lord the Duke,—by the Devil's illusions
The Monk 'might be deceived ; and that 't was danger-
ous

To ruminare on this. He answered, " Tush !
It can do 'me no damage ;" adding further,
That, had the King in his 'last sickness failed,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah, ha !
There's 'mischief in this man.—Canst thou say 'fur-
ther ?

Surv. I can, my liege.—Being at Greenwich,—
After your highness had reproved the Duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember !

Surv. "If," quoth he, "'I for this had been committed,
I'd have played the part my father 'meant to act
Upon the usurper 'Richard; and put my knife in him."

K. Hen. A 'giant traitor!
To sheathe his knife in 'us? He is 'attached;^a
Call him to present 'trial: if he may
Find mercy in the 'law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of 'us. By day and night,
Lord Cardinal, he 's traitor to the 'height!

[Exeunt.

The Scene now changes to the Palace of Cardinal Wolsey in York Place,—a residence even superior to that of royalty for luxurious splendour, and in which the butcher's son was the lordly ruler, with noble men and ladies waiting as his servants. The seat of honour has been reserved for the Cardinal, and a magnificent banquet for his guests. Merry music is heard, as Anne Bullen and divers Lords and Ladies enter; they are courteously received by the Cardinal's Chamberlain, Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content—and you. None here he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
'One care abroad; he would have 'all as merry,
As far 's good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

The Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell enter.

O, my lords, you are tardy;
The very 'thought of this fair company
Clapped wings to 'me.

L. Cham. 'You are 'young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. . . . They are a sweet society of fair ones!

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now Confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find 'easy penance.

L. Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?—Sir Harry,
Place you 'that side; 'I'll take the charge of 'this:
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not-'freeze;
'Two women placed together makes 'cold weather:—
My Lord Sands, 'you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit 'between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

^a Seized by authority.

Lord Sands seats himself between Anne Bullen and another lady.

If I chance to talk a little 'wild, forgive me;
I had it from my 'father.

Anne. Was he 'mad, sir?

Sands. . . . O! 'very mad, 'exceeding mad! in 'love too;
But he would 'bite none: just as I do now,
He would 'kiss you—twenty with a breath!

[Kisses her.]

Amid the strains of stately music, Cardinal Wolsey enters, attended, and takes his seat under a canopy of state at a table reserved for himself alone.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests: That noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not 'freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to 'confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health.

[Drinks]

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let 'me have such a bowl may 'hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not 'merry:—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; 'then, we shall have 'em
Talk 'us to 'silence.

Drums and trumpets heard. Chambers^a discharged.

Wol. What 's that? What 'warlike voice?
And to what 'end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war, 'you 're privileged.

A Servant enters.

Serv. A noble troop of 'strangers,
So they seem; they 've left their barge, and landed,
And hither make,—as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome; 'you can speak the French
tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence,—where this 'heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[Exit the Lord Chamberlain at ended.]

All the guests rise, and the banquet tables are removed. Haut-boys. Enter the King and others, as Masquers, habited like shepherds. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

^a Small cannon standing erect charged with powder only.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

L. Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they prayed
To tell your grace:—that, having heard, by fame,
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Tell them, Lord Chamberlain,
They 've done my poor house grace; for which I pay
them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

Then each Shepherd chooses a lady for his partner in the dance.
The King selects Anne Bullen.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touched! O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee!

[Music. Dance.]

As the dance proceeds, the wily Cardinal addresses the Lord Chamberlain:

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from 'me:—
There should be 'one amongst them, by his person
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
(If I but knew him,) with my love and duty
I would 'surrender it.

The Lord Chamberlain goes to the Masquers, makes inquiry, and returns.

L. Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There 'is, indeed; which they would have your 'grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.—
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, 'here I 'll make
My 'royal choice.

The King unmasking, says:

K. Hen. Ye have found him, Cardinal. . .
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a Churchman; or, I 'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge 'now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither:—What fair lady 's that?

L. Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one! . . . Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
 And not to 'kiss you.—A health, gentlemen!
 Let it go round. Sir, is the banquet ready?
 Lead-in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
 I must not yet forsake you.—Let 's be merry,
 Good my Lord Cardinal: I 've half a dozen healths
 To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
 To lead them once again; and then let 's dream
 Who 's 'best in favour.—Let the music sound.^a

[Exeunt, with trumpets.

In consequence of the Surveyor's testimony against the Duke of Buckingham, the King issues a warrant for his trial. This trial is not introduced by the dramatist; but we learn its result from the conversation between two Gentlemen meeting in the Street near Westminster Hall:

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* E'en to the Hall,—to hear what shall become
 Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I 'll save you
 That labour, sir. All 's now done,—but the ceremony
 Of bringing-back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* 'Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon 't.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* Certainly, the Cardinal is the end^b of this.

1 *Gent.* This is noted,
 And generally;—Whoever the King favours,
 The Cardinal instantly will find employment,
 And far enough from Court too.

2 *Gent.* All the Commons
 Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
 Wish him ten fathom deep: this 'Duke as much
 They love and dote on; call him 'bounteous Bucking-
 ham,
 The mirror of all courtesy,—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
 And 'see the noble ruined man you speak of.

The sad procession enters, with Buckingham from his arraignment; officers beside him; the axe with the edge towards him; accompanied by Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir William Sands. As the crowds press around, the noble prisoner turns to address them:

^a O. R. knock it.

^b Chief propeller.

Buck.

All good people,—

You that thus far have come to pity me,—
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me!
 I have, this day, received a 'traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die; yet, Heaven bear witness,
 And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not 'faithful.
 The 'law I bear no malice for my death;
 It has done, on the premises, but 'justice:
 But those that 'sought it . . . I could wish more Chris-
 tians:

Be what they will, I heartily 'forgive them:
 Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 For 'then, my guiltless blood must cry 'against them.
 For 'further life in this world I ne'er 'hope,
 Nor will I 'sue;—although the King have 'mercies
 More than I dare make 'faults. You few that loved
 me.

And dare be bold to 'weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends and fellows,—'whom to leave
 Is 'only bitter to him, only dying,—
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet 'sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on! lead on!

The Chief Officer in charge of the prisoner says:

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,

If ever any 'malice in your heart

Were hid 'gainst 'me, now to 'forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,

As I would 'be forgiven: I forgive 'all.

There cannot be those numberless offences

'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black
 envy^a

Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace:

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,

You met him 'half in heaven. My vows and prayers

'Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake,

Shall cry for 'blessings on him. May he live

Longer than I have time to 'tell his years!

Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!

And, when old Time shall lead him to his end,

Goodness, and he, fill up 'one monument!

^a Malice.

Vaux. See the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state 'now will but mock me.
When I 'came thither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of Buckingham; 'now, poor Edward Bohun:
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
'Without a trial fell: I 'had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes 'me
A little happier than my wretched 'father:
Yet thus far we are 'one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our 'servants, by those men we loved most! . . .
Heaven has an end in 'all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:—
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose:“ Those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye; never found again
But where they mean to 'sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell: And when you would say something sad,
Speak how 'I fell.—I have done; and heaven forgive me!

[Exeunt Duke and Train.]

The Duke and the Officers in charge move slowly on; and the Two Gentlemen who had been previously conversing, are again in the now silent street.

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on 'their heads
That were the 'authors.

2 *Gent.* If the Duke be 'guiltless,
'T is full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an 'ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this. Did you not lately hear
A buzzing of a 'separation
Between the King and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* I did, and deemed it slander.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a 'truth now. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, has, out of malice
To the good Queen, possessed the King with scruples
That will undo her: To confirm this too,

Cardinal Campeius is arrived and lately ;
And all think, for this business.

- 1 *Gent.* 'T is the Cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purposed.
- 2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark : but is 't not cruel,
That 'she should feel the smart of this ? The Cardinal
'Will have his will, and she must fall !
- 1 *Gent.* 'T is woful !
We are too open 'here to argue this ;
Let 's 'think, in 'private, more.

[Exeunt.]

We have now before us an Antechamber in the Palace. The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk meet the Lord Chamberlain :

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the King employed ?

Cham. I left him 'private ;
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What 's the 'cause ?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No ;—his conscience
Has crept too near another 'lady.

Nor. 'T is so.

This is the Cardinal's doing, the 'King-Cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will 'know him one day.

Suf. 'Pray heaven, he do : he 'll never know 'himself else.

Nor. How 'holily he works in all his business !

And with what zeal ! for now he has cracked the league
Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great-
nephew :

He dives into the 'King's 'soul ; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his 'marriage :
And, out of all these, to 'restore the King,
He counsels a 'divorce ; a loss of 'her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That 'angels love good men with ; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will 'bless the King :—and is not this course pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep 'me from such counsel! All that dare
 Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
 The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
 The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
 This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery!

Nor. We had need pray,
 And heartily, for our deliverance;
 Or this imperious man will work us 'all^a
 From 'princes into 'pages.

Suf. For me, my lords,
 I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed.
 As I am made without him, so I 'll stand.

Nor. Let 's in; and with some other business put the King
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
 him.—

The Lord Chamberlain withdraws, and Norfolk opens a folding door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively:

Suf. How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? Ha!

Nor. 'Pray heaven, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust your-
 selves

Into my private meditations? Who am I? Ha!

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
 Malice ne'er 'meant: our breach of duty this way
 Is business of estate; in which we come
 To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold.

Go to! I 'll make ye know your 'times of business:
 Is this an hour for 'temporal affairs? Ha!—

The two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius, enter:

Who 's there!—My good lord Cardinal? O, my Wol-
 sey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience!

Thou art a cure 'fit for a King.—[To Campeius.] You 're wel-
 come,

Most learned Reverend Sir, into our kingdom;

Use 'us, and 'it:—[To Wolsey.] My good lord, have great
 care

I be not found a 'talker.

Wol. Sir, you 'cannot.—

a Wolsey is reported to have had nine noblemen in his train of attendants.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of 'private conference.

K. Hen. [To Nor. and Suf.] We are busy. Go!

[They
withdraw.]

Wolsey continues :

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above 'all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of 'Christendom.
Who can be angry 'now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood to aid the Queen,
Must 'now confess, if he have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
(I mean the 'learnéd ones,) in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices given ;—Rome, the nurse of judg-
ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us,—this good man,
This just and learnéd priest, Cardinal Campeius ;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the Holy Conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have 'wished
for.

Cardinal Campeius speaks :

Cam. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue—
The Court of Rome commanding—you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are joined with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two 'equal men. The Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for 'what you come.—Where's Gardiner?—

Wol. I know, your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, 'not to deny her 'that
A woman of 'less place might ask by 'law,—
Scholars, allowed freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the 'best she shall have ; and my favour
To him that 'does best : Heaven forbid else!—Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a 'fit fellow.

The Cardinal obeys, and returns with Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand ; much joy and favour to you :
You are the King's 'now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your 'grace, whose hand has raised me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [They converse apart.
 Deliver this with modesty to the Queen.— [Exit Gardiner.
 The most convenient place that I can think of,
 For such receipt of learning, is Black friars :
 There ye shall meet about this weighty business :—
 My Wolsey, see it furnished :—O my lord !
 Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
 So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, conscience !—
 O ! 't is a tender place !—and I 'must leave her ! [Exit.

That merry entertainment in Cardinal Wolsey's palace, where the King met, for the first time, the beautiful Anne Bullen, is about to be followed by a suit for his divorce from Queen Katharine, that the fair Anne may be installed in her place. But the Cardinal, although willing to gratify his royal master, has other views for a different successor. The Courtiers have not been unobservant, as we know, of the King's new attachment.

An old lady of the Palace, and Anne Bullen, are overheard conversing on the Queen's misfortunes :

Anne. Not for 'that neither : 'here's the pang that pinches :—
 His highness having lived so long with her, and she
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing !—O, now, after
 So many courses of the sun enthroned,
 To give her the avault !^a it is a pity
 Would move a monster. Verily,
 I swear, 't is better to be 'lowly born,
 And range with 'humble livers, in 'content,
 Than to be perked-up in a 'glistening grief,
 And wear a 'golden sorrow ! By my troth,
 'I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me ! 'I would ; and so would 'you,
 For all this spice of your 'hypocrisy ;
 Yea, troth, and troth !—You would not be a 'Queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven !

Old L. 'T is strange ! a three-pence bowed would hire 'me,
 Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
 What think you of a 'Duchess ? have you limbs
 To bear 'that load of title ?

Anne. How you talk !
 I swear again, I would not be a Queen
 For all the 'world.

Old L. In faith, then, I myself

^a Hence ! begone ! (a divorce).

Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'longed
No more to the Crown 'but that. Lo, who comes
here?

The Lord Chamberlain enters:

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were it worth, to
know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Our 'mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming.
The action of good women. There is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray Heaven, Amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, the King's Majesty
Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. . . . I do not know
'What kind of my obedience I should tender;
'More than my 'all, is nothing; prayers, and wishes
Are all I can 'return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to 'improve the fair conceit
The King hath of you.—I 'll to him, now,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honoured lord!

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Old L. Why, this it is! See! see!
'I have been begging sixteen years in Court,
And 'yet a courtier 'beggarly; and you, O fate!
A very 'fresh-fish here, have your mouth filled
Before you open it! How tastes it? Is it bitter? no.
There was a lady once,—'t is an 'old story,—
That would not be a Queen! no, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant!

Old L. With 'your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The 'Marchioness of Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year,—for pure 'respect!
 No 'other obligation! By my life,
 That promises 'more thousands: Honour's 'train
 Is longer than his 'fore-skirt. By this time, say,
 Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
 Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
 And leave 'me out on 't. 'Would I had no being,
 If this elate my blood a jot: it faints me,
 To think what follows.
 The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
 In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
 What here you 've heard, to 'her.

Old L. What do you think me?
 Fie! fie! No, no! Mum.

[Exeunt.

The next Scene is that in which, twenty years after the fact, the question of the legality of the King's marriage with his brother's widow Katharine, is to be tried before a commission appointed by the Court of Rome.^a Pope Clement the Seventh wished to keep on good terms with the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Queen Katharine's nephew, as well as with the wayward King of England. Cardinal Wolsey, who was in favour of a divorce, wished that the King should marry the sister of Francis King of France; and the Pope sent over, as a check on the English Cardinal, Cardinal Campeggio (or, as the name is latinized, Campeius) with special directions not to bring the question to a speedy issue.

The following stage directions (from the folio of 1623) will assist us in learning the extent of dramatic display in Shakespeare's day:

"Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habite of Doktors; after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely, Rochester, and S. Asaph: next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: then two Priests, bearing each a silver crosse; then a Gentleman-Vsher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Armes, bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great Silver Pillers: after them, side by side, the two Cardinals. Two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardinalls sit under him as Judges. The Queene takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory; below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in conuenient order about the stage."

The trial is opened with all due formality. The King and Queen are both cited to appear by the Crier:

Crier. Henry King of England, come into the Court.

^a This extraordinary trial court commenced its proceedings at Black Friars' Hall, on May 31, 1529.

K. Hen. Here.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the Court.

The Queen makes no answer; she rises from her chair, and then, in perplexity, goes to the King, and kneels at his feet.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
 And to bestow your 'pity on me; for
 I am a most-poor 'woman, and a 'stranger,
 Born out of your dominions; having here
 No judge 'indifferent,^a nor no more assurance
 Of 'equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
 In what have I offended you? What cause
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
 That 'thus you should proceed—to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
 I've been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable:
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike;
 Yea, subject to your countenance; glad or sorry,
 As I saw 'it inclined. Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years. If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,—
 And 'prove it too,—against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
 Against your sacred person, in God's name
 'Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me,—and 'so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The King, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 'My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
 The wisest prince that there had reigned, by many
 A year before:—It is not to be questioned
 That 'they had gathered a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,—
 Who deemed our marriage 'lawful. Wherefore, I
 humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be, by my friends in Spain, advised; whose counsel
 I will 'implore. If not, i' the name of God,
 'Your pleasure be fulfilled!

Wolsey rises:

Wol. You have here, lady,—

^a Impartial.

And of your choice—these reverend 'Fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless
That longer you defer^a the Court ; as well
For your 'own quiet, as to rectify
What is 'un-settled in the 'King.

Campeius adds :

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly : therefore, madam,
'T is fit this Royal Session do 'proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be 'now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal—

Campeius rises :

To 'you I speak.

Wolsey rises :

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir, I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a Queen, (or long have dreamed so)—certain
The daughter of a King,—my drops of 'tears
I 'll turn to sparks of 'fire.

Wol. Be 'patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when 'you are 'humble ; nay, 'before,
Or Heaven will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine 'enemy ; and make my challenge^b
You shall not be my 'judge. For it is 'you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which Heaven's dew quench.—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
'Refuse, you for my judge ;—whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious 'foe, and think not
At all a friend to 'truth.

Wol. Madam ! . . . you do me wrong :
I have 'no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you, or any : how far I 'have proceeded,
Or how far further 'shall, is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistory,—
Yea, the 'whole Consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That 'I have blown this coal : I do 'deny it.
The King is present : if it be known to him,
That I 'gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my 'falsehood ! yea, as much
As 'you have done my 'truth. If he know

^a O. R. desire.

^b Legal objection.

That I am free of your 'report, he knows,
I am not of your 'wrong. Therefore in 'him
It lies to cure me ; and the cure is, to
'Remove these thoughts from you. I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to 'un-think your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a 'simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your 'cunning. 'You are meek, and humble-
'mouthed ;
You sign your place and calling, in full 'seeming,
With meekness and humility ; but your 'heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
I must tell you,
You tender more your person's 'honour, than
Your high profession 'spiritual : that 'again
I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the 'Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judged by 'him.

She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart, when the King directs :

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the Court.

Griffith, one of her Attendants, says :

Grif. Madam, you are called back.

Q. Kath. What need you 'note it ? pray you, keep your way :

When 'you are called, return. . . . Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience ! Pray you, pass on !—
I will 'not tarry ; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[The Queen, Griffith, and her other Attendants withdraw

The King cannot withhold admiration of her spirit :

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A 'better wife, let him in 'nought be trusted,
For speaking 'false in 'that. Thou art alone,
The 'Queen of earthly Queens.

The Cardinal rises :

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing

Of all these ears,—for where I am robbed and bound,
 There must I be unloosed,—whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness, or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on 't?

K. Hen. My Lord Cardinal,
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I 'free you from 't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 'Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
 The Queen is put in anger. You are excused:
 But will you be 'more justified? you ever
 Have wished the 'sleeping of this business; never
 Desired it to be stirred; but oft have hindered it.
 My conscience first received a tenderness,
 Scruple, and doubt, on certain speeches uttered
 By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador.
 Prove but our marriage 'lawful, by my life
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state-to-come with 'her,
 Katharine our Queen.

Cardinal Campeius says:

Cam. So please your highness,
 The Queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
 That we 'adjourn this Court till further day:
 Meanwhile; must be an earnest motion
 Made to the Queen, to call 'back the appeal
 She intends unto his Holiness.

All rise to depart. The King mutters:

K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I may perceive,
 These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.—
 My learned well-belovéd servant, Cranmer,
 Pr'ythee, return: with 'thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along.—Break up the Court.

[*Exit* in procession
 as they entered.]

The two Cardinals now endeavour, privately, to induce the Queen to consent to their jurisdiction, and withdraw her appeal. She is in her palace at Bridewell, near London, surrounded by her women.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with
 troubles;
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

A Gentleman enters :

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they 'speak with me?

Gent. They willed me 'say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [Exit *Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not 'like their coming, now I think on 't.
They 'should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But "All hoods make not 'monks."

Wolsey and Campeius enter :

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here 'part of a housewife:
I would be 'all, against the worst may happen.—
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your 'private chamber, we shall give you
The 'full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it 'here.
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a 'corner: 'Would all 'other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!—
Out with it boldly! truth loves 'open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima,*—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin:
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As 'not to know the language I have lived in.

Pray, speak in 'English. Here are some will thank
you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake :
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be 'absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed
So deep 'suspicion, where all 'faith was meant.
We come not by the way of 'accusation,
To 'taint that honour every good tongue 'blesses ;
Nor to betray you 'any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady ;—but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you.

Cam. Most honoured madam,
My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside.] To betray me !—
My lords, I thank you both, for your good wills ;
Ye 'speak 'like honest men,—pray God, ye 'prove so !
For her sake that I 'have been,—for I feel
the 'last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause ;
Alas ! I am a woman, . . . friendless, hopeless !

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with these fears :
Your hopes and friends are 'infinite.

Q. Kath. In England ?
But little for my 'profit. Can you think, lords,
That 'any Englishman 'dare give me counsel ?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—
And 'live a subject ? Nay, forsooth ! 'My friends,—
They that my 'trust must grow to,—live not 'here :
They are, as all my other comforts, far—far hence,
In mine 'own country, lords.

Campeius says :

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir ?

Cam. Put your 'main cause into the 'King's protection ;
He 's loving and most gracious. 'T will be much
Both for your 'honour better, and your 'cause :
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You 'll part away 'disgraced.

Wolsey adds :

Wol. He tells you 'rightly.
Q. Kath. . . . Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin!
 Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
 'Heaven is above all 'yet; 'there sits a Judge
 That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! 'holy men I thought ye!
 Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal 'virtues;
 But cardinal 'sins, and hollow hearts. . . I fear ye!
 Mend them, for shame, my lords! Is this your 'com-
 fort?

The cordial, that ye bring a wretched lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned?
 I will not wish ye 'half 'my miseries,
 I have more charity; but say, I warned ye!
 Take heed! for Heaven's sake, take heed! lest at once
 The burden of 'my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere 'distraction;
 You turn the 'good we offer into 'envy."
Q. Kath. Ye turn 'me into 'nothing. Woe upon ye,
 And 'all such false professors! Would you have me—
 If you have any justice, any pity,
 If ye be anything but churchmen's 'habits—
 Put my sick cause into 'his hands that 'hates me?

Wol. Madam, you 'wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
 To give up 'willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to: 'nothing 'but 'death
 Shall e'er divorce my 'dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye have angels' 'faces, but Heaven knows your 'hearts.
 I am the most unhappy woman living.—
 Alas! poor wenches, where are now 'your fortunes?
 Shipwrecked upon a kingdom where no pity,
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
 Almost no 'grave allowed me.—Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
 I 'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
 Could but be brought to know our ends are honest—

Cam. Madam, be comforted. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears. If you please
To 'trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. . . . Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,

If I have used^a myself unmannerly.—

Pray, do my service to his Majesty:

He has my 'heart yet, and shall have my 'prayers,
While I shall have my 'life. Come, reverend fathers,

'Bestow your counsels on me; 'she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[Exeunt.]

The King's annoyance with the Cardinals for postponing the trial makes him suspicious of them, and an accident now discovers to him the duplicity of Wolsey. In forwarding a packet of State papers to his majesty, the Cardinal had inadvertently enclosed some others of personal importance, and of his private correspondence with his Holiness in Rome. The Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk,^b and the Lord Chamberlain, are conversing in an ante-chamber. Norfolk says:

Nor. If you will now 'unite in your complaints,
And force^c them with a 'constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them.

Sur. How came his practices to 'light?

Suf. The Cardinal's letter to the 'Pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the 'King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did entreat His Holiness
To 'stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It 'did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive,
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

The Lord Chamberlain adds:

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges^d his own way. But in 'this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's 'death: the King already
Hath 'married the fair lady. But look! the Cardinal!

Wolsey and his Secretary Cromwell enter.

Nor. Observe, observe; he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,—Gave it you the 'King?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Looked he o' the 'inside of the papers?

Crom.

Presently

^a Deported. ^b Charles Brandon, married to King Henry's sister, the Queen Dowager of France. ^c Urge, enforce. ^d Creeps covertly along, as if sheltered by a hedge.

He did unseal them ; and the first he viewed,
 He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
 Was in his countenance. You, he bade
 Attend him 'here, this morning.

Wol. Leave me awhile.— [Exit Cromwell.]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
 The French King's sister: he shall marry 'her—
 Anne Bullen? No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
 There's 'more in 't than 'fair 'visage.—Bullen?
 No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily I wish
 To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke!—
 The late Queen's 'gentlewoman! a 'knight's daughter,
 To be her 'mistress' mistress? the 'Queen's queen?—
 This candle burns not 'clear: 't is I must 'snuff it; . . .
 Then, 'out it goes!—What though I know her virtuous
 And well deserving? yet I know her for
 A spleeny 'Lutheran! Again, there is sprung up
 A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
 Hath 'crawled into the favour of the King,
 And is his oracle!

[Retires.]

The Lords-in-waiting announce "The King! the King!" King Henry, reading Wolsey's schedule, enters.

K. Hen. What 'piles of wealth hath he accumulated
 To his own portion! and what 'expense by the hour
 Seems to flow from him! 'How, i' the name of thrift,
 Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,
 Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
 Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
 Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
 Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
 Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
 His eye against the 'moon: in most strange postures
 We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be:
 There 'is a mutiny in his mind. If we did think
 His contemplation were 'above the earth,
 And fixed on 'spiritual object, he should still
 'Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
 His thinkings are 'below the moon,—not worth
 His serious considering.

The King takes his seat, and whispers to an Attendant; who goes to Wolsey, as yet ignorant of his inadvertency with the papers.

Wol. Heaven forgive me, and ever bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of 'heavenly' stuff, and bear the 'inventory
Of your best graces in your mind: you have scarce
time

To steal, from 'spiritual leisure, a brief span
To keep your 'earthly audit. I am glad
To have you, therein, my companion.

Wol. Sir,

For 'holy offices I have a 'time; a time
To think upon the part of 'business, which
I bear i' the State; and nature does require
'Her times of 'preservation;—which, perforce,
I, her frail son,—amongst my brethren mortal,—
'Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said 'well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my 'doing well
With my well-saying!

K. Hen. 'T is well said 'again;
And 't is a 'kind of good deed, to 'say well:
And yet 'words are no 'deeds. My father loved you;
He said he did, and with his 'deed did crown
His 'word upon you. Since 'I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found 'true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no.—What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces
(Showered on me daily) have been 'more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: 'my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my 'abilities. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever laboured
More than mine own: that 'am, 'have, and 'will be true:
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
I'll stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken.

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this: [Giving him papers,
And, after, this: and then . . . to breakfast, with
What appetite you have!

The King goes out frowning upon the Cardinal. The Nobles throng after, smiling, and whispering.

Wol. What should this mean?
 What 'sudden anger 's this? how have I reaped it?
 He parted 'frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leaped from his eyes: So looks the chaféd lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him—
 Then makes him nothing! . . . I must 'read this paper;
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so!
 This paper has 'undone me! . . . 'T is the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a 'fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this 'main secret in the packet
 I sent the King?—Is there no way to 'cure this?
 No 'new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know, 't will stir him 'strongly; . . . yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again!—What 's this?—"To the
 'Pope!"

The letter, as I live, with 'all the business
 I writ to his Holiness! . . . Nay then, farewell!
 I have touched the 'highest point of all my greatness;
 And, 'from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my 'setting: I shall fall,
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,—
 And no man see me more!

The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain re-enter. Norfolk speaks:

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal; who commands
 you

To render up the Great Seal^a presently,
 Into 'our hands; and to confine yourself
 To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear 'further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay:
 Where 's your 'commission, lords? 'Words cannot
 carry
 Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare 'cross 'em,
 Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find 'more than will, or words, to do it,—
 (I mean, your malice,)—know, officious lords,

^a The Lord Chancellor's emblem of authority.

'I dare, and 'must, deny it. 'Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
 As if they fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear, in everything may bring my 'ruin!
 'Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
 You 've 'Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
 In time will find their fit 'rewards. That Seal,
 You ask with such a violence, the King—
 (Mine, and 'your master)—with his own hand 'gave me;
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my 'life; and, to 'confirm his goodness,
 Tied it by letters-patent:—Now, who 'll 'take it?

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It must be 'himself, then.

Sur. Thou 'rt a proud 'traitor, priest!

Wol. Proud lord, thou 'liest:

Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better
 Have 'burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet Sin, robbed this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my rather-in-law:
 The heads of all thy brother Cardinals—
 With thee, and all thy best parts bound together—
 Weighed not a hair of 'his. Plague of your policy!
 You sent 'me Deputy for Ireland,
 Far from his succour,—from the King,—from all
 That 'might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;—
 Whilst your 'great 'goodness, out of 'holy 'pity,
 'Absolved him with an 'axe!

Wol. This, and all else

This 'talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most 'false. The Duke by 'law
 Found his 'deserts. How innocent 'I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury, and foul cause, can witness.
 If 'I loved many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little 'honesty as 'honour.

Sur. Your long coat, Priest, protects you!—Now, my lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded^a by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewell nobility! let his 'grace go forward,
 And dare 'us with his 'cap, like larks!^b

^a Abused, over-ridden.

^b Larks were enticed by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth.

- Wol.* All goodness
Is 'poison to thy 'stomach?
- Sur.* Yes, 'that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into 'one,—
Into your 'own hands, Cardinal, by 'extortion;
The 'goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope, against the King; your good-
ness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious!—
My lord of Norfolk, for the common good,
'Produce the grand sum of his sins,—the articles
Collected from his life:—I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring^a-bell,^b Lord Cardinal!
- Wol.* How much, methinks, I 'could despise this man,—
But that I 'm bound in charity 'against it!
- Sur.* I thank my 'memory, I yet remember
'Some of these articles, and 'out they shall.
Now, if you 'can blush, and cry "guilty," Cardinal,
You 'll show a little 'honesty.
- Wol.* Speak on, sir;
I 'dare your worst objections: 'if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.
- Sur.* I had rather want those than my 'head.—Have at
you!
First, that, without the King's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate; by which power
You maimed the jurisdiction of all Bishops.
- Norfolk adds:
- Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*^c
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the King
To be your 'servant.
- Suffolk continues:
- Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy 'hat to be stamped on the King's coin.
- Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere^d undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many 'more there are;
Which, since they are of 'you,—and 'odious,—
I will not taint my mouth with.

The Lord Chamberlain interposes:

Cham.

O my lord,

^a Consecrating.

^b A little bell used in church service.

^c I and my King.

^d Certain.

Press not a falling man too far ; 't is virtue :
His faults lie open to the 'laws ; let 'them,
Not 'you, correct him. My 'heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. . . . I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,—
Because of those things you have done of late,—
That therefore now a 'writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels,^a and whatsoever ; and to be
Out of the King's protection.—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live 'better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the Great Seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall 'thank
you.

So, fare you well, my 'little-good Lord Cardinal.

Wol. So, farewell to the little-good 'you bear me. . . .
Farewell ! a 'long farewell, to all my 'greatness !
'This is the state of 'man :—To-day, he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours 'thick upon him :
The third day, comes a frost, a 'killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his 'root,
And then . . . he falls, as I do ! I have ventured,—
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,—
These many summers, in a 'sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length 'broke under me ; and now has 'left me—
Weary, and old with service,—to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever 'hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I 'hate ye !
I feel my heart 'new-opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on 'princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,—
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,—
More pangs and fears than wars, or women, have ;
And when he falls, . . . he falls like Lucifer,^b
Never to hope again !—

The Cardinal's Secretary enters despondingly.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

^a *O. R. castles.*

^b The name of Satan before being cast from heaven.

- Wol.* What! amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should 'decline? Nay, an you 'weep,
I am fallen indeed.
- Crom.* How does your grace?
- Wol.* Why, well;
Never so 'truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know 'myself 'now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,—
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillar's, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a 'navy,—too much honour!
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell! 't is a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for 'heaven!
- Crom.* I am glad your grace has made right use of it.
- Wol.* I 'hope I have: I am able 'now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure 'more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—
What news abroad?
- Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,
Is—your displeasure with the King.
- Wol.* God bless him!
- Crom.* The next is—that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
- Wol.* That's somewhat 'sudden! . . .
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience'; that his bones
(When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,)
May have a 'tomb of orphans' tears^a wept on them!—
What more?
- Crom.* That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
- Wol.* That's news indeed!
- Crom.* Last,—that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in 'open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice^b is now
Only about her 'coronation.
- Wol.* 'There was the weight that pulled me down! O Crom-
well,
The King has gone 'beyond me: all my glories

^a The Lord Chancellor is the general guardian of orphans.
^b Subject of conversation.

In that one 'woman I have lost for ever!
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
 Or gild 'again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
 I am a poor 'fallen man, unworthy 'now
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the 'King;
 'That sun, I pray, may never 'set! I have told him
 'What and how 'true thou art: he will advance thee;
 Some little memory of 'me will stir him—
 I know his noble nature—not to let
 'Thy hopeful service perish too.

Crom. O my lord,
 Must I then 'leave you? Must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
 The King 'shall have my 'service; but my 'prayers,
 For ever and for ever, shall be 'yours.

Wol. . . . Cromwell, I did not think to shed a 'tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the 'woman. . . .
 Let's 'dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, Cromwell:
 And—when I am forgotten, as I 'shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must 'more be heard of—say, 'I 'taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths, and shoals, of honour,—
 Found 'thee a way, out of his wreck, to 'rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy 'master missed it.
 Mark but 'my fall, and that that ruined me!
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away 'ambition:
 By 'that sin fell the 'angels; how can 'man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to 'win by 't?
 Love 'thyself 'last: 'cherish those hearts that 'hate
 thee.
 'Corruption wins, not more than 'honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle 'peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be 'just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st-at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's: 'then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
 well,
 Thou fall'st a blessed 'martyr! Serve the King;—
 And . . . pr'ythee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have;

To the last penny, 't is the 'King's: my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, are all
 I dare 'now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but served my 'God, with 'half the zeal
 I served my 'King, 'He would not, in mine age,
 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of 'Court! 'my hopes in 'Heaven do dwell.

[Exeunt.]

The great Cardinal did not long survive his disgrace—he died in the following year, (1530). Queen Katharine was formally divorced by a Court held at Dunstable under Wolsey's successor, Archbishop Cranmer.

The Queen is now an invalid, attended by Patience, her maid, and Griffith, her gentleman-usher. He inquires:

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to 'death!

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
 'Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair:—
 So, . . . now, methinks, I feel a little ease.—
 Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
 That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
 Was 'dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
 Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me 'how he died:
 If 'well, he stepped before me, happily^a
 For my 'example.

Grif. 'Well, the voice^b goes, madam:
 For, after the stout Earl Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
 (As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew 'so ill
 He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads,^c he came to Leicester;
 Lodged in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably received him:
 To whom he gave these words,—“O Father Abbot,
 An old man, broken with the storms of State,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
 Give him a little 'earth, for charity!”
 So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness

^a Perhaps, haply.

^b Report.

^c Short journeys or stages.

Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 'Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his 'honours to the 'world again,
 His 'blesséd part to 'Heaven,—and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he 'rest : His faults lie 'gently on him !
 Yet, thus far, Griffith, give 'me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity :—He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach,^a ever ranking
 Himself with 'princes ; one that, by 'suggestion,^b
 Tithed^c all the kingdom : simony^d was 'fair-play ;
 His own 'opinion was his law ; i' the presence^e
 He would say untruths ; and be ever 'double,
 Both in his 'words and 'meaning. He was never—
 But where he meant to ruin—pitiful :
 His 'promises were, as he 'then was, 'mighty ;
 But his 'performance, as he is 'now, 'nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill 'example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's 'evil manners live in 'brass ; their virtues
 We write in 'water. May it please your highness
 To hear 'me speak his 'good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith : I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal, though from a humble stock,
 Was fashioned to much honour from his 'cradle.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading ;
 Lofty and sour, to them that loved him 'not ;
 But, to those men that 'sought him, sweet as summer :
 And though he were unsatisfied in 'getting,—
 Which was a sin,—yet in 'bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely. Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and 'still so rising,
 That Christendom shall 'ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heaped 'happiness upon him ;
 For 'then, and not 'till then, he felt 'himself,
 And found the 'blessedness of being 'little :
 And,—to add greater honours to his age
 Than 'man could give him,—he died fearing 'God.

^a Arrogance.

^b His own incitement, without law.

^c O. R. tied.

^d Sale of church preferments.

^e The royal presence.

Kath. After 'my death, I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.—
 Whom I most hated 'living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes 'honour. Peace be with him!—
 Patience, be near me still: and set me lower:
 I have not 'long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I named my 'kneel; whilst I sit meditating
 On that 'celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music is played, and a heavenly Vision promises eternal happiness to the dying Queen. The music continues as she awakes; but the Angels vanish.

Kath. Spirits of Peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not 'you I call for:
 Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw ye not, even now, a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet? whose bright faces
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun!
 They promised me 'eternal 'happiness;
 And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
 I am not worthy 'yet to wear: I 'shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
 Possess your fancy.

[Music ceases.]

Pat. . . . Do you note
 How much her grace is altered on the sudden?
 How 'long her face is drawn? how 'pale she looks,
 And of an earthy colour? Mark her eyes!

Grif. . . . She is going, wench. Pray, pray!

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

A Messenger hastily enters, but without the ceremony she had been accustomed to as Queen. She instantly shows great indignation:

Mess. An 't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
 Deserve we no more reverence?

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' 'pardon;
 My 'haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
 A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith:—but this 'fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[Exit Messenger.]

Griffith returns, followed by Capucius.

. . . If my sight fail not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew;—and your name Capucius?

Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are altered strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The King's 'request, that I would visit you,
And heartily entreat you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, 'that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon 'after execution.
That gentle physic, given in 'time, had 'cured me;
But 'now, I am 'past all comforts here, but prayers. . . .
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he 'ever do! and ever flourish,
When 'I shall dwell with worms, and my poor 'name
Banished the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam. [Giving 1^o to Katharine.]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This, to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model^a of our chaste loves, his young daughter,^b—
(The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding,—
To love her for her 'mother's sake,—that loved 'him,
Heaven knows how dearly! My 'next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched 'women,^c that so long
Have followed 'both my fortunes faithfully:
The last is, for my 'men;^c they are the poorest,
But poverty could never drag them from me.
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this 'last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will.

^a Image.

^b The Princess Marv., afterwards Queen.

^c Attendants.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me,
 In all humility unto his highness :
 Say to him, his 'long 'trouble now is passing
 Out of this world ; tell him, in death I blessed him,
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me 'yet.—When I am dead, good
 wench,
 Let me be used with honour : strew me over
 With maiden-flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a 'chaste 'wife : Although 'un-queened, yet, 'like
 A Queen and daughter to a King, inter me.—
 I can no more.

[Exeunt leading
 Katharine.]

Queen Katharine did not die till 1536—three years after the King's marriage to her rival, Queen Anne Boleyn, and in the same year as the execution of this his second wife. Then the poor divorced Queen Katharine found rest from her sorrows : leaving her fickle husband to pursue his often repeated experiments in domestic felicity—marrying in haste, and repenting at leisure. He employed shorter methods for future divorces.

Cromwell is taken into the royal favour : he is made successively Master of the Jewel-House—Master of the Rolls (a position next in rank to that of Lord Chancellor)—and afterwards private Secretary to the King.

Cranmer is appointed Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of England ; but his tendency to Protestant opinions excites the animosity of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who secures the trial of the Archbishop for upholding these new heresies.

The next Scene is in the Council-Chamber, presided over by the Lord Chancellor, with the Dukes of Norfolk, Suffolk, and others. Bishop Gardiner is present, and Cromwell is Secretary. The Lord Chancellor addresses Cromwell :

Chan. Speak to the 'business, master Secretary :
 'Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honours,
 The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury,
 Who waits your pleasures.

Chan. Let him enter now. . . . [Cranmer approaches.]
 My good lord Archbishop, I am very sorry
 To sit here at this present, and behold
 'That chair stand empty : but we all are frail,

And few are angels: out of which frailty
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should 'teach us,
 Have misdemeaned yourself, and not a little,—
 Toward the King first, and then toward his laws;—
 Filling the realm by teaching 'new opinions,
 Divers and dangerous;—which are 'heresies,
 And, 'not reformed, may prove pernicious.

Cran. I do beseech your lordships
 That, in this case of 'justice, my 'accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be: you are a 'counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

The Bishop of Winchester rises:

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
 We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure,
 And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;
 Where, being but a 'private man again,
 You shall know 'many dare accuse you 'boldly,—
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my 'good Lord of Winchester, I 'thank you;
 You are 'always my 'good 'friend: if 'your will pass,
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,—
 You are 'so 'merciful! . . . I see your end:—
 'T is my undoing! Love and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition.
 That I shall 'clear myself,
 I make as little doubt, as 'you do conscience,
 In doing daily 'wrongs. I 'could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a 'sectary;
 That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
 To men that understand you, 'words and 'weakness.

The Secretary Cromwell rises:

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little
 (By your good favour,) 'too 'sharp: men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they 'have been: 't is a 'cruelty,
 To load a 'falling man.

Gar. Good master Secretary,
 I cry your honour mercy: 'you may, 'worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom.

Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know 'you for a favourer
Of this new sect? 'you are not 'sound.

Crom.

Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom.

'Would 'you were half so 'honest;
Men's 'prayers then would seek you, not their 'fears.

Gar. . . . I shall 'remember this bold language.

Crom. Do! Remember your bold 'life too.

The Lord Chancellor intervenes :

Chan. This is too much; forbear, for shame, my lords!—

I take it, by 'all voices, that 'forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower, a prisoner;
There to remain, till the King's 'further pleasure
Be known unto us.

Cran.

Is there no 'other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the 'Tower, my lords?

Gar.

What other
Would you 'expect? You are strangely troublesome!
Let some o' the guard be ready there. [Enter Guard.

Cran.

For me?

Must 'I go, like a 'traitor, thither? Stay, good my
lords;

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that 'ring, I take my cause
Out of the grips of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge,—the King my master.

Chan. This is the 'King's ring! 'T is no counterfeit.

Suf. 'T is the right ring, by Heaven! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'T would fall upon 'ourselves.

The King enters, frowning on them; he takes his seat. The
Bishop of Winchester says :

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to Heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good, and wise, but most religious.

K. Hen. 'You're ever good, at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now; and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences:
To 'me you cannot reach. You play the 'spaniel,
And think, with wagging of your 'tongue, to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,
'Thou hast a 'cruel nature, and a 'bloody.—

Good man, [To Cran.] sit down.—'Now let me see
'proudest,
He that dares 'most, but wag his 'finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better 'starve,
Than but once 'think this place becomes thee not.

The Earl of Surrey interposes :

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does 'not please
I thought, I had had men of understanding
And wisdom, of my Council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, . . .
This 'good man,—few of 'you deserve that title!—
This 'honest man, wait like a lowly footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a 'shame was this! Did my commissior
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a 'Councillor to try him,
Not as a 'groom. There 's some of ye, I see,
More out of 'malice than integrity,
Would try him to the 'utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, lords, while I live!
Make me no more ado, but all 'embrace him:
Be 'friends, for shame, my lords!—My Lord of Glou-
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;—
There is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be 'god-father, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest 'monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may 'I deserve it?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your spoons.
You 'll have
Two noble partners with you,—the old Duchess
Of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset.
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. . . . With a true heart, I do it.

K. Hen. Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye 'one, lords, one 'remain:
So 'I grow stronger,—you more 'honour gain. [Exeunt.]

In 1533 the King was married to Anne Bullen, and, in the same year, the Princess Elizabeth was born. The royal infant has been taken to the Church; and we are now supposed to be standing within the Palace Yard, waiting for the return of the regal pro-

a Spoons were the usual gifts from god-fathers and sponsors.

cession from the christening. The Porter—who has only one man to assist him—is endeavouring to keep the crowd of lookers-on in order.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals! Do you take the Court for a bear^a-garden? Ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.^b

Some one in the crowd bawls out :

Man. [within.] Good master Porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue!—Is this a place to 'roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones.—I 'll scratch your heads! You must be seeing 'christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes 'here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible, (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,) To scatter them, as 't is to make them sleep On May-day morning;—which will never be. We may as well push 'gainst Saint Paul's as stir them.

Port. How got they 'in, and be hanged?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the 'tide in?

Port. Do you hear the noise they make? Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What 'should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens?

Crowd. Hooray! hooray!

The Lord Chamberlain enters.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here, As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows: There 's a trim rabble let in! Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the 'ladies, When they pass 'back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour, We are but 'men; and what 'two men may do, (Not being torn a pieces,) we have done: An 'army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live, If the King blame 'me for 't, I 'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines for neglect. Hark! the trumpets sound; They 're come already from the christening.

^a O. R. Parish.

^b Opening your mouths, shouting.

Go, break among the press,^a and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly, or 'I'll find
 A Marshalsea,^b shall hold you play these two months!

Port. Make way there for the Princess!

Crowd. Hooray! hooray!

[*Exeunt.*]

With difficulty we press forward, through the crowd, into the interior of the Palace, in time to hear Garter King at Arms make this proclamation:

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

The Archbishop of Canterbury kneels.

Cran. Sire, to your royal grace, and the good Queen,
 My noble partners and myself thus pray:—
 All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
 That Heaven e'er laid-up to make parents happy,
 May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord Archbishop;
 What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
 Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.—

The assemblage is then addressed by Cranmer:

Let 'me speak, sir.

For 'Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
 Let none think 'flattery, for they'll find them 'truth.
 This royal infant,—Heaven still move about her!—
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand-thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be—
 But few now living can 'behold that goodness—
 A pattern to all princes living 'with her,
 And all that shall 'succeed: 'Sheba^c was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
 Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces
 Shall still be 'doubled on her: Truth shall 'nurse her;
 Holy and heavenly Thoughts still 'counsel her:
 She shall be 'loved, and 'feared: her 'own shall bless
 her;
 Her foes, shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with
 her:

^a *Throng.* ^b A prison in London. ^c Queen of the South, contemporaneous with
 King Solomon (see 1 Kings, X).

In 'her days, every man shall eat in 'safety,
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of 'peace to all his neighbours.
 God shall be 'truly known. Our 'children's children
 Shall see this, and bless Heaven !

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders !

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An 'aged princess ; 'many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to 'crown it.
 'Would I had known no more ! . . . but she 'must 'die—
 She must, the saints must have her ;—
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord Archbishop,
 This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To 'see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
 Lead the way, lords : Ye must all see the Queen,
 And 'she must thank ye. This day, no man think
 There 's business at his 'house, for all shall 'stay :
 This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.^a

'T is ten to one, this play can never please
 'All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 't is clear,
 'They 'll say, " 'T is naught : " others, to hear the city
 Abused extremely, and to cry,—" 'That 's witty ! "
 Which we have not done neither ; that, I fear,
 All the expected good we 're like to hear
 For this play, at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good 'women ;
 For such a one we showed them.^b If 'they smile,
 And say, " 'T will do, " I know, within a while,
 All the best 'men are ours ; for 't is ill hap,
 If 'they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

END OF KING HENRY VIII.

^a Supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.

^b In the character of Queen Katharine.

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS, THOUGH WRITTEN AFTER THE TWO OTHER ROMAN PLAYS, IS THE FIRST IN HISTORICAL ORDER: (*see page 8*). CORIOLANUS DIED ABOUT 448 YEARS B. C.; JULIUS CÆSAR, 44 YEARS B. C.; MARC ANTONY AND QUEEN CLEOPATRA, 30 YEARS B. C.

CORIOLANUS.

Shakespeare has written three Plays, illustrative of early Roman History—Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, and Antony and Cleopatra.

The tragedy of Coriolanus is supposed to have been written and performed in 1610, but it was first printed in the folio of 1623. The Story is taken from Plutarch's "Lives of the noble Grecians and Romans compared together, and done into English by Thomas North." The time of the supposed events—which Niebuhr, the greatest ancient historian of our age, places among the fabulous legends of Rome—is in the third century from the Building of the City, or nearly five hundred years before the Christian era.

The old but ever-renewed struggle between Poverty and Property is the subject of this drama; its hero being considered by the Patricians a man of extraordinary valour and incorruptible integrity; by the Plebeians, the embodiment of pride and irascibility.

The Characters retained in this Condensation are :

<p>CAIUS MARCIUS, <i>afterwards</i> CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.</p> <p>TITUS LARTIUS, } <i>Generals against</i> COMINIUS, } <i>the Volscians.</i></p> <p>MENENIUS AGRIPPA, <i>Friend to Coriolanus.</i></p> <p>SICINIUS VELUTUS, } <i>Tribunes of</i> JUNIUS BRUTUS, } <i>the people.</i></p> <p>Young MARCIUS, <i>Son to Coriolanus.</i></p> <p><i>A Roman Herald.</i></p>	<p>TULLUS AUFIDIUS, <i>General of the Volscians.</i></p> <p>VOLUMNIA, <i>Mother to Coriolanus.</i></p> <p>VIRGILIA, <i>Wife to Coriolanus.</i></p> <p>VALERIA, <i>Friend to Virgilia.</i></p> <p><i>Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.</i></p>
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The Scene is partly in Rome and its neighbourhood; partly in Corioli and its neighbourhood; and partly in Antium; both cities being about thirty miles from Rome.

The Time comprehends about four historical years; that is, from the Secession to the Mons Sacer, in the year of Rome 262, to the death of Coriolanus A. U. C. 265.

The Play opens with a scene of tumult in the streets of Rome. The starving Citizens are clamorous against the Patricians, and chiefly against Caius Marcius, who had added to his pride of birth contemptuous disdain for the complaints of the people.

One Citizen alone speaks in extenuation of the patrician warrior.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear 'me speak.

All. Speak, speak!

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to 'die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved!

1 *Cit.* First,—you know, Caius Marcius is chief 'enemy to the people? Let us 'kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more 'talking on 't; let it be 'done: Away, away!

The friendly Plebeian advances:

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens. Would you proceed 'especially against Caius Marcius?

1 *Cit.* Against him 'first: he 's a very 'dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good 'report for 't, but that he pays 'himself—with being proud. What he hath done famously, he did it to please his mother, and partly to be proud; which he is, even to the 'altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his 'nature, you account a 'vice in him. You must in no way say he is 'covetous?

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be 'barren of accusations; he hath faults, with 'surplus, to tire in repetition. [^{Shouts}_{within.}] What shouts are these? The 'other side o' the city is 'risen: why stay 'we prating here? To the Capitol!—Soft! Who comes here?

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always 'loved the people.

1 *Cit.* 'He 's one honest enough: would all the 'rest were so!

Menenius Agrippa enters.

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you?

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the Senate. They say, 'poor suitors have strong 'breaths: they shall know, we have strong 'arms too!

Men. Why, my good friends, will you undo 'yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir; we 'are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable 'care

Have the patricians of you. For your 'wants,
Your suffering in this 'dearth, you may as well
Strike at the 'heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman State; and for the 'dearth,

The 'gods, not the patricians, make it; so
Your 'knees to 'them, not 'arms, must help: You
'slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you like 'fathers.

- 1 *Cit.* Care for us!—They ne'er cared for us yet!—Suffer us to 'famish, and their store-houses 'crammed with grain; repeal daily any 'wholesome act established 'against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the 'poor. If the 'wars eat us not up, 'they will; and there's all the 'love they bear us.

Men. Either you must

Confess yourselves wondrous 'malicious,
Or be accused of 'folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be, you 'have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture.

- 1 *Cit.* We'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a 'tale.

Men. . . . There was a time, when all the 'body's 'members

Rebelle'd against the 'belly; thus accused it:—
That only, like a 'gulf, it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive;
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
'Like labour with the rest; where other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel;
And ('mutually participate,) did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the 'whole 'body. The belly answered,—

- 1 *Cit.* Well sir, 'what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall 'tell you.—With a kind of smile,
(For, look you, I 'may make the belly 'smile
As well as 'speak)—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members,—the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt—

- 1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!

The kingly-crownéd head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

What then?

Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then? what then?
Should by the cormorant belly be restrained,—

Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* What 'could the belly answer ?

Men. I will tell you.

1 *Cit.* Ye 're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
Your most grave belly was 'deliberate,
Not rash—like his accusers,—and 'thus answered :—
“ True is it, my in-corporate friends,” quoth he,
“ That I 'receive the general food, at first,
Which 'you do 'live upon ; and 'fit it is,—
'Because I am the store-house, and the shop,
Of the whole 'body : But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the Court, the heart,—to the seat o' the 'brain :
The strongest nerves, and small inferior 'veins,
From 'me receive that natural competency
Whereby they 'live.” This says the belly, mark me,—

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. “ Though 'all, at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to 'each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do 'back receive the 'flour of all,
And leave 'me but the 'bran.”—What say you to 't ?
The Senators of Rome are this good 'belly,
And 'you . . . the 'mutinous 'members ! What do 'you
think,—

You, the great 'toe of this assembly ?

1 *Cit.* I the great toe ? 'why the great toe ?

Men. For, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go 'st 'foremost.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs :
Rome, and her 'rats, are at the point of battle ;
The 'one side 'must have bale.^a—

The great Patrician leader, Caius Marcius, enters :

Hail, noble Marcius !

Mar. Thanks.—What 's the matter, you dissensious rogues ?

1 *Cit.* We have ever 'your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to 'thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war ? the one 'affrights you,
The other makes you 'proud. He that 'trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you 'hares ;
Where foxes, 'geese : and your affections are
A sick man's appetite,—who desires most that
Which would 'increase his evil. He that depends

^a Misfortune.

Upon your favours, swims with fins of 'lead,
And hews down oaks with 'rushes. Hang ye! Trust
ye?

With every 'minute you do change a mind;
And call him 'noble that was now your 'hate,
Him vile, that was your 'garland. What's the matter,
That, in these several places of the city,
You cry against the noble Senate, who,
Under the Gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn, at their 'own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! " 'They say! "

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in 'their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. " 'They say " there's grain
enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,^a
And let me use my 'sword, I'd make a quarry^b
With thousands of these quartered slaves, as high
As I could pick^c my lance.

Men. What says the 'other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!

They said, they were an-hungry; sighed forth prov-
erbs,—

That "Hunger 'broke stone walls;" that " 'Dogs must
eat;"

That "Meat was 'made for mouths;" that "The Gods
sent not

Corn for the 'rich men only:"—with these shreds,
They vented their complainings; which being answered,
And a petition granted them,—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon!

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,

Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,

Sicinius Velutus, and . . . I know not—'Sdeath!

The rabble should have first unroofed the city,
Ere so prevailed with 'me! Go home, you fragments!

If, as I hear, the Volscians are in arms,

We shall have means to vent^d our musty superfluity.—

Generals, Cominius and Titus Lartius, with several Sen-
here pass along the street; followed by Junius Brutus and

^a *Impassion, pity.*

^b Prey for vultures.

^c Pitch.

^d To get rid of.

Sicinius Velutus, two of the newly elected Tribunes of the People. Cominius says :

Com. Marcius, 't is 'true that you have lately told us,—
The Volsces 'are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in 'envying his nobility ;
And were I anything but what I 'am,
I 'd wish me only 'he.

Com. You have 'fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the 'world by the ears, and he
Upon 'my party, I 'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with 'him : he is a lion
That I am 'proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

Com. [To the Citizens.] Hence ! To your homes ! be gone !

Mar. Nay, 'let them follow :
The Volsces have 'much corn ; take these 'rats thither,
To gnaw 'their garner.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your 'valour puts 'well forth : 'pray, follow. [Ex. Mar.
and Sen.]

Marcus goes out haughtily, followed by the Senators. The Plebeians quietly disperse. The two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, remain.

Sic. Was 'ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen Tribunes for the People,—

Bru. Marked you his lip and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his 'taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird^a the 'gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon !

Bru. The present wars devour him !

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
'Under Cominius.

Sic. Let us hence, and hear
How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,—
More than his 'singularity,^b—he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let 's along.

[Exeunt.]

^a To taunt or sneer at.

^b Personal arrangement.

While Caius Marcius has been appointed to a command under the senior generals Cominius and Titus Lartius, preparations are made, by the Senators at Corioli, to place Tullus Aufidius at the head of the Volscian army.

The Scene now changes to an apartment in the house of Caius Marcius; where Volumnia his mother, and Virgilia his wife are employed in needlework. Volumnia is proud of her son and desirous of his success; Virgilia, quiet and retiring, is mainly anxious for his safety. These ladies, thus contrasted, are admirable specimens of the Matrons of Early Rome, and give us some idea of that feminine nobility of character which induced the founders of the city to introduce the religious festival of the "Matronalia," thus conferring high political importance on the wives and mothers of Rome, and causing them (as we shall afterwards learn) to be publicly employed in time of danger.—Volumnia says to Virgilia:

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more 'comfortable sort: if my son were 'my husband, I should freely 'rejoice in that absence wherein he won 'honour. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and my only son; when, for a 'day of Kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an 'hour from her beholding; I,—considering how 'honour would become such a person; that it was no better than, (picture-like,) to hang by the wall, if 'renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek 'danger where he was like to find 'fame. To a cruel war I 'sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak!¹ I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a 'man-child, than in first seeing he had 'proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he 'died in the business, madam,—how 'then?

Vol. Then his 'good report should have been my son. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a 'dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than 'thine and 'my good Marcius,—I had rather have 'eleven die nobly for their country, than 'one voluptuously surfeit 'out of action.

A Gentlewoman enters:

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you?

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;

I see him pluck Aufidius by the hair;

Methinks, I see him 'stamp thus, and 'call thus,—

Come on, you cowards!"¹ His bloody brow

¹ The oak crown was, in Rome, the token of the highest distinction.

With his mailed hand then wiping, forth he goes!

Vir. His 'bloody brow? O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a 'man
Than gilt his trophy. 'Go now: Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.—Now to Valeria. Come!

[*Exeunt.*]

Shortly after the appointment of Caius Marcius to his command, several skirmishes take place; in one of which the Romans are beaten back to their trenches—at which the indignation of the young leader is aroused:

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of cowards!—Boils
and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be 'abhorred
Further than 'seen; and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of 'geese,
That bear the 'shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that 'apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt 'behind; 'backs red, and 'faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge 'home;
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on 'you: look to 't! Come on;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches. Follow me!

After this animating address, the fighting is renewed with varying fortune. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and Marcius follows them.

So, now the gates are 'ope:—now prove good seconds:
'T is for the 'followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark 'me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates alone.*]

He is immediately attacked by the hostile soldiery, and almost overpowered by many wounds. His sudden capture so exasperates his men that they soon force their way to his assistance, and recover him from the enemy. The bleeding hero is at once congratulated by Lartius his general, but he declines this public commendation:

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not 'warmed me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather 'physical
Than 'dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight!

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
 Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
 'Mis-guide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
 Prosperity be thy page!^a

Mar. 'Thy friend; no less
 Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [Exit Marcius.]
 Go, sound thy trumpet in the Market-place;
 Call thither all the officers o' the town,
 Where they shall know our mind: Away! [Exeunt.]

After this temporary check to the Romans, we now proceed to the camp of the Commander-in-chief, Cominius, who is endeavouring to revive his wearied soldiers:

Com. Breathe you, my friends! Well fought! We are
 come off
 Like Romans, neither foolish in our 'stands,
 Nor cowardly in 'retire: believe me, sirs,
 We shall be charged 'again! Ye Roman gods,
 Lead their successes as we wish our own,
 So give you thankful sacrifice!—

A Messenger enters.

Thy news?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
 And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
 I saw our party to their 'trenches driven,
 And then I came away.

Com. How long is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

A voice is heard without, calling:

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
 More than I know the sound of 'Marcius' tongue
 From every 'meaner man's.

Marcius enters, still covered with blood:

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of 'others,
 But mantled in your 'own.

Mar. O, let me clip^b you
 In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in 'heart
 As merry as on my nuptial day.

Com. Flower of warriors!
 How is 't with Titus Lartius?

^a Attendant.

^b Clasp.

- Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees :
 Condemning some to 'death, and some to 'exile ;
 Holding Corioli, in the name of Rome,
 Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
 To let him slip at will.
- Com.* Where is that 'slave
 Who told me they had beat you to your 'trenches ?
 Where is he ? Call him hither.
- Mar.* Let him alone ;
 He did inform the truth.
- Com.* But how 'prevailed you ?
- Mar.* Will the 'time serve to tell ? I do not think so.
 Where is the enemy ? Are you 'lords o' the field ?
 If not, why cease you till you 'are so ?
- Com.* Marcus,
 We have fought at disadvantage . . . and retired.
- Mar.* How lies their battle ? Know you on which side
 They have placed their men of trust ?
- Com.* As I guess, Marcus,
 Their bands i' the vaward^a are the Antiates ;
 O'er them Aufidius.
- Mar.* I do beseech you,
 By all the battles wherein we have fought,
 Set 'me against Aufidius !
- Com.* Though I could wish
 You were conducted home, yet dare I never
 'Deny your asking. Take your choice of those
 That best can 'aid your action.
- Mar.* Those are they
 That most are 'willing ; and, if any fear
 Less for his 'person than an ill 'report ;
 If any think brave 'death outweighs bad 'life,
 And that his country 's dearer than himself ;
 Let him, 'alone, or 'many if so minded,
 Wave thus, and follow Marcus ! [They all shout, and wave their swords.]
 Come then ! along ! Make you a sword of 'me ?
 If these shows be not outward, which of you
 But is 'four Volsces ?
- Com.* March on, my fellows :
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with 'us. [Exeunt.]

On the field between the Roman and the Volscian camps, Marcus has at last the desire of his soldierly heart : he is at sword's length with his great foe, Tullus Aufidius.

^a Vanward, foremost rank.

Mar. I 'll fight with none but 'thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate 'alike:

Not Afric owns a 'serpent I abhor,
More than 'thy fame I 'envy. Fix thy foot!

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius, halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased; 't is not 'my blood
Wherein thou seest me masked: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

The contest is interrupted by some Volscian soldiers who assist their general to escape from his formidable enemy. The triumphant Marcius, although severely wounded, returns to the Roman Camp, where he is loudly praised, in presence of the army, by the general-in-chief, Cominius:

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not 'believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—“We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier!”—

Mar. Pray now, no more: My mother,
Who has a 'charter to extol her blood,
When 'she does praise me, 'grieves me. I have done
As 'you have done,—that 's what I 'can; induced
As you have been,—that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en 'mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The 'grave of your deserving; 'Rome must know
The value of her own.—Before our army, hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembered.

Com. Should they 'not,
Well might they 'fester 'gainst ingratitude.
Of all the treasure, in the field achieved,
We render you the 'tenth,

Mar. I thank you, general,

But cannot make my heart consent to take
A 'bribe, to pay my 'sword: I do refuse it.

A long flourish. They all cry, "Marcius! Marcius!" cast up their caps and lances. Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing! No more, I say.
You shout in acclamations 'hyperbolic;
As if I loved my 'little should be dieted
In praises sauced with 'lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
Therefore, be it known, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's 'garland: and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus!—Bear the addition nobly
ever!

The drums and trumpets mingle their sounds of triumph with the shouts of the soldiers, as the cry rises from every column:

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no.

Com. So, to our tent.

Cor. The gods begin to 'mock me. I, that now
'Refused most princely gifts, am bound to 'beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 't is yours—What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
And at a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him 'prisoner;
But then 'Aufidius was within my view,
And 'wrath o'erwhelmed my pity. I request you
To give my poor host 'freedom.

Com. O, well begged!
Were he the 'butcher of my 'son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot! . . .
I am weary; yea, my 'memory is tired.—
Have we no 'wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries; 't is time
It should be looked to: Come!

[Exeunt.]

We hasten to Rome, before intelligence of this great victory, and the achievements of Coriolanus, can be known.—Menenius is in conversation with the Tribunes Brutus and Sicinius:

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news 'to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the 'people, for they
'love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches 'beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the 'wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would
the noble Marcius.—You two are 'old men: tell me one
thing that I shall ask you. In what enormity is Mar-
cius 'poor, that 'you two have not in 'abundance?

Bru. He 's poor in no 'one fault, but stored with 'all.

Sic. Especially in 'pride.

Men. This is strange now! Do you two know how 'you are
censured here in the city? and you blame 'Marcius for
being proud?

Bru. We do it not 'alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little 'alone. 'You talk of
pride: O, that you could turn your eyes toward the
napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey
of your good 'selves!

Bru. What 'then, sir?

Men. Why, then, you should discover a brace of as un-
meriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates,—alias
'fools,—as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, 'you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that
loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying
'Tiber^a in 't: what I 'think, I 'utter, and spend my
malice in my breath.

Bru. Come, sir, come! we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither 'me, yourselves, nor anything. You
are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear
out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause
between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then
rejoyn the 'controversy of 'threepence to a 'second day
of audience. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter

^a Water from the river Tiber.

giber for the 'table, than a necessary bencher in the 'Capitol.

Men. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, 'Marcius is 'proud; who, in a 'cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion,* though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary 'hangmen. Good-den to your 'worships; I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Brutus and Sicinius retire. As Menenius is going, he meets Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus, and Virgilia, his wife:

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let 's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming 'home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Ho! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him: the 'State hath another, his 'wife another; and, I think, there 's one at home for 'you.

Men. I will make my very house 'reel to-night:—a letter for 'me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health. Is he not 'wounded? he was 'wont to come home wounded.

Vol. O, he 'is wounded,—I thank the gods for 't!

Men. So do I too, . . . if it be not too 'much.—Brings he victory in his pocket, the wounds 'become him.

Vol. On his 'brows, Menenius! he comes the 'third time home with the 'oaken 'garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, They fought together, but Aufidius got off. The Senate has letters from the 'General, wherein he gives my 'son the whole name of the war: he hath in 'this action outdone his former deeds 'doubly.

Vol. In troth, there 's 'wondrous things spoke of him.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True! I 'll be 'sworn they are true.—

* a Son of Prometheus: his flood happened 1503 years B. C.

Menenius calls to the Tribunes :

Save your good worships ! Marcius is coming 'home :
he has 'more cause to be proud.—'Where is he
wounded ?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm. He received, in
the repulse of Tarquin, 'seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there 's 'nine,
that 'I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds
upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty-'seven ! every gash was an enemy's
grave. ^{A shout} _[and flourish.] Hark ! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the 'ushers of Marcius : 'before him he car-
ries 'noise ; and 'behind him he leaves 'tears.

A sennet. Trumpets sound, while a splendid procession advances.
In the place of honour—between the two senior generals, Cominius
and Titus Lartius—is Coriolanus, again crowned with the oaken
garland ; followed by Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald. The Her-
ald makes proclamation of the hero's achievements, and the people
all shout. The Herald proclaims :

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli gates : where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ; this
In honour follows—Coriolanus !

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

[Flourish.

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart ;
'Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother !

Cor. O ! 'you have, I know, petitioned all the gods
For my prosperity !

[Kneels.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up ;

My gentle Marcius,—worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,—
What is it ?—Coriolanus must I call thee ?—
But, O, thy wife !—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail !

Would'st thou have 'laughed, had I come 'coffined
home,

That 'weep'st to see me 'triumph ! Ah, my dear
Such eyes the 'widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that 'lack sons.

Menenius advances :

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could 'weep,
And I could 'laugh ; I am light and heavy. Welcome !

A curse begin at very root on 's heart
That is not glad to see thee!

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very 'wishes,
And the buildings of my 'fancy: only there
Is 'one thing wanting,—which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their 'servant in 'my way,
Than 'sway with them in 'theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

Coriolanus, with his wife and mother on either hand, proceeds to the Capitol. Preceded by the lictors, Cominius the consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, and many other Senators take their places: the annoyed Tribunes take theirs by themselves. Menenius speaks:

Men. Having determined of the 'Volsces, it remains,
Most reverend and grave elders, to report
A little of that worthy work performed
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to 'thank, and to remember
With 'honours like himself. Speak, good Cominius.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to withdraw, that he might not be a listener to his own eulogy.

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to 'hear
What you have nobly 'done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than 'hear say how I got them.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarums were struck, than idly sit
To hear my 'nothings 'monstered.

[Exit.

Coriolanus having retired, Cominius commences his address:

Com. I shall lack 'voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be uttered 'feebly.—It is held
That valour is the 'chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver:^a if it be,
The man I speak of cannot, in the 'world,
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin angered^b Rome, he bravely fought;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,

^a Possessor.

^b O. R. made a Head for.

He lurch'd all swords of the garland.^a For this last,
 'Before and 'in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him 'home.^b Alone he entered
 The mortal gate of the city; aidless came off;
 And, with a sudden reinforcement, struck
 Corioli like a planet; and, till we called
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. He 's right noble:
 Let him be called for. No: he doth appear. [Coriolanus
 re-enters.
 The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
 To make thee 'Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
 My 'life and services.

Men. It then remains,
 That you do speak to the 'people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
 Let me o'erleap 'that custom; for I cannot
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:
 Please you that I may 'pass this doing.

The Tribune Sicinius firmly replies:

Sic. Sir, the people
 'Must have their voices: neither will they bate
 One 'jot of ceremony.

Menenius speaks to Coriolanus:

Men. Pray you, go fit you to the 'custom; and
 Take to you, as your predecessors have,
 Your 'honour with the 'form.

Cor. It is a part
 That I shall blush in acting, and might well
 Be taken 'from the people. Is it for me
 To 'brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
 Show them the unaching scars which I should 'hide?
 As if I had received them for the hire
 Of 'their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
 We recommend to you, Tribunes of the People,
 'Our purpose to them; and to our noble Consul
 Wish we all joy and honour. [Exeunt.

The Senators all echo the wish, and, with flourishes of martial music, the assembly breaks up.

We now proceed to the Forum, where several Citizens await the solicitations of their new Chief Magistrate.

^a = Gained from all competitors the wreath of victory.

^b Fully to the purpose.

1 *Cit.* Once for all, if he 'do require our voices, we ought not to 'deny him.

2 *Cit.* We 'may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have 'power in ourselves to do it; but it is a power that we have 'no power to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put 'our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a 'monster of the 'multitude; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be 'monstrous members. Here he comes, and in the 'gown of humility: mark his 'behaviour. We are not to stay all 'together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. Therefore, follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Coriolanus, with great reluctance, takes his stand. Menenius remonstrates with him:

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The 'worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I 'say?—
“I pray, sir,”—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.—“Look, sir:—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roared, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.”

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of 'that: you must desire them
To think on 'you.

Cor. To think on 'me? Hang them!
I would they would 'forget me!

Men. You 'll mar all:
I 'll leave you: pray, speak in 'wholesome manner. [Exit.]

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.

Two Citizens enter.

You know the 'cause, sirs, of my standing here?

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath 'brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own 'desire.

1 *Cit.* How! 'not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 't was never my desire yet to trouble the
'poor, with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we 'give you anything, we hope to 'gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your 'price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it 'kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I 'pray let me have it: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—'Your good voice, sir: What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sirs.—There are in all 'two worthy voices begged.—I have 'your alms: adieu.

1 *Cit.* . . . But this is something odd!

2 *Cit.* An 't were to give again . . . but 't is no matter.

[*Exeunt the two Cit. zens.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to 'die, better to 'starve,
Than 'crave the hire which first we do 'deserve.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come 'more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have 'fought;
'Watched for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
'I 've seen, you 've 'heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more. Your voices:
Indeed, I would be Consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any 'honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore, 'let him be Consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—Heaven save thee, noble Consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Coriolanus now gladly proceeds to the Senate-house to be invested as Consul. Meanwhile, the angry Tribunes of the People, Brutus and Sicinius, address the Citizens:

Sic. How now, my masters? 'have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our 'voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may 'deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He 'mocked us, when he begged our voices.

1 *Cit.* No, 't is his kind of speech; he did 'not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He used us 'scornfully: he 'should have showed us
His marks of merit,—wounds received for 's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No; no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He 'said he had wounds, which he could show in 'private;

And with his hand, thus waving it in scorn,
 "I would be Consul," says he: "aged custom,
 'But by your voices, will not so permit me;
 Your voices, therefore.—I thank you for your voices,—
 Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your
 'voices,

I have no further with you."—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either you were ignorant to see 't;
 Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
 To 'yield your voices.

Bru. When he had 'no power,
 He was your 'enemy: and do you think
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he 'hath power to crush?

3 *Cit.* He 's not 'confirmed; we may deny him 'yet.

2 *Cit.* And 'will deny him:

I 'll have five hundred voices of 'that sound.

1 *Cit.* I 'twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends
 They 've chose a Consul, that will from them take
 Their liberties; make them of no more voice
 Than 'dogs,—that are as often 'beat for barking,
 As therefore 'kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble. Then enforce his pride,
 And his old hate unto you: Say, you chose him
 More after 'our 'commandment, than as guided
 By your own true affections. Say, you ne'er had
 done 't—

Harp on that still—but by 'our putting on:
 And presently, when you have drawn^a your number,
 Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
 'Repent in their election.

[*Exeunt.*]

While the Citizens are thus planning to revoke their own appointment, intelligence is received that Tullus Aufidius is again in arms, being disgusted with the previous submission of his Volscian forces.

The Consul Coriolanus is passing along the street, accompanied by Cominius, Menenius Agrippa, and other friends; he says:

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?

So then, the Volscies stand but as at first;
 Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
 On us again. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse

^a Assembled.

Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town : he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of 'me ?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How ? what ?

Lart. That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
'Your person most ; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be called your 'vanquisher.

Cor. . . . At 'Antium lives he ?
I wish I had a cause to 'seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.

Sicinius and Brutus enter.

Behold ! these are the Tribunes of the People,
The 'tongues o' the common mouth : I do despise them ;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all 'noble sufferance.

Sicinius rudely stands in the way.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha ! what is that ?

Brutus adds :

Bru. It will be 'dangerous to go on : no further !

Cor. Have I not passed the nobles and the commons ?
Have I had 'children's voices ? Are these your herd ?—
Must these have voices, that can 'yield them now,
And straight 'disclaim their tongues ?—What are your
offices ?
You being their 'mouths, why rule you not their 'teeth ?
Have you not set them on ?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a 'purposed thing, and grows by 'plot,
To curb the will of the 'nobility.

Bru. Call 't 'not a plot :
The people cry, you mocked them ; and, of late,
When corn was given them 'gratis, 'you repined ;
Scandaled the suppliants for the people ; called them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known 'before.

Bru. Not to them 'all.

Cor. Have 'you informed them since ?

Bru. How ! 'I inform them !

Com. You are 'like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better 'yours.

Cor. Why then should I be 'Consul? By yond' clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as 'you, and make me
Your fellow-Tribune!

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a 'god to punish,—not
A 'man of their infirmity. 'T were well
We let the people know 't!

Menenius kindly interposes:

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my 'mind!^a

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it 'is—
Not poison any 'further.

Cor. " 'Shall remain! "—
Hear you this Triton^b of the minnows? mark you
His absolute " 'shall " ? O most unwise patricians!
Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house 'gratis,
I say, they nourished disobedience,—fed
The 'ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give 'my 'reasons,
More worthy than 'their 'voices!

Bru. 'T is enough:
He has spoken like a 'traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
Let what is meet be said, it 'must be meet,
And throw 'their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason! The Ædiles, ho!— [Enter an Ædile.]

Sic. Go, call the 'people; [^{Exit} Ædile] in whose name, 'myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,—
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer! Help, ye citizens!

The Ædile returns with other Officers and a rabble of Citizens.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him! down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons! weapons! weapons!
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

^a Consider.

^b A sea-monster, half man, half fish.

Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Menenius again intervenes:

Men. What is about to be? . . . I'm out of breath; . . .
Confusion's near: I cannot speak.—You, Tribunes, . . .
Coriolanus, patience:—Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all 'from you—Marcius,
Whom late you have named for Consul.

Menenius interrupts:

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to 'kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the 'city but the 'people?

Cit. True, the people 'are the city.

After much confusion Brutus is heard:

Bru. By the consent of all, 'we were established
The people's magistrates. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were 'elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present 'death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the Rock Tarpeian,^a and from thence
Into destruction cast him!

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
And bear him to the rock!

Cor. No; I'll die here! [Drawing his sword.]

Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help! Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Cit. Down with him! down with him! [Exeunt confusedly.]

In the terrific clamour that ensues, Coriolanus escapes instant death by retiring, at the earnest solicitation of his friend Menenius, to his own house, whither we follow him: he is now attended by several friendly Patricians as well as by his mother.

Cor. Let them pull 'all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile 'ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I 'still
Be thus to them. I muse, my honoured mother
Does not 'approve me further. Would you have me

^a A precipice near Rome from which malefactors were thrown down.

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
Truly the man I 'am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir!
I would have had you put your power well 'on,
'Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Why, let it go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving 'less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not showed 'them how you were 'disposed,
Ere 'they lacked power to 'cross you.

Cor. Let them hang!

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Menenius and Senators enter.

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough, something
too rough:
You must return, and mend it.

Cor. 'What must I do?

Men. Return to the Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For 'them?—I cannot do it to the 'gods;
Must I then do 't to 'them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when 'extremities speak,—I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsevered friends,
I' the 'war do grow 'together: grant that, and tell me,
In 'peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush! Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it 'lies on you to speak.
I would dissemble with my 'nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, required
I should do so in honour: I pr'ythee go, my son,
Thy knee bussing^a the stones,—for in such business
'Action is eloquence, and the 'eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the 'ears—and say to them,
Thou art their 'soldier; and, being 'bred in broils,
Hast not the 'soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to 'use, as they to 'claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, 'hereafter theirs, so far

^a Kissing.

As thou hast power and person. Here is Cominius.

Cominius enters.

Com. I have been i' the Market-place; and, sir, 't is fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence: all 's in anger.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce?
Must I with base tongue give my noble heart
A 'lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet were there but this single self to lose,—
This mould of Marcius,—they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind.—To the Market-place!—
You have put me 'now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said
'My praises made thee 'first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for 'this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I 'must do 't.

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some 'harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turned,
Which quiréd with my drum, into a pipe
That babies lulls asleep! A 'beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my armed knees,
Which bowed but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! . . . I will 'not do 't,
Lest I surcease^a to honour mine own truth,
And, by my 'body's action, teach my 'mind
A most inherent baseness!

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of 'thee, it is my 'more dishonour
Than thou of 'them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy 'pride, than fear
Thy dangerous 'stoutness;^b for 'I mock at death
With as big heart as 'thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was 'mine; thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride 'thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:

Mother, . . . I am 'going to the Market-Place;
Chide me no more. I 'll 'mountebank their loves,
'Cog^c their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the 'trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife. I 'll 'return Consul,—
Or never trust to what my tongue can do

^a Cease entirely.

^b Stubborn.

^c Obtain by flattery.

I the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will.

[Exit.]

Cominius says :

Com. Away! the Tribunes do attend you : arm yourself
To answer 'mildly ; for they are prepared
With accusations,—as I hear, 'more strong
Than are upon you 'yet.

Cor. The word is, "Mildly."—Pray you, let us go :
Let them accuse me by 'invention,—I
Will answer in mine 'honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then ! mildly.

[Exeunt.]

Wild excitement prevails as the trial of Coriolanus draws near. Sicinius and Brutus, amidst a crowd of Citizens, await, in the Forum, the arrival of the accused Patrician.—Brutus thus urges Sicinius :

Bru. In 'this point charge him 'home—that he affects^a
'Tyrannical power : If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his 'envy to the people.
Put him to 'choler straight. He hath been used
Ever to 'conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction : Being once 'chafed, he cannot
Be reined again to 'temperance ; 'then he speaks
What 's in his 'heart ; and 'that is there which looks
With us to break his neck. Well, here he comes.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Senators, and Patricians.
Menenius says :

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. The honoured gods
Keep Rome in safety ; and the chairs of Justice
Supplied with 'worthy men ! plant 'love among us !
Throng our large temples with the shows of 'peace,
And 'not our streets with 'war !

Men. A noble wish. Amen, amen.

The Ædiles and Citizens approach clamorously. Coriolanus says :

Cor. First, hear me speak.
Shall I be charged no 'further than this present ?
Must all 'determine 'here ?

Sicinius asks :

Sic. I do demand
If you submit you to the people's voices ;

^a Aims at.

Allow^a their officers ; and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be 'proved upon you ?

Cor. I 'am content.

Menenius rises :

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :
The 'warlike service he has done, consider ;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers—
Scars to move 'laughter only.—What is the matter,
That, being passed for Consul with full voice,
I am so dishonoured, that the very 'hour
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to 'us.
We charge you,—that you have contrived to take
From Rome all seasoned office, and to wind
Yourself into a power 'tyrannical ;
For which you are a 'traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! traitor !

Menenius whispers :

Men. Nay, temperately ; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people !
Call 'me their 'traitor !—Thou injurious Tribune !
Within thine eyes, sat twenty 'thousand deaths ;
In thy hands clutched, as many 'millions ; in
Thy lying tongue, 'both numbers ; I would say,
"Thou 'liest !"—unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

Shouts and yells arise from the enraged citizens, who utter the fatal words :

Cit. To the Rock ! to the Rock with him !

Sicinius continues :

Sic. Peace !
We need not put 'new matter to his charge :
What you have 'seen him do, and heard him 'speak,
Deserves the extremest 'death.

Brutus interrupts :

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome,—

Cor. What ! 'do 'you prate of service ?

Bru. I talk of that, that 'know it.

^a Acknowledge.

Cor. You?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further!
 'Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,—
 Vagabond exile,—flaying,—pent^a to linger
 But with a 'grain a day,—I would not buy
 Their mercy at the price of one fair 'word;
 Nor check my courage for what 'they can give,
 To have 't with saying, "Good morrow."

Sicinius, after apparent consultation with his colleagues, proceeds:

Sic. For that he has—
 As much as in him lies—from time to time
 Envied against the 'people, seeking means
 To pluck away their power;—in the name o' the people,
 And in the power of us, the Tribunes, we,
 Even from this instant, banish him our city!

All. It shall be so! it shall be so! let him away!

Cominius interposes:

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He 's sentenced: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been 'Consul, and can show for Rome
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good, more tender than my life—

Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is 'banished—
 As enemy to the people and his country:
 It shall be so!

Wild shouts of approbation arise from the Citizens:

Cit. It shall be so! it shall be so! he 's banished.

Cor. You common cry of 'curs! whose 'breath I hate
 As reek o' the rotten fens; whose 'loves I prize,
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air,—'I banish 'you.
 And here remain with your uncertainty!^b
 Let every feeble 'rumour shake your hearts!
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into 'despair! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders; till, at length
 Your ignorance deliver you, as most
 Abated^c captives, to some nation
 That won you 'without blows! Despising, then,

^a Shut up, imprisoned.

^b A factious division.

^c Dejected, humiliated.

For you, the city, thus I turn my back. . . .
There is a world elsewhere!

[Exeunt.]

The historical date of the banishment of Coriolanus is 489 B. C. At that time, banishment was no part of the Roman punitive law; but, to avoid a heavier doom—as in the case of precipitation from the Tarpeian Rock—an eminence on the Capitoline Hill, whence persons condemned for treason to the State were frequently hurled—a man was permitted to be self-exiled.

Coriolanus parts from his patrician friends outside the city-gates, and journeys on unattended. In his hatred of the Plebeians who have so dishonoured him, he meditates an act which will prove either a grateful revenge, or a welcome self-sacrifice. He makes his lonely way to Antium—now the residence of his great foe, Aufidius—where he arrives travel-soiled and in mean attire.

Cor. A 'goodly city is this Antium.—City,
'T is I that made thy 'widows: then, know me 'not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In 'puny battle slay me.

A Citizen enters.

Save you, sir. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies.^a Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the State
At 's house this night.

Cor. 'Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir. Farewell. [Exit Citizen.]

O world, thy 'slippery 'turns! 'Friends, 'now fast
sworn,—

Whose double bosoms seem to wear 'one heart;
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still 'together;—shall, 'within this hour,
On a dissension of a 'doit,^b break out
To bitterest 'enmity: so, fellest 'foes,—
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other; by some chance,—
Some trick not worth an 'egg,—shall grow dear 'friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with 'me:—
My birth-place 'hate I, and my love 's upon
This 'enemy town. . . . I 'll enter: If he 'slay me,
He does fair 'justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do 'his country 'service!

[Exit.]

The banished Warrior enters his enemy's hall.

Cor. A 'goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a 'guest.

^a Lives.^b A coin worth the eighth of a penny; anything insignificant.

A Servant enters.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you?
Here 's no place for 'you: pray, go to the door.

Cor. . . . I have 'deserved no better entertainment
In being Coriolanus.

Another Servant enters.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in
his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?
Pray, get you 'out!

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get 'you away!

Cor. Now thou art 'troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I 'll have you 'talked with anon.

A third Servant enters.

3 *Serv.* What fellow 's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get
him out o' the house; pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid
the house. [Ex. 2 *Serv.*

Cor. Let me but 'stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. . . . Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy? Where is that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows!—What an ass it is!

Aufidius and Servant enter.

Auf. Where is this fellow? Speak, man: What 's thy
name?

Cor. A name unmusical to Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. 'Say what 's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. . . . Know'st thou me 'yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My 'name is Caius Marcius; who hath done
To 'thee particularly, and to 'all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My 'surname,—Coriolanus. Drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
'But with that surname; only that remains.

The cruelty and envy of the 'people,
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, have
 Whooped me out of Rome. Now, this extremity
 Hath brought me to 'thy hearth. Then, if thou hast
 A heart of 'wreak^a in thee,—that will revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims^b
 Of shame seen through thy country,—speed thee
 straight,
 And make 'my misery serve thy turn : so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As 'benefits to 'thee ; for I will fight
 'Against my cankered country, with the spleen
 Of all the under-fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, then, in a word, I am
 'Longer to live most 'weary, and present
 My 'throat, to thee and to thy ancient malice ;
 Which 'not to cut, would show thee but a 'fool ;
 Since I have ever followed 'thee with hate,
 Drawn 'tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy 'shame,—unless
 It be to do thee 'service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius !
 Each word thou 'st spoke hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. Now I contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy 'love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy 'valour. O come ; go in.
 And take our friendly Senators by the hands ;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepared against your 'territories,
 Though not for Rome 'itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods !
Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The 'leading of thine own revenges, take
 The half of my commission : But come, go in :
 Let me commend thee, first, to those that shall
 Say "Yea" to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
 But more a 'friend than e'er an 'enemy ;
 Yet, Marcius, that was 'much. Your hand : most wel-
 come !

[Exeunt.]

now return to Rome. The Tribunes are congratulating
 lives that all goes well. Sicinius and Brutus address the old
 Menenius :

^a *ce.* ^b Injuries caused by disgraceful loss of territory and loss of men.

Bru. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much missed,
But by his 'friends: the Commonwealth doth 'stand,
And so 'would do, were he 'more angry at it.

Men. All 's well; and might have been much 'better, if
He could have 'temporised.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

An Ædile enters.

Æd. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces, with two several powers,
Are entered in the Roman territories,

Men. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world!

A Messenger enters.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the Senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'T is this 'slave.
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—' His raising!—
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is 'seconded; and more,
' More fearful is delivered. It is spoke freely—
How 'probable I do not know—that ' Marcius,
Joined with Aufidius, leads a power ' 'gainst Rome.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more attone^a
Than violentest contrariety.

Another Messenger enters and addresses the Tribune:

Mess. You are sent for to the Senate;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories.

Menenius advances to the Tribunes:

Men. O, you have made 'good work.
' You, and your 'apron-men; that stood so much
Upon the voice of 'occupation, and
The breath of 'garlic-eaters! We 're all undone!

^a Be in harmony.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made 'fair
hands,
You and your 'crafts!^a 'We loved him; but like beasts
And 'cowardly nobles, gave way unto 'your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city. But, I fear,
You 'll roar him in again. Here 'come the clusters.—

Enter a troop of Citizens.

And is Aufidius 'with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's 'coming!
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a 'whip. 'T is no matter;
If he could 'burn us all into 'one coal,
We have 'deserved it.

Crowds of the penitent Citizens have now assembled: we listen to some of them:

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, Banish him, I said, 'T was pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many
of us. 'That we did, we did for the 'best; and, . . .
though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet
it was 'against our will.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let 's home.
I ever said we were i' the wrong, when we banished
him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let 's home.

[*Exeunt*
Citizens.]

The Tribunes look at each other in perplexity.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol.

[*Exeunt.*]

in their perplexity, despatch Cominius, the former
friend of Coriolanus, to endeavour to appease him
in the ungrateful city. But Cominius returns unsuc-
cessful to the Tribunes:

It would not seem to 'know me.

Some time he did call me by my name:

Our old acquaintance, and the drops

^a Trades-people.

That we have bled together. "Coriolanus"
 He would not answer to: 'forbad all names;
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
 'Till he had 'forged himself a name, i' the fire
 Of burning Rome.

Menenius turns to Sicinius and Brutus:

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
 A pair of Tribunes that have wrecked fair Rome,
 To make coals cheap; a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 't was to 'pardon,
 And I offered to awaken his regard
 For his private friends: his answer to me was,—
 He could not stay to 'pick them, in a pile
 Of noisome, musty 'chaff. He said, 't was folly,
 For 'one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
 And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two!
 'I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,—
 'We are the 'grains: 'You are the musty 'chaff!
 'We must be burnt for 'you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if 'you, Menenius,
 Would be your country's pleader, your good 'tongue,
 More than the instant^a 'army we can make,
 Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I 'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.
 Only make 'trial what your love can do. [Exit Men.]

Cominius says, as Menenius departs:

Com. He 'll never hear him.
 I tell you, he does sit in 'gold;^b his eye
 Red as 't would 'burn Rome. I kneeled before him;
 'T was very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismissed me
 Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would 'do,
 He sent in writing after me; what he would 'not,
 Bound, with an oath, to yield to no conditions:
 So that all hope is vain,—
 Unless in 's noble mother, and his wife,
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
 And with 'our fair entreaties 'haste them on. [Exeunt]

The various embassies have been made in vain. Coriolanus and Aufidius make definite arrangements for the assault of the city. Coriolanus says:

^a Immediate.

^b In imperial splendour.

Cor. We will, before the 'walls of Rome, to-morrow
 Set down our host.—This last old man,
 (Whom with a cracked heart I have sent to Rome,)
 Loved me above the measure of a father ;
 Nay, 'godded me, indeed ! Their latest refuge
 Was to send 'him : Fresh embassies and suits,
 Nor from the State nor private friends, hereafter
 Will I lend ear to.—[Shout wth him.] Ha ! what sight is
 this ? . . .
 Shall I be tempted to 'infringe my vow
 In the same time 't is 'made ? I will not.—

There now approach several ladies of the Matronalia dressed in mourning : there is also a young boy led by her who is second in the procession.

My 'wife comes foremost ; then, the honoured 'mould
 Wherein this trunk was framed ; and in her hand
 The 'grandchild to her blood. But out, affection !
 All bond and privilege of nature, break !
 Let it be 'virtuous to be obstinate.— [They silently
bend to him.]
 What is that curt'sy worth ? Or those doves' eyes,
 Which can make gods forsworn ? . . . I melt, and am
 not
 Of stronger earth than others. . . . My 'mother bows,
 As if Olympus, to a molehill, should
 In supplication nod : And my young boy
 Pleads with a 'look of intercession, which
 Great Nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volsces
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ! 'I 'll stand,
 As if a man were author of 'himself,
 And knew no 'other kin.

Virgilia is the first to speak.

Vir. My lord and husband !

Cor. . . . Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace !—Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my 'tyranny ;^a but do not say
 For that, "Forgive our 'Romans." . . . O, a kiss
 Long as my 'exile, sweet as my 'revenge !
 Now by the jealous Queen^b of Heaven, that kiss
 From thee, dear ; and my true lip
 Had it e'er since. . . . You gods ! I prate !^c
 O, noble mother of the world
 Condemn'd : sink, my knee, i' the earth ; [He kneels.]

^a determination.

^b Juno.

^c O. R. pray.

Of 'thy deep duty more impression show,
Than that of 'common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!—

Thou art 'my warrior! Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola—

The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

She brings forward young Marcius:

Vol. This is a poor 'epitome of yours,
Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show like 'all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,

With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark,—standing every flaw,
And 'saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

The child kneels.

Cor. That 's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he,—your wife,—this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. . . . I beseech you, 'peace;

Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before—
The things I have 'forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you 'denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I 'seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder 'reasons.

Vol. O! no more, no more!

You have 'said, you will not grant us 'anything:
For we have nothing else to ask, 'but that
Which you deny already: yet we 'will ask,
That, 'if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon 'your 'hardness. Therefore, hear us.

Cor. . . . Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear naught from Rome in 'private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and 'not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: For either thou

Must, as a foreign 'recreant, be led
 With manacles through our streets, or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
 And bear the palm,—for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood!

Cor. . . . I have sat too long.

[Rising.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.

If our request did tend
 To save the Romans,—thereby to 'destroy
 The Volsces whom you serve,—you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
 Is, that you 'reconcile them: while the Volsces
 May say, "This mercy we have 'showed;" the Romans,
 "This we 'received;" and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to 'thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
 For making up this peace!" Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember 'wrongs?—Daughter, speak 'you! . . .
 He cares not for your 'weeping.—Speak 'thou, boy:
 Perhaps thy 'childishness will move him more
 Than can our 'reasons.—There's no man in the world
 More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' the stocks. 'Say, my request's unjust,
 And 'spurn me back: But, if it be 'not so,
 Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee!—
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our 'knees!—
 This boy,—that cannot 'tell what he would have,
 But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,—
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to 'deny 't.—Come, let us go!
 This fellow had a 'Volscian to his mother;
 His wife is in 'Corioli, and his child
 Like him by 'chance! . . . Yet 'give us our despatch:
 I am hushed, until our city be 'a-fire, . . .
 And then, I'll speak a 'little!

Cor. . . . O mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O, my mother!
 You have won a happy victory to 'Rome;
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,—
 Most 'dangerously you have with him prevailed,
 If not most 'mortal to him.—Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in 'my stead, say, would you have heard

A mother less? or 'granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. . . . I was 'moved withal.

Cor.

I dare be sworn, you were:

'What peace you 'll make, advise me. For my part,
I 'll not to 'Rome, I 'll back with 'you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a 'temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her 'confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

The Ladies hastily proceed to Rome, where they are received with great public rejoicings.

The Volscian soldiers, instead of attacking Rome, return, with Coriolanus, to Antium. The thwarted Aufidius privately prepares a list of accusations against Coriolanus, which he forwards to the Lords of the city; and, lest these should fail to work the ruin of his rival, he conspires with several Volscians to put him to death before he has an opportunity of justifying his conduct by an appeal to the people.

The Volscian army is now in Antium. Before us are the Lords of the city and a crowd of Citizens.—Coriolanus speaks:

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned 'your soldier;

No more infected with my 'country's love,
Than when I 'parted hence; but 'still subsisting
Under 'your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have 'attempted, and,
With bloody passage, 'led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our 'spoils we have brought
home

Do 'more than counterpoise—a full third part—
The 'charges of the action. We 've made 'peace,
With no less 'honour to the 'Antiates,
Than 'shame to the Romans: And we here deliver—
Subscribed by all the Consuls and Patricians,
Together with the seal o' the Senate—what
We have compounded on.

[*Presents a paper.*

Aufidius advances:

Auf.

Read it 'not, noble lords;

But tell the traitor—in the highest degree
He hath 'abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now!—

Auf.

Ay, traitor, 'Marcius.

Cor.

Marcus!

Auf. Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus. Dost thou think
'I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name

Coriolanus, 'in Corioli?—
 You lords and heads of the State, perfidiously
 He has 'betrayed your business; and given up,
 For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—
 I say, 'your city,—to his wife and mother;
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like
 A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
 Council o' the war, but, at his 'nurse's tears,
 He whined and roared away 'your victory,
 That 'pages blushed at him, and men of 'heart
 Looked wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. 'Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Measureless 'liar! thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what contains it. "Boy!" O slave—
 Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
 Stain 'all your edges on me.—"Boy!" False hound!
 If you have writ your annals 'true, 't is there,
 That, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
 Fluttered your Volsicians in Corioli:
 'Alone I did it.—"Boy?"

Auf. Why, noble lords,
 Will you be put in mind of your own shame,
 By this unholy braggart?

Cor. O! that I had him,
 With 'six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
 To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and stab Coriolanus, who falls dead. Aufidius stands on his body. A Senator exclaims:

Sen. O Tullus,—

Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know the danger
 Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll 'rejoice
 That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
 To call me to your Senate, I 'll deliver
 Myself your loyal servant, or endure
 Your heaviest censure. . . . Now my 'rage is gone,
 And I am struck with 'sorrow. Though, in this city, he
 Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
 Which to this hour bewail the injury,
 Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead march sounded.]

END OF CORIOLANUS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar was probably written in 1607—the same year in which it was first performed, although it was not printed till 1623; for it had now become the policy of the managers of the theatre with which Shakespeare was connected, to keep the Plays of this very popular author out of the hands of rival companies.

There were several earlier productions on the same subject:—Stephen Gosson (in his "School of Abuse," printed in 1579,) mentions a play called "The Historie of Cæsar and Pompey":—In 1582, Dr. Richard Eedes (who is mentioned by Francis Meres in his "Wit's Commonwealth" as one of the best tragic writers of the time) produced a Latin play, which was acted in Oxford University:—In 1601, Weaver, in his "Mirror of Martyrs," makes distinct reference to an English drama, of which he thus writes :

" The many-headed multitude were drawne
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious ;
When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious ? "

Again : In 1603, the author of the first known edition of "Hamlet," causes the Prince to address Lord Corambus, (the Lord Polonius of Shakespeare's later version,)—

Ham. My lord, you played in the Vniuersitie.

Cor. That I did my L : and I was counted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact there ?

Cor. My lord, I did act *Iulius Cæsar*, I was killed in the Capitoll,
Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute parte of him, to kill so capitall a calfe.

And in 1604, Alexander, Earl of Sterline, (Stirling) produced his English Tragedy of "Julius Cæsar."

To neither of these dramatists does Shakespeare appear to have been indebted : but, in the historical incidents of this great struggle between Patricians and Plebeians, he faithfully adheres to Sir Thomas North's Translation of the "Parallel Lives," by Plutarch ; to which, in almost every scene and in every important speech, our Poet shows his obligations.

Shakespeare having, in his English Historical Plays, represented Royalty in all its forms—whether of Divine right, passive obedience, non-resistance, tyranny, craft, crime, vice,—virtue,—now turns round to display, in the characters of Brutus and Cassius, the more liberal principles of some modern governments.

The Dramatis Personæ retained in this Condensation are :

JULIUS CÆSAR.	} <i>Two of the Triumvirs after the death of Cæsar.</i>	FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes. A Soothsayer.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, VOLUMNIUS, Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
MARCUS ANTONIUS,		VARRO, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, Servants to Brutus.
MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA,	} <i>Conspira- tors against Julius Cæsar.</i>	PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius. CALPHURNIA, Wife of Cæsar. PORTIA, Wife of Brutus. Attendants, &c.

The Time of the action is limited to about two years: that is, from the Ides—the 15th—of March (when Cæsar was assassinated, 44 years B. C.) to the Battle of Philippi, 42 B. C.

The Scene is, during a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards near Sardis, and finally at Philippi.

The opening Scene is a Street in Rome. Flavius and Marullus, partisans of Pompey the Great—lately the powerful rival of Cæsar, and but recently murdered in Egypt—encounter a crowd of the lower order of Citizens, whom Flavius addresses:

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures! get you home!

Is this a 'holiday? What! know you not,

Being 'mechanical, you ought not walk

Upon a 'labouring day, without the 'sign

Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art 'thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a 'carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy 'best apparel on?—

You, sir, what trade are 'you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a 'fine workman,

I am but, as you would say, a 'cobbler.

Mar. But what 'trade art thou? answer me 'directly.^a

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe con-
science; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of 'bad 'soles.

Mar. . . . 'What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave,
what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not 'out with me: yet, if
you 'be out, sir, I can 'mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? 'Mend me, thou saucy
fellow?

^a Plainly, without circumlocution.

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, 'cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a 'cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the 'awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, but with 'awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon—to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I 're-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather, have gone upon 'my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop 'to-day?

'Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into 'more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see 'Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marullus advances:

Mar. 'Wherefore rejoice? What 'conquest brings he home?

What 'tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace, in captive bonds, 'his chariot wheels?
You blocks! you stones! you 'worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not 'Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed-up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to 'chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great 'Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his 'chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the 'replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you 'now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a 'holiday?
And do you now strew flowers, in 'his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's 'blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs 'must light on this 'ingratitude!

[Exeunt.]

In another Avenue of the City, Cæsar and his wife Calphurnia,
—attended by Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Marc Antony, and other

Patricians, followed by a great crowd of Plebeians,—have formed into a procession in honour of the god Pan, or Lupercus,—as this rural deity was otherwise called. Cæsar speaks :

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—
Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To 'touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The 'barren, touchéd in this holy chase,
Shake 'off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember :

When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is performed.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Martial music is heard : A Soothsayer interrupts the procession :

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! Who calls? Who is it in the press that calls
on 'me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, "Cæsar!"—Speak: Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides^a of March!

Cæs. Brutus, what man is that?

Bru. A Soothsayer, bids you beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.—

What say'st thou to me 'now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March!

Cæs. He is a 'dreamer; let us leave him:—Pass.

The stately procession moves on, but Brutus and Cassius remain behind. Their conversation is frequently interrupted by the distant acclamations of the mob. Cassius addresses Brutus:

Cæs. Will 'you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not 'gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in 'Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, 'your desires;
I 'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I 'have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love, as I was 'wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange^b a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I 'have veiled my look,

^a One of the three divisions of the Roman months—Nones, Kalends, and Ides.

^b Unfamiliar.

I turn the trouble of my countenance
 Merely upon 'myself. Vexéd I am,
 Of late, with passions of some difference,^a—
 Conceptions only proper to 'myself,—
 Which give some 'soil, perhaps, to my behaviour ;
 But let not therefore my good 'friends be grieved,—
 (Among which number, Cassius, be you one,)—
 Nor construe any further my neglect,—
 Than that poor Brutus, with 'himself at war,
 Forgets the 'shows of love to 'other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much 'mistook your passion ;
 By means whereof, this breast of 'mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your 'face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself
 But by 'reflection,—by some other thing.

Cas. O, be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :

Were I a common 'laugher, or did use
 To stale, with ordinary oaths, my love
 To every 'new 'protester ; if you know
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
 And after 'scandal them ; or if you know
 That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the 'rout,—then, hold me 'dangerous. [Flourish, and
Shout.]

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do 'fear, the people
 'Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, 'do you 'fear it ?
 Then must I think you 'would not have it so ?

Bru. I would 'not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.
 But wherefore do you 'hold^b me here so long ?
 What is it that you would impart to me ?
 If it be aught toward the 'general good,
 Set Honour in one eye and Death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently :^c
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of 'honour 'more than I fear 'death.

Cas. Well, 'honour is the 'subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but for my single self,
 I had as lief 'not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a 'thing as I myself.
 'I was born free as 'Cæsar ; so were 'you :
 We both have 'fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he :

^a Discordance.

^b Detain.

^c Without emotion, coolly.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I 'plungéd in,
 And bade him 'follow: so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
 And stemming it, with hearts of controversy;
 But ere we could 'arrive the point proposed,
 Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I 'sink!"
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did, from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
 The old 'Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
 Did I the tiréd 'Cæsar. And this 'man
 Is now become a 'god; and Cassius is
 A 'wretched creature, and must 'bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but 'nod on him.—
 He had a fever when he was in Spain;
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did 'shake: 't is 'true, this 'god did 'shake!
 His coward 'lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same 'eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did 'lose his lustre. I did hear him 'groan:
 Ay, and that 'tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick 'girl. Ye gods, it doth 'amaze me,
 A man of such a 'feeble temper should
 'So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm 'alone.

[Shout.
Flourish.]

Bru. —'Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses 'are
 For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
 Like a 'colossus;" and we, 'petty men,
 Walk under 'his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves!
 Men, at 'some time, are 'masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our 'stars,
 But in 'ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar: What 'should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should 'that name be sounded more than 'yours?

a Alluding to the Colossus at Rhodes.

'Write them together,—yours is as fair a name ;
 'Sound them,—it doth become the 'mouth as well ;—
 'Weigh them,—it is as heavy ;—'conjure with them,
 'Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Cæsar ! [Shout.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon 'what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
 Rome, thou hast 'lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with 'one man ?
 When could 'they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompassed 'but 'one man ?
 O, you and I have heard our 'fathers say,—
 There was a 'Brutus^a once, that would have brooked
 The eternal 'Devil to keep 'his state in Rome,
 As easily as a 'king !

Bru. That you do 'love me, I am nothing jealous ;
 What you would 'work me to, I have some aim :
 How 'I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount 'hereafter : for this 'present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further moved. What you have 'said,
 I will consider ; what you 'have to say,
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and 'answer, such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew^b upon this :—
 Brutus had rather be a 'villager,
 Than to repute himself a 'son of 'Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.—The games are done,
 And Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass-by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train :
 Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being crossed in conference by some senators.

The gorgeous procession reappears. As Cæsar is passing, he pauses—looking uneasily at Brutus and Cassius, whose absence from the sports he had doubtless observed.

^a Lucius Junius Brutus.

^b Ruminates.

Cæs. Antonius, . . .

Let me have men about me that are 'fat ;
'Sleek-headed men, and such as 'sleep o' nights :
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He 'thinks too much : such men are 'dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he 's 'not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and 'well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter ! But I 'fear him 'not :—

Yet, if my name 'were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should 'avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He 'reads much ;
He is a great 'observer, and he looks
Quite 'through the deeds of men : 'he loves no plays,
As 'thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he 'mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That 'could be moved to smile at 'anything !
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a 'greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they 'very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to 'be feared,
Than what 'I fear,—for always 'I am 'Cæsar.
Come on my 'right hand, (for this ear is deaf,)
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Ex. Cæsar
and train.*]

When the procession has passed, the blunt dogged Casca says to Brutus :

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak : Would you 'speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca : tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then 'ask Casca what hath chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a 'crown offered him ; and, 'being offered him, he put it by, with the 'back of his hand,—thus ; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the 'second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted 'thrice : what was the 'last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too !

Bru. 'Was the crown offered him 'thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he 'put it 'by 'thrice, every time gentler than other ; and, 'at every putting-by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. 'Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still 'as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps; and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, 'because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh,—for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. . . . I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and dis-pleased them,—as they use to do the players in the theatre,—I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, 'before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An 'I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go down . . . among the rogues.—And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts; but there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Cas. Did 'Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay; he spoke 'Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. . . . Nay, an I tell you 'that, I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that 'understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads;—but for mine own part, it 'was Greek to 'me. Fare you well. There was 'more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you 'sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you 'dine with me 'to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both.

[Exit
Casca.]

Bru. What a 'blunt fellow is this grown to be!

Cas. This 'rudeness is a sauce to his 'good 'wit,
Which gives men stomach to 'digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you, Cassius.
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come 'home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to 'me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[Exit
Brutus.]

Well, Brutus, thou art 'noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal 'may be wrought
'From that it is disposed: therefore, 't is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their 'likes;
For who so firm that 'cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear 'me hard; but he loves 'Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour 'me.—I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,—
As if they came from 'several citizens,—
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein, obscurely,
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will 'shake him, or worse days endure!

[Exit.]

The louring evening deepens into night. A storm arises; and, in the brilliant corruscations of the lightning, we can perceive two Patricians meeting on the street—Casca with his sword drawn, and Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very 'pleasing night to 'honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the 'earth so full of 'faults.

For 'my part, I have walked about the streets,
'Submitting me unto the perilous night;
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross-blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of 'heaven, I did present myself,
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But 'wherefore did you so much 'tempt the heavens?

It is the part of 'men to 'fear and tremble,
When the most mighty 'gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That 'should be in a Roman, 'you do 'want,
Or else you 'use not. You look pale, and gaze,
To see the strange impatience of the 'heavens.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a 'man,
Most like this dreadful 'night;
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In 'personal action; yet 'prodigious^a grown
And fearful,—as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'T is 'Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans 'now
Have thews and limbs 'like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' 'minds are dead,
And we are governed with our 'mothers' spirits.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a 'king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, . . . save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this 'dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will 'deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of 'spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to 'dismiss 'itself.
If I know 'this, know all the world besides,

^a Portentous.

That part of tyranny that I do 'bear,
I can shake-'off at pleasure.

[Thunder still.]

Casca. So can I:
So 'every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to 'cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a 'tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a 'wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but 'sheep:
He were no 'lion, were not Romans 'hinds.—But, O
grief,

Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a 'willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made; but I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to 'Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering^a 'tell-tale. Hold,—my hand:
Be factious for 'redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of 'mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the 'streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour^b 's like the work we have in hand,—
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible!—
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: 'three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man 'entire,
Upon the 'next encounter, yields him ours.

[Exeunt.]

The stormy night continues. Brutus, feverous and agitated, is alone in his orchard.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give 'guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were 'my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Lucius enters.

Get me a 'taper in my study, Lucius:

^a Deceitful.

^b Appearance.

When it is lighted, come and call me here. [Exit Luc.
 . . . It must be by his 'death: and, for 'my part,
 I know no 'personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the 'general. He would be 'crowned:—
 How that might 'change his nature,—there 's the ques-
 tion:

It is the 'bright day that brings forth the adder;
 And 'that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;
 And then, I grant, we 'put a sting in him,
 That, at his will, he 'may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 'Remorse from 'power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his 'affections swayed,
 More than his 'reason. But 't is a common proof,
 That 'lowliness is young ambition's 'ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his 'face;
 But, when he once 'attains the upmost round,
 He 'then unto the ladder turns his 'back,
 Looks in the 'clouds,—scorning the base degrees^a
 By which he did ascend. So Cæsar 'may:
 Then, 'lest he may, 'prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he 'is,
 Fashion it thus:—that 'what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these and these 'extremities:
 And therefore think him—as a serpent's 'egg,
 Which, hatched, would, as his kind,^b 'grow mischiev-
 ous . . .
 And 'kill him in the shell.—

[Lucius
re-enters.] Lucius, what now?

Luc. The taper 'burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found [Giving a letter.
 This paper, thus sealed up; and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I 'went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed 'again; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word. [Exit Luc.
 The exhalations whizzing in the air
 Give so much light that I may read by them. [Reads.
 "Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
 Shall Rome, et cetera?—Speak, strike, redress!"
 Such instigations have been often dropped
 Where I have took them up.
 "Shall Rome, et cetera?" Thus must I 'piece it out:

^a Low steps.

^b Race, genus.

Shall Rome stand under 'one man's awe? What!
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when 'he was called a King!
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated
To speak, 'and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the 'redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy 'full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

Bru. 'T is good.—Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [Ex. *Luc.*
... Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the 'acting of a dreadful thing
And the first 'motion, all the interim is
Like a 'phantasma^a or a hideous 'dream:
The Genius,^b and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an 'insurrection.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother^c Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to 'see you.

Bru. Is he 'alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are 'more with him.

Bru. Do you know 'them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks.

Bru. Let them enter. [Ex. *Luc.*

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by 'night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by 'day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To 'mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
'Hide it—in smiles and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance 'on,^d
Not Erebus^e itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.^f

The Conspirators enter:—Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius. Cassius speaks:

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been 'up this hour; 'awake all night.—
'Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish

^a Vision. ^b Overseeing spirit. ^c Cassius was married to Junia the sister of Brutus.
^d = If thou walk in thy true form. ^e Hell. ^f Prevented by being discovered.

You had but that opinion of 'yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

Brutus confers privately for a short time with Cassius; then he addresses the other conspirators:

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us 'swear our resolution.

Bru. No, 'not an oath: if not the face^a of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives 'weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But, countrymen,
What need we 'any spur, 'but our own cause,
To urge us to redress? what 'other bond
Than secret Romans, that have 'spoke the word,
And will not 'palter?^b and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this 'shall be, or we will 'fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,^c
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That 'welcome wrongs; unto 'bad causes swear
Such creatures as men 'doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of 'our enterprise,
To think that, or our 'cause, or our 'performance,
Did 'need an 'oath;—when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and 'nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several 'bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any 'promise that hath passed from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

Bru. O, name him not; for he will never 'follow
Anything that other men 'begin.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged.—'I think it is not meet,
Marc Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should 'outlive Cæsar: and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let 'Antony, 'and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the 'head off, and then hack the 'limbs—
Like 'wrath in 'death, and 'envy 'afterwards;
For Antony is but a 'limb of Cæsar:
Let us be 'sacrificers, but not 'butchers, Caius.

^a Dejected looks.

^b Shuffle, dodge.

^c Cautious.

We all stand up against the 'spirit of Cæsar ;
 And in the spirit of men there is no 'blood :
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 And 'not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
 Cæsar 'must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
 Let 's kill him 'boldly—but not 'wrathfully ;
 Let 's carve him, as a dish fit for the 'gods,—
 Not 'hew him, as a carcass fit for 'hounds :
 And for Mark Antony, think not of 'him ;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's 'arm,
 When Cæsar's 'head is 'off.

- Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,
 Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;
 For he is 'superstitious grown of late ;
 And the persuasion of his augurers
 May hold him 'from the Capitol to-day.
- Dec.* Never fear that : I can 'o'ersway him ;
 For I can give his humour the true bent,
 And I will 'bring him to the Capitol.
- Cas.* Nay, we will 'all of us be there to fetch him.—
 The morning comes upon us : we 'll leave you, Brutus :
 And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
 What you have said, and show yourselves 'true Ro-
 mans.
- Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
 Let not our 'looks put-on our 'purposes ;
 But bear it as our Roman 'actors^a do,
 With untired spirits and formal constancy :
 And so, good morrow to you every one. [Ex. all but Brutus.]
- Boy ! Lucius !—fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
 Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber :
 'Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of 'men ;
 Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

While the Conspirators are thus taking leave of Brutus, his wife
 Portia, enters.

Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you 'now ?
 It is not for your 'health, thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

- Por.* Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
 Stole from your bed : and yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walked about ;
 And when I asked you what the 'matter was,

^a *Roscicus* and *Æsopus*, the greatest actors of all times, were contemporaries of
Brutus.

You stared upon me with ungentle looks :
 And, with an 'angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to 'leave you. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your 'cause of grief?

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise; and were he 'not in health,
 He would embrace the means to 'come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, stay not now.

Por. Is Brutus sick?

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurgéd air
 To 'add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your 'mind;
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not 'need, if 'you were gentle 'Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted I should know no 'secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation?
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your home,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' 'servant—not his 'wife:

Bru. You are my true and 'honourable 'wife;

As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but withal
 A woman that Lord 'Brutus took to wife:
 I grant, I am a woman; but withal
 A woman well reputed,—'Cato's daughter.
 Think you I am no stronger than my 'sex,
 Being so 'fathered, and so 'husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels; I will 'not disclose them.
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound: Can I bear that
 With patience, and not my husband's secrets?

Bru. Gods! render me 'worthy of this noble wife! [Knocking
within.]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;

And by-and-by thy bosom 'shall partake

The secrets of my heart. . . . Leave me with haste. [Exit
Por.]

[Knocking heard.
Knocks twice.]

Lucius, who is 't that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

I come! I come!

[Exeunt,

The Romans had, with little opposition, allowed Cæsar to assume the title of Dictator; but great Patrician opposition was manifested when it was proposed that he should reign as King;—the name being already associated with Tarquin and tyranny. Nevertheless, an obsequious majority of the Senate had determined to confer the obnoxious title, on the Ides of March—that is, about the fifteenth day of the same month in our calendar: and it was planned that the signal for the action of the Conspirators should be—the presentation of a petition by Metellus Cimber on behalf of his banished brother.

Cæsar had been almost persuaded not to go to the Senate, but, changing his mind, he is about to proceed, when he is addressed by his wife Calphurnia:

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house 'to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar 'shall forth: the things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my 'back; when they shall see
The 'face of Cæsar, they are vanishéd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,^a
Yet 'now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that 'we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the 'watch:^b—
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled 'blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the 'air;
The graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the 'streets.
O Cæsar, these things are 'beyond all use,
And I 'do 'fear them!

Cæs. What can be 'avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar 'shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the 'world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When 'beggars die, there are no 'comets seen;
The heavens 'themselves blaze forth the death of
'princes.

Cæs. 'Cowards die 'many times 'before their deaths;
The 'valiant never taste of death but 'once.

^a Gave super-

^b Attention to omens

^c Soldiers on guard.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should 'fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
'Will come, 'when it will come.

Cal. Alas, my lord !

Your wisdom is consumed in 'confidence.
Do 'not go forth to-day : call it 'my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my 'knee, prevail in this !

Cæs. Mark Antony 'shall say I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I 'will stay at home.
Here's Decius Brutus, 'he shall tell them so.

The wary Conspirator enters.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greetings to the Senators,
And tell them that I 'will not come to-day :
'Cannot, is false ; and that I 'dare not, falser ;
I 'will not come to-day.—Tell them so, Decius.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some 'cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my 'will,—I 'will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But, for your 'private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know :—
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamed last night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
These she applies for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath 'begged that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. . . . This dream is all 'amiss interpreted :
It was a vision 'fair and 'fortunate.
Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that, from 'you, great Rome shall suck
'Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance :
'This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well 'expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :
And know it 'now. The Senate have concluded
To give this day a 'crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may 'change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
"Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's 'wife shall meet with better 'dreams."

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem 'now, Calphurnia !
I am ashamed that I did yield to them.—
And look where other friends are come to fetch me.

Several of the Conspirators enter.

Welcome, Publius.—

What, 'Brutus ! are 'you stirred so early too ?—
I thank you for your pains and courtesy. [Antony enters.]
See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;—
And we, 'like friends, will straightway go 'together.

[Ex. Consp.]

As they depart with Cæsar on their murderous business, one of the Conspirators lingers reluctantly :

Bru. That 'every like is not the 'same, O Cæsar,
The heart of 'Brutus yearns to think upon ! [Exit.]

We now proceed, in imagination, to the portico of Pompey's Temple at the Capitol. The street is crowded with people. Artemidorus stands perusing a document of warning, which he intends to present to Cæsar. The chief Conspirators—Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Metellus Cimber, and others—are in the procession.

Cæsar, about to enter the Senate-house, observes the Soothsayer, and thus reminds him of their former interview :

Cæs. The Ides of March are 'come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not 'gone.

Artemidorus hastens forward :

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

Decius, fearing the contents, presents another paper :

Dec. 'Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
At your best leisure, this 'his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read 'mine first; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar 'nearer. Read 'it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us 'ourself shall be 'last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it 'instantly.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the 'street?
Come to the 'Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, all the Conspirators closely following.
The Senators rise as Cæsar enters:

Cæs. . . . What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his Senate must 'redress?

Metellus Cimber advances and kneels:

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,—

[Kneeling.]

Cæs. I must 'prevent thee, Cimber:
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of 'ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance,^a and first decree,
Into the law of 'children. Be not 'fond^b
To think that 'Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thawed 'from the true quality,
With that which melteth 'fools;—I mean, sweet words,
Low-crookéd curt'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by 'decree is banishéd:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for 'him,
I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not 'wrong; nor, without 'cause,
Will he be satisfied.

Metellus rises:

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banished brother?

Brutus advances and kneels:

Bru. 'I kiss thy hand, but not in 'flattery, Cæsar;
'Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an 'immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cassius kneels:

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth 'Cassius fall,
To 'beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. 'I could be well moved, if I were as 'you;

^a Established rule.

^b Foolish.

If I could 'pray to move, prayers would move 'me :
 But I am constant as the northern^a star.
 Let me a little 'show it, even in this,—
 That I was constant, Cimber should be 'banished,
 And constant do remain to 'keep him so.

Cinna presses forward :

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Decius advances :

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not 'Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca creeps up behind, exclaiming :

Casca. Speak, 'hands, for 'me.

Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. All the Conspirators, jealous of every tyranny but their own, eagerly rush on their victim ; and each seems anxious to share in the glory of the assassination. Cassius, thirsting for the tyrant's blood, stabs him furiously ; last of all, Brutus, deliberately, but sorrowfully, plunges his sword into the lacerated breast. When Cæsar perceives him, he exclaims :

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute ?*—Then fall, Cæsar !

The dying Cæsar slowly shrouds his face with his robe, stoically to conceal any evidence of pain ; and the master of the world falls at the foot of Pompey's statue—a lifeless, powerless corpse ! The Senators and the People hasten away in wild confusion. Cinna exclaims :

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius adds :

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
 "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

And Brutus :

Bru. People, and Senators, be not affrighted ;
 Fly not ; stand still :—Ambition's debt is 'paid !

Cas. Where 's Antony ?

Tre. Fled to his house, amazed :
 Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
 As it were 'doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures.—
 That we shall 'die, we know ; 't is but the 'time,
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of 'life,
 Cuts off so many years of 'fearing 'death.

^a North Pole star.

Bru. Grant 'that, and then is death a 'benefit.
 Stoop! let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood!
 Then walk we forth, even to the Market-place;
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
 Let 's all cry, "Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!"

In the midst of the wild excitement, Marc Antony rushes forward—and then sorrowfully approaches the corpse:

Ant. . . . O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well. . . .
 I know not, gentlemen, what you 'intend;
 Who 'else must be let blood, who else is 'rank:^a
 If I 'myself, there is no hour so fit
 As 'Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
 Of 'half that worth, as those your swords—made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world!
 I do beseech ye, if you bear 'me hard,^b
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 'Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so 'apt to die:
 No 'place will please me so, no 'mean of death,
 As here 'by Cæsar, . . . and by 'you cut off,
 The choice and master-spirits of this age.

Brutus replies:

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of 'us.
 Though now we must 'appear bloody and cruel,
 (As, by our hands, and this our present act,
 You see we do,) yet see you 'but our hands;
 Our 'hearts you see not,—'they are 'pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of 'Rome,
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For 'your part,
 To you our swords have 'leaden points, Marc Antony;
 Only be patient, till we have appeased
 The multitude, (beside themselves with fear,)
 And then we will deliver you the 'cause,
 Why I, that did 'love Cæsar when I 'struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your 'wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand:
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with 'you;
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take 'your hand;
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
 Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;

^a Offensive.

^b Have a hard (or harsh) opinion of me.

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.—
 Gentlemen all, . . . alas! what shall I say?
 My credit 'now stands on such slippery ground,
 That 'one of 'two bad ways you must conceit me,—
 Either a 'coward, or a 'flatterer. . . .
 That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true :
 If then thy 'Spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his 'peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,—
 Most noble!—in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many 'eyes as thou hast 'wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of 'friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bayed, brave
 hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
 Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe!^a

Cas. Marc Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
 The 'enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
 Then, in a 'friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I 'blame you not for praising Cæsar so :
 But what compact mean you to have with 'us ?
 Will you be ranked in number of our 'friends ?
 Or shall we on, and 'not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands : but was, indeed,
 Swayed from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you 'all, and 'love you all ;
 Upon this hope,—that you shall give me 'reasons
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus interrupts :

Bru. Or else were this a 'savage spectacle.
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you, Antony, the 'son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek :
 And am moreover suitor, that I may
 Produce his body to the Market-place ;
 And in the pulpit,^b as 'becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Marc Antony.

^a Death.

^b Rostrum.

Cassius says aside :

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
 You 'know not what you do ; do 'not consent :
 Know you how much the people may be moved
 By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;—
 I will 'myself into the pulpit 'first,
 And show the 'reason of our Cæsar's death :
 What 'Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission ;
 It shall 'advantage more than do us 'wrong.—
 Marc Antony, here, 'take you Cæsar's body.
 You shall not, in your funeral speech, 'blame 'us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
 And 'say, you do 't by our 'permission.

Ant. Be it so ; I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us. [All depart but
Marc Antony.]

Ant. —O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these 'butchers! . . .
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived within the tide of time.
 'Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of 'my tongue :—
 A 'curse shall light upon the line^a of men ;
 Domestic 'fury, and fierce civil 'strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but 'smile, when they behold
 Their infants quartered with the hands of war—
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds !
 And Cæsar's Spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate^b by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall, in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That 'this foul deed shall smell above the earth,
 With 'carrion men groaning for burial.

[Exit.]

The Scene has now changed to the Forum, where the Citizens have assembled in great numbers.—Cassius is followed into the street by a large crowd of clamorous Plebeians ; while Brutus ascends the rostrum to address those that remain. The Citizens frequently interrupt him in his patriotic appeal.

^a O. R. limbs.^b Goddess of Revenge.

Citizens. Silence! 'Silence!

3 *Cit.* The noble 'Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.—Romans, countrymen, and lovers! 'hear me for my 'cause; and be 'silent, that you 'may hear: 'believe me, for mine 'honour; and have 'respect to mine honour, that you 'may believe: 'censure me, in your 'wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the 'better 'judge. If there be any in this assembly,—any dear 'friend of Cæsar's,—to him I say, that 'Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than 'his. If then that friend demand, Why Brutus rose 'against Cæsar, 'this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar 'less, but that I loved 'Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were 'living, and die all 'slaves; than that Cæsar were 'dead, to live all 'free men? As Cæsar loved me, I 'weep for him; as he was fortunate, I 'rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I 'honour him; but, as he was 'ambitious, I 'slew him. There are—tears, for his 'love; joy, for his 'fortune; honour, for his 'valour; and 'death, for his 'ambition! Who is here so base, that 'would be a 'bondman? If any, speak; for him have I 'offended. Who is here so 'rude, that would not be a 'Roman? If any, speak; for 'him have I offended. Who is here so 'vile, that will not 'love his 'country? 'If any, speak; for 'him have I 'offended. . . . I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none!

Bru. Then 'none have I offended. I have done no more to 'Cæsar, than you shall do to 'Brutus. The 'question' of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his 'glory not 'extenuated, wherein he was 'worthy; nor his 'offences 'enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Marc Antony: who, though he had no 'hand in his death, shall receive the 'benefit of his dying,—a place in the commonwealth; as which of 'you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for 'myself, when it shall please my country to need 'my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house!

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors!

3 *Cit.* Let 'him be Cæsar!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart 'alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
 Do grace to Cæsar's 'corse; and grace his speech
 Tending to Cæsar's glories,—which Marc Antony,
 By our permission, is allowed to make.
 I do 'entreat you, not a man depart,
 Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[Exit.

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Marc Antony.

As Brutus withdraws from the rostrum, Marc Antony approaches. Before him is borne the body of Cæsar, covered with the robe worn at the time of the assassination. The wily Antony at once perceives, by the applause of the people, the favourable impression that Brutus has made, and thus, deferentially, begins his address:

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
 He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus 'here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that 's certain!
 We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen!—lend 'me your ears;
 I come to 'bury Cæsar,—not to 'praise him.
 The 'evil that men do, 'lives after them;
 The 'good, is oft interréd with their bones;
 So 'let it be with 'Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was 'ambitious:
 If it 'were so, it was a 'grievous 'fault;—
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
 (For Brutus is an honourable man,
 So are they 'all, all honourable men,)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.—

He was 'my 'friend, faithful and just to 'me:
 But 'Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus 'is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives 'home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the 'general coffers fill:
 Did this in Cæsar seem 'ambitious?

When that the 'poor have cried, Cæsar hath 'wept;
 Ambition should be made of 'sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he 'was ambitious—

And Brutus is an 'honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,^a

^a Lupercalia—feast in honour of the god Pan, (held annually on Feb. 15.)

I 'thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice 'refuse: was 'this ambition?
 Yet Brutus 'says he was ambitious;
 And, 'sure, he 'is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what 'Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do 'know.
 You all did 'love him once?—not without cause!
 What cause withholds you then to 'mourn for him?
 O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish 'beasts,
 And 'men have lost their reason!—Bear with me; . . .
 My heart is in the 'coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much 'reason in his sayings.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He 'would not take the
 'crown:

Therefore, 't is certain he was 'not ambitious.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as 'fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There 's not a nobler man in 'Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins 'again to speak.

Ant. . . . But yesterday, the 'word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the 'world:—now, lies 'he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence!
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do 'Brutus wrong, and 'Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, 'are 'honourable men:
 I will not do 'them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the 'dead, to wrong 'myself, and 'you,
 Than I will wrong 'such 'honourable men.
 But here 's a parchment,—with the seal of Cæsar;—
 I found it in his closet,—'t is his will!
 Let but the commons hear this testament,—
 (Which, pardon me, I do not 'mean to read,)—
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a 'hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within 'their wills—
 Bequeathing it, as a 'rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We 'll 'hear the will: read it, Marc Antony.

All. The will, the will! we 'will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I 'must not read it;
 It is not meet you know 'how Cæsar loved you.
 You are not 'wood, you are not 'stones, but 'men;

- And, 'being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will 'inflammè you, it will make you 'mad.
 'T is good you know not that you are his 'heirs ;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !
- 4 *Cit.* 'Read the will ! we 'll hear it, Antony.
- Ant.* Will you be 'patient ? will you 'stay awhile ?
 I have 'o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
 I fear, I 'wrong the 'honourable men
 Whose daggers have 'stabbed Cæsar ; I do fear it.
4. *Cit.* They were 'traitors :—honourable men ?
- All.* The will ! the testament !
- Ant.* You will 'compel me, then, to read the will ?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that 'made the will.
 Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?
- All.* Come down.—Descend.—You 'shall have leave. [He comes
down.]
- 2 *Cit.* Room for Antony,—most noble Antony !
- Ant.* . . . If you 'have tears, prepare to 'shed them 'now.
 You all do know this mantle ? I remember
 The 'first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the 'Nervii !^a
 Look, in 'this place ran 'Cassius' dagger through !
 See, what a rent the envious 'Casca made :
 Through 'this, the well-belovéd 'Brutus stabbed ;
 And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed 'it ;—
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If 'Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no :
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's 'angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
 This, this was the unkindest^b cut of all :
 For when the noble Cæsar saw 'him stab,
 'Ingratitude—more strong than 'traitors' arms,—
 Quite vanquished him : 'then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while 'ran 'blood, great Cæsar 'fell.—
 O, what a fall was 'there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and 'all of us fell down,
 Whilst 'bloody treason 'flourished over us.—
 O ! now you 'weep ; and I perceive you feel
 The dint^c of pity : these are 'gracious drops !
 Kind souls ! What, 'weep you, when you but behold

^a A people of Belgic Gaul who had been totally defeated by Julius Cæsar.

^b O. R. This was the most unkindest.

^c Power, impressive force.

Our Cæsar's 'vesture wounded? Look you 'here.
Here is 'himself,—marred, as you see, by 'traitors.

All. O piteous spectacle!—O noble Cæsar!—
O most bloody sight!—We will be revenged!—
Revenge!—Let not a traitor 'live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace, there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We 'll 'hear him, we 'll 'follow him, we 'll 'die with
him!

Ant. Good friends! 'sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a 'sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are 'honourable:—
What 'private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That 'made them do it:—they are 'wise and honour-
able,

And will, no doubt, with 'reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to 'steal away your hearts:
I am no 'orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain 'blunt man,
That love my friend; and 'that they know full well
That 'gave me public leave to speak of him.

For 'I have neither wit,^a nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the 'power of speech
To stir men's blood: I only speak right 'on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do 'know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's 'wounds,—poor poor dumb
mouths!—

And bid 'them speak 'for me: But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there 'were an Antony
Would ruffle-up your spirits; and put a 'tongue
In every wound of Cæsar,—that should move
The 'stones of Rome to 'rise and 'mutiny!

Citizens. 'We 'll mutiny!—We 'll burn the house of
Brutus!—

Away, then! Come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus 'deserved your loves? . . .
You have 'forgot the 'will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true;—the will!—let 's stay and 'hear the
will.

Ant. 'Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal:—
To every Roman citizen he gives,—
To every several man,—seventy-five drachmas.^b

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we 'll 'revenge his death.

^a O. R. writ.

^b The drachma was worth about 8d. (= 16.)

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his 'walks,
His private 'arbours, and new-planted 'orchards,
On this side Tiber: he hath left them 'you,
And to your 'heirs, for 'ever,—'common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
'Here was a Cæsar! when comes such 'another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands 'fire all the traitors' houses.
Take up the body!

Citizens. Go, fetch fire!—Pluck down benches!—Pluck
down forms, windows, anything!

Ant. 'Now let it work!—Mischief! thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! [Exit Citizens,
with the body.]

Serv. Sir, Octavius is 'already come to Rome.
He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to 'visit him.
He comes upon a 'wish. Fortune is merry,
And in 'this mood will give us 'anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like 'madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people
'How I had 'moved them. Bring me to Octavius!

[Exit.

The indignation of the Citizens, after the assassination of Cæsar, was so great that, as we have heard, Brutus and Cassius were compelled to withdraw from Rome. Marc Antony remained, endeavouring to become Dictator; but he found an obstacle to his projects in young Octavius, the nephew and adopted son of Cæsar. After a time, however, they were reconciled, and, with Lepidus, formed the Second Triumvirate. Then, combining their powers, after the lapse of nearly two years, they marched against Brutus and Cassius in Syria.

We have now before us the camp of Brutus—near that of Cassius—at Sardis, in Asia Minor. Brutus speaks:

Bru. Stand, ho! What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at 'hand.

Bru. A word, Lucilius:

How he 'received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with 'respect enough;
But not with such 'familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of 'old.

Bru. Thou hast described
 A 'hot friend 'cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
 When love begins to sicken and decay,
 It useth an 'enforcéd ceremony.
 There are no 'tricks in plain and simple 'faith :
 But 'hollow men, like 'horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant 'show and promise of their mettle ;
 But, when they should 'endure the bloody spur,
 They 'fall their crests, and, like 'deceitful jades,
 'Sink in the trial. Comes his army 'on ?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered ;
 The 'greater part, the horse in general,
 Are come with Cassius.

Bru. Hark ! he is 'arrived.—March gently on to 'meet him. [March
within.]

Cassius and Soldiers enter :

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me 'wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! wrong I mine 'enemies ?
 And if 'not so, how should I wrong a 'brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours 'hides wrongs ;
 And when 'you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content ;
 Speak your griefs 'softly,—I do know you well.
 Before the eyes of both our armies here,
 Which should perceive nothing but 'love from us,
 Let us not 'wrangle : bid them move away ;
 Then, in my tent, Cassius, 'enlarge your griefs,
 And I will give you audience.

Cassius follows Brutus into his tent.

Cas. That you 'have wronged me, doth appear—in this,—
 You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
 Wherein my letters, (praying on his side
 Because I 'knew the man,) were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged 'yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
 That every 'nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemned to have an 'itching 'palm ;—
 To sell and mart your offices, for gold,
 To undeservers.

Cas. 'I an itching palm ?
 You know, that you are 'Brutus that speak this ;
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your 'last !

Bru. The name of Cassius 'honours this corruption,
And 'chastisement doth therefore 'hide his head.

Cas. 'Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March! the 'Ides of March, remember!
Did not great 'Julius 'bleed for justice' sake?
What villain^a touched his body, that did stab,
And 'not for justice? What, shall one of 'us,—
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for 'supporting robbers,—shall 'we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes;
And sell the mighty space of our large 'honours,
For so much 'trash, as may be graspéd thus?
I had rather be a 'dog, and bay the moon,
Than 'such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay^b not 'me,
I 'll not 'endure it! You forget yourself
To hedge 'me in; I am a soldier, I!
Older in practice, abler than 'yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you are 'not Cassius.

Cas. I 'am.

Bru. I say, you are 'not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself!
Have mind upon your health! tempt me no 'further!

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I 'will speak.
Must I give way and room to 'your rash choler?
Shall 'I be frighted when a 'madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: fret, till your proud heart 'break;
Go, show your 'slaves how choleric you are,
And make your 'bondmen tremble. Must 'I budge?
Must I observe 'you? Must I stand or crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall 'digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do 'split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my 'mirth,—yea, for my 'laughter,—
When you are 'waspish.

Cas. Is it come to 'this?

Bru. You 'say, you are a 'better soldier:
Let it 'appear so; make your vaunting 'true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of 'noble men.

^a Serf, servile man.

^b O. R. batt.

Cas. You 'wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an 'elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When 'Cæsar lived, 'he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted 'him.

Cas. I 'durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! 'durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your 'life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;

I 'may do that I shall be 'sorry for.

Bru. You 'have done that, you 'should be sorry for.

There is no 'terror, Cassius, in your 'threats;

For I am armed so strong in 'honesty,

That they pass by me,—as the idle wind

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you 'denied me;—

For 'I can raise no money by 'vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my 'heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring,

From the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash

By 'any indirection;—I 'did send

To you for gold, to pay my legions,—

Which 'you 'denied me! Was that done like Cassius?

Should 'I have answered Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such 'rascal-counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods! with 'all your thunderbolts

'Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you 'not.

Bru. You 'did.

Cas. I did 'not: he was but a fool

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath 'rived
my heart:

A friend should 'bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine 'greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you 'practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not?

Bru. I do not like your 'faults.

Cas. A 'friendly eye could never see 'such faults.

Bru. A 'flatterer's 'would not; though they 'do appear

As huge as high Olympus!

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!

Revenge yourselves 'alone on 'Cassius,
 For Cassius is aweary of the world:
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
 Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
 To cast into my teeth—O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes!—'There is my dagger,
 And 'here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus'^a mine, 'richer than gold:
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my 'heart:
 Strike,—as thou didst at Cæsar! for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him 'worst, thou lov'dst him
 better
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. 'Sheathe your dagger:
 Be 'angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 'Do what you will, 'dishonour shall be 'humour.
 O Cassius! you are yokéd with a lamb—
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
 Which, much enforcéd, shows a 'hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, 'I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand?

Bru. And my 'heart too!

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What 's the matter?

Cas. Have 'you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour—which my mother gave me—
 Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
 When you are . . . 'over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He 'll think, your mother chides,—and 'leave you 'so.
 . . . Lucius! a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you 'could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
 If you give place to 'accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia . . . is dead!

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

^a The god of riches.

Cas. How 'scaped I 'killing when I crossed you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius and Marc Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—she fell distract,
And,—her attendants absent,—swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Lucius enters with wine and tapers:

Bru. 'Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this, I 'bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

Cas. 'My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine 'o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.]

Bru. . . . Well, to our work 'alive.—What do you think
Of marching to 'Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:—

'T is better that the enemy seek 'us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing 'himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. 'Good reasons must, of force, give place to 'better.
Hear me, good brother: You must note, beside,
That we have tried the 'utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The 'enemy increaseth every day;
We, 'at the height, are ready to 'decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the 'flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a 'full sea are we now afloat;
And we must 'take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We 'll along ourselves, and 'meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The 'deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;

Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Noble Cassius, good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!

This was an ill 'beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our 'souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, dear 'brother. [Exit
Cassius.]

... Lucius! where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes 'awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art 'willing.

Luc. It is my 'duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy 'might;
If I do live, I will be good to thee. [Music — Lucius
falls asleep.]
This is a sleepy tune: . . . O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy?—
I will not do thee so much wrong to 'wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night— . . .
Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [He sits down
and reads.]

The Ghost of Cæsar enters.

... How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the 'weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition!
It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some 'devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
'Speak to me, what thou art!

Ghost. Thy Evil Spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at 'Philippi.

Bru. Why, I 'will see thee at Philippi.—

[Ghost vanishes.]

Now I have taken 'heart, thou vanishest :
 Ill Spirit, I would hold 'more talk with thee.—
 . . . Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! sirs, awake!—
 Didst thou 'dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not 'know that I did cry.

Bru. Didst thou 'see anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Attendants enter.

Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: 'saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. . . . Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:

Bid him set-on his 'powers betimes 'before,

And we will 'follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.]

Two great trials of the strength of the rival forces are about to be made on the Plains of Philippi, in Macedonia. These battles took place 42 years before the Christian era. The leaders were, on one side, Octavius and Antony—on the other, Brutus and Cassius.—

We have now before us the leaders of the royalists. Octavius addresses his fellow commander:

Oct. 'Now, Antony, our hopes are 'answered:

You said, the enemy would 'not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions;

It proves 'not so: their battles are at 'hand;

They mean to warn us at Philippi here,

Answering, before we do demand of them.

Martial music is heard, signifying that a conference is desired. Brutus and Cassius enter, followed by their Officers. Brutus is the first to speak:

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.—

'Words before 'blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that 'we love words 'better, as 'you do.

Bru. 'Good words are better than 'bad 'strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In 'your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good 'words:—

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cassius retorts:

Cas. Antony,
 The posture of 'your blows is yet unknown;

But for your 'words, they rob the Hybla^a bees,
And leave them 'honeyless.

Ant. Not 'stingless, too?

Bru. O, yes, and 'soundless too;
For you have stol'n their 'buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, 'threat, 'before you sting.

Ant. Villains, 'you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You showed your teeth like 'apes, and fawned like
'hounds,

And bowed like 'bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst 'damnéd 'Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the 'neck. O, flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers?—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
His tongue had not offended so to-day,
If 'Cassius might have ruled.

Octavius advances:

Oct. Come, come, the 'cause!
'I draw a sword against 'conspirators:
When think you that the sword goes-up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have 'added slaughter to the sword of 'traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by 'traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope:
I was not born to die on 'Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if though wert the noblest of thy strain,^b
Young man, thou 'couldst not die more honourable.

Cassius interrupts:

Cas. A peevish 'school-boy, worthless of such honour;
Joined with . . . a 'masker and a reveller.

Ant. . . . Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight 'to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have 'stomachs.^c

Octavius, Antony, and their Officers withdraw. Further conference or compromise is now impossible. Cassius says:

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is 'up, and all is on the hazard. . . .
If we do 'lose this battle, then is this
The very 'last time we shall speak together.
What are you 'then determinéd to do?

^a A mountain in Sicily, famed for its honey.

^b Race, family.

^c Inclination.

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did 'blame Cato—for the death
Which he did give 'himself.

Cas. 'Then, if we 'lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Throughout the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go 'bound to Rome.
And, whether we shall meet 'again, I know not.
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we 'do meet again, why, we shall 'smile;
If not, . . . why then, 'this parting was 'well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we 'do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true, this parting 'was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on!—O, that a man might know
The 'end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day 'will end,
And 'then . . . the end is 'known.—Come, ho! away!

[Exit.]

The Scene changes to another part of the field at Philippi. Cassius angrily rushes in, followed by Titinius:

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!—
This ensign^a here of mine was turning back;
I 'slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Pindarus enters hastily:

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Marc Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly 'far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius!
Are those 'my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and 'hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond' troops are 'friend or 'enemy.— [Exit Tit.]
Go, Pindarus, get higher on 'that hill;
'My sight was ever thick: regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.— [Exit Pin.]
. . . This day I breathéd first: time is come round,

^a Standard-bearer.

And where I did 'begin, there shall I 'end ;

My life has 'run his compass.—Pindarus, what news !

Pin. Titinius is enclosed ! He 's ta'en : [Shout.] and, hark !

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down ; behold no more !—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face !— [Pindarus returns.]

Come hither, Pindarus :

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;

And then I 'swore thee, saving of thy life,

That, whatsoever I did 'bid thee do,

Thou shouldst 'attempt it. Come now, 'keep thine
oath :

Now be a 'freeman : Here, take thou the hilt ;

And, when my face is covered, as 't is now,

Guide thou the sword. . . . Cæsar, thou art revenged,

Even with the sword that slaughtered^a 'thee. [Dies.]

But Titinius had not been taken : he was enclosed by a troop of friends, whom the rash and impulsive Cassius mistook for foes. Titinius, finding Cassius dead, sends Messala to acquaint Brutus—who hastens to the spot, followed by Strato and Volumnius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ? . . .

O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty 'yet !

Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

Even against 'ourselves !^b Ah, noble Cassius !

Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy 'fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall 'see me pay : . . .

I shall find time, Cassius ! I shall find time.—

. . . Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.

The Ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me

'Two several times, by night,—at Sardis once,

And, this last night, 'here in Philippi fields :

I know my hour is come. Nay, I am 'sure it is.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the 'pit :

It is more worthy to 'leap-in ourselves,

Than tarry till they 'push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;

Even for that, our love of old, I pray thee,

Hold thou my sword-hilt, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a 'friend, my lord. [Alarums nearer.]

Bru. . . . Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you, Volum-
nius.—

^a O. R. killed.

^b O. R. in our own proper entrails.

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
 I found no man but he was 'true to me.
 'I shall have 'glory, by this 'losing day,
 More than Octavius and Marc Antony,
 By 'their vile 'conquest, shall attain unto.
 So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history.
 Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
 That have but laboured to 'attain this hour.—

Loud alarums are heard within, mingled with cries of "Fly, my lord! fly! fly!"

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay 'thou by thy lord.
 Hold thou my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. . . Cæsar, 'now be still:
 I killed not 'thee with half so good a will.

He runs on his sword and dies.

Alarums are again sounded, followed by a retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, and other Officers. Messala asks:

Mes. Strato, where is thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage 'you are in, Messala:
 The conquerors can but make a 'fire of him;
 For Brutus 'only overcame 'himself,
 And no man 'else hath honour by his death.

Ant. So Brutus 'should be found. . .

This was the 'noblest Roman of them all:
 All the conspirators,—save 'only he,—
 Did 'that they did, in 'envy of great Cæsar;
 He only, in a general honest thought
 And common good to 'all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle; and the elements
 So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
 And say to all the 'world, " 'This was a 'man! "

Octavius adds:

Oct. According to his 'virtue let us use him.
 Within 'my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
 Most like a 'soldier, ordered honourably.—
 So, call the field to 'rest: and let 's away,
 To 'part the glories of this happy day.

[Exeunt.]

END OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

The Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra naturally follows that of Julius Cæsar in date of production: it was entered on the Stationers' Books (for copyright purposes) in 1608, but not then printed: its first publication was in the folio of 1623, under the title of "The Tragedie of Anthonie, and Cleopatra."

The historical narrative given in North's translation of Plutarch's Life of Antony is very faithfully reproduced in this dramatic mirror, which pictures two of the most celebrated lovers in the history of the world—exposes the secret personal springs of great State negotiations—shows us that Kings and Queens are but men and women; often controlled, like the meanest of their subjects, by degrading passions, weaknesses, and vices. We have not merely personal but mental photographs of the great Triumvirate in the unemotional Lepidus, the genial voluptuary Antony, and the cautious young Octavius Cæsar,—who afterwards became sole master of the Roman world, and, under the title of Augustus, earned the praise of all good men, and the grateful adulations of Horace, of Ovid, and of Virgil.

Marc Antony had been early distinguished, not only for his military but his civil talents; an orator and a politician, sagacious, skilful, and ambitious, but unscrupulous, sensual, prodigal, and revengeful; ever the comrade of his soldiers, rather than their general—a lavish eulogist of Julius Cæsar, but the fatal enemy of Cicero—"a masker and a reveller," but a master of the world! In his earlier career he had been married to Fulvia, a shrill-tongued scold, bold and ambitious; who, when this her third husband—a wedded wooer of over fifty—fell into the snares of Cleopatra the beautiful Queen of Egypt—a sprightly widow of thirty-eight,—urged Octavius to take up arms against her faithless lord, that the grim monster War might avenge her private wrongs.

Cleopatra had been early married to her brother Ptolemy, and on his death at the early age of eleven, she became sole Queen. She was known to have lavished her favours on Pompey (who died 48 B. C.) and on Julius Cæsar, to whom she bore a son named Cæsarion (who afterwards obtained the title of King from the Roman Triumvirs, but was killed by order of Augustus at the age of eighteen, B. C. 30). Cleopatra is depicted as artful and accomplished, wayward, voluptuous, and wicked—but beautiful. Her companionship so degraded her once noble lover Antony (a pleasure-seeker "foraging for death") that their lives now "point a moral" and disgrace a history.

In the play she thus foretells her dramatic doom;

—"Saucy lictors

Will catch at us like wantons, and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune; the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth; and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness."

For, in the days of Shakespeare, all the female characters of his plays (and this is the main excuse for expunging much of the wit and wisdom he has bequeathed to us) were performed by boys,—who thus served a kind of dramatic apprenticeship to the older actors.

Coleridge says:—"Of all Shakespeare's Historical Plays, Antony and Cleopatra is by far the most wonderful . . . whether the play is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of 'Macbeth,' 'Lear,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Othello.'"

The Dramatis Personæ retained in this Condensation are :

MARC ANTONY,	} <i>Triumvirs.</i>	MENAS, <i>Friend of Pompey.</i>
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		TAURUS, <i>Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.</i>
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,)		CANIDIUS, <i>Lieutenant-General to Antony.</i>
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		EUPHRONIUS, <i>a School-master.</i>
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	} <i>Friends of Antony.</i>	ALEXAS, MARDIAN, and DIOMEDES, <i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>
VENTIDIUS,		<i>A Soothsayer. A Clown.</i>
EBOS,		
SCARUS,		
DEMETRIUS,		
PHILO,		
MECÆNAS,	} <i>Friends of Cæsar.</i>	CLEOPATRA, <i>Queen of Egypt.</i>
AGRIPPA,		OCTAVIA, <i>Sister to Cæsar, and afterwards Wife to Antony.</i>
DOLABELLA,		CHARMIAN and IRAS, <i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>
PROCULEIUS,		<i>Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.</i>
THYREUS,		

The historical Time occupies about nine years: that is, from about two years after the Battle of Philippi (B. C. 42) to the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra (B. C. 30).

The Scenes are laid in various parts of the Roman Empire, but chiefly at Alexandria (in Egypt) and in Rome.

The two great battles at Philippi resulted in the defeat of the Republican party, headed by Brutus and Cassius; and threw all power into the hands of the Second Triumvirate, which consisted of Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, and Marc Antony. After the ruin of Pompey, and even before the dismissal of Lepidus, (whose comparative unfitness for his high position was soon discovered by his associates,) Octavius and Antony were enabled to divide the Roman dominions. Italy was left in common; Octavius Cæsar was to rule

over Spain, while to Marc Antony were assigned the East and Africa. On his way to the East, he cited Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, to appear before him, and he soon fell under the enchantment of her bewitching beauty.

The Scene discloses a Room in Queen Cleopatra's Palace at Alexandria. Two Officers, Demetrius and Philo, subordinates to Marc Antony, are in conversation.

Phi. Nay, but this 'dotage of our general's
'O'erflows the measure: his goodly eyes 'now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a 'tawny front. Look where they come.
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple^a pillar of the world transformed
Into a wanton's fool! behold and see.

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their train. The doting Queen addresses her fascinated admirer:

Cleo. If it be 'love indeed, tell me how 'much?

**Ant.* There 's 'beggary in the love that can be 'reckoned.

Cleo. I 'll set a bourn^b how 'far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out 'new heaven, new
'earth.

An Attendant enters.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates^c me!—The sum?^d

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

'Fulvia, perchance, is 'angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His 'powerful 'mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take-in^e that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't or else we chide^f thee."—

Call-in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's Queen,
Thou 'blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's 'homager:^g So thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia 'scolds.^h—The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rangedⁱ empire fall! Here is 'my space!
Kingdoms are 'clay: Our dungy earth alike
Feeds 'beasts as man: the 'nobleness of life
Is, to do thus! [Embracing] 'We stand up 'peerless!

Cleo. . . . Excellent falsehood!
Why did he 'marry Fulvia, and not 'love her?—
I 'll 'seem the fool I am not; 'Antony
Will be . . himself—

^a Holding the third part, as one of the Triumvirs. ^b Limit, boundary. ^c Offends, annoys. ^d Briefly: the result only. ^e Subdue, include. ^f O. R. damn. ^g Yielder of homage. ^h Fulvia is said to have overruled her three husbands. ⁱ Arranged, well governed.

Ant. But^a stirred by Cleopatra.—
 Now, for the love of Love^b and her soft hours,
 Let 's not confound^c the time with conference 'harsh:
 There 's not a 'minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure 'now:—'What sport to-night?
Cleo. 'Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling Queen!
 Whom 'everything becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself,—in thee,—fair and admired!—
 'No messenger.—But thine, and all alone,
 To-night we 'll wander though the 'streets, and note
 The qualities^d of people. Come, my Queen;
 'Last night you did 'desire it.—Speak not to us. [To Mess.
 [Ex. Ant. a' d Cleo.]

Antony and Cleopatra withdraw. Charmian and Iras, the Queen's waiting-women—with Alexas her gentleman-usher—remain. The volatile Charmian says:

Char. 'Lord Alexas! 'sweet Alexas! most 'anything Alexas!
 almost most 'absolute Alexas!—where 's the Sooth-
 sayer that you praised so to the Queen? O, that I
 knew who is to be my husband! [The Soothsayer advances.]

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. . . . Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
 A 'little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Char. Good sir, give me 'good fortune.

Sooth. I 'make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me 'one.

During the palmistry, the cynical Enobarbus enters as a looker-on.

Sooth. . . . You 'shall be yet far 'fairer than you 'are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No; you shall 'paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Sooth. . . . You shall be more 'beloving than belov'd.

Char. Good now, some 'excellent fortune! Let me be married to 'three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all!

Sooth. . . . You shall 'outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.^e

^aExcept, unless. ^bFor the sake of the Queen of love. ^cConsume. ^dVaried ranks. ^eAn old proverb.

Sooth. . . . You have seen, and proved, a fairer 'former fortune

Than that which is to 'approach.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.—

Nay, come, tell Iras 'hers. We 'll 'all know our fortunes.

Enobarbus jocularly says :

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.—Hush! Here comes Antony.

All obsequiously withdraw, as Marc Antony approaches in conversation with the Messenger :

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius? Well, what 'worst?

Mess. The nature of 'bad news infects the 'teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On.^a

Things, that are 'past, are done with 'me.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff^b news—hath with his Parthian force

Extended^c Asia; and from the Euphrates

His conquering banner shook; from Syria,

To Lydia and to Ionia: whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me 'home,^d mince not the 'general tongue :

Name Cleopatra as she is called in 'Rome;

Rail thou in 'Fulvia's phrase; and taunt 'my faults

With such full licence, as both 'truth and 'malice

Have power to utter. O, 'then we bring forth weeds

When our quick^e 'minds' lie still: . . . Farewell awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure.

[Exit Messenger.]

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

Antony calls for another Messenger :

The man from Sicyon!—is there such an one?

Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

. . . These strong 'Egyptian fetters I must 'break,

Or lose 'myself in dotage.

Another Messenger enters.

What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia, thy wife, is 'dead.

Ant. . . . 'Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon :

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

^a Proceed. ^b Harsh, disagreeable. ^c Seized on. ^d Directly to the point.

^e Fertile. ^f O. R. windes.

Importeth thee to know, this letter bears. [Giving letter]

Ant. . . . Forbear me.— [Exit Messenger.]

There's a great spirit 'gone! Thus 'did I 'desire it:

What our contempts do often 'hurl from us,

We wish it ours 'again! She's 'good, being 'gone! . . .

The hand 'could pluck her back, that shov'd her 'on. . . .

I must from this enchanting Queen break off:

Ten 'thousand harms more than the ills I 'know,

My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus! [Enobarbus advances.]

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with 'haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our 'women: We see how mortal
an 'unkindness is to them; if they suffer our 'depar-
ture, 'death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone. . . . Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. . . . Why, sir, give the gods a 'thankful sacrifice.

When it pleaseth their deities to take the 'wife of a man
from him, it shows to man the 'tailors of the earth:
comforting therein,—that, when 'old robes are worn-out,
there are members to make 'new. If there were no
'more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut,
and the case to be lamented: 'this grief is crowned
with 'consolation;—your old smock brings forth a 'new
petticoat;—and, indeed, the tears live in an 'onion^a that
should water 'this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached^b within the State
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business 'you have broached 'here cannot be
without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which
wholly depends on your 'abode.

Ant. No more 'light answers! Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The 'cause of our expedience^c to the Queen,
And get her 'leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,^d
Do strongly speak to us; but the 'letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius^e
Hath given the dare^f to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the 'sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never linked to the 'deserver
Till his deserts are 'past) begin to throw

^a Are artificially caused, as by an onion. ^b Opened, commenced. ^c Expedition,
departure. ^d Pressing motives. ^e Son of Pompey the Great. ^f Challenge.

Pompey the Great,^a and all his dignities,
 Upon his 'son; whose quality,^b going 'on,
 The sides^c o' the world may danger. Say, our 'pleasure,
 (To such whose place is under us,) requires
 Our 'quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do it. [Exeunt.]

The Scene is still in the Palace at Alexandria. The ever-jealous Cleopatra, as yet ignorant of her rival's death, is in her private apartment, attended by Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. 'Where is he, Charmian?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. [to Alex.] 'See where he is,—who 's with him,—what he does:—

I did not 'send you:—If you find him sad,

Say, 'I am dancing; if in mirth, report

That I am sudden 'sick: Quick, and return! [Exit Alex.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him 'dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce

The like from 'him.

Cleo. What 'should I do I do not?

Char. In each thing give him 'way—cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool—the way to 'lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; But here 'comes Antony.

Cleo. I 'm sick, and sullen.

Antony enters:

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing^d to my purpose.

Cleo. . . . Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:—

It cannot be thus 'long!—the sides of nature

Will not sustain it. . . . Stand further from me.

Ant. What 's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some 'good news.

What says the 'married woman?—You may 'go! . . .

'Would she had never given you leave to 'come!

Let her not say, 't is 'I that keep you here,—

I have 'no power upon you; 'hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be 'mine, and 'true,

(Though you, in swearing, shake the thronéd gods,)

Who have been 'false to 'Fulvia?

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no 'colour^e for your going,

But bid farewell, and 'go. When you sued 'staying,

'Then was the time for words: no 'going 'then!—

^a Treacherously murdered in Egypt, B. C. 48. ^b Power, authority. ^c Boundaries.
^d Words, expression. ^e Excuse.

Portion of Cleo. knows when to p
 tearing him

'Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent;^a none our parts so poor,
But was a race^b of 'heaven: they 'are so still, . . .
Or thou, the greatest 'soldier of the world,
Art turned the greatest 'liar!

Ant. Hear me, Queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our 'services awhile; but my full 'heart
Remains in use with 'you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
His numbers threaten. . . My 'more particular,
(And that which most with you should 'urge^c my going,)
Is . . . Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from 'folly could not give me freedom,
It does from 'childishness:^d—'Can Fulvia 'die?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen.

Cleo. . . . O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials^e thou should'st fill
With 'sorrowful water? Now I see! I see,
In 'Fulvia's death, how 'mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The 'purposes I bear; which 'are, or 'cease,
As 'you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
'Thy soldier-servant; making peace, or war,
As 'thou affect'st.

Cleo. . . . Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be:—I am quickly ill,—and 'well again,
So Antony loves!

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear;
And give true 'evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. . . . So Fulvia 'told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for 'her;
Then bid adieu to 'me, and 'say—the tears
Belong to 'Egypt:^f Good now, play one scene
Of excellent 'dissembling; and let it 'look
Like perfect 'honour.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood: no more!

Cleo. . . . You can do 'better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. 'And 'target.—Still he 'mends;
But this is not the 'best.

^a Eyebrows' arch
uding to the
ds. /The

^b favour. c^t
^d preserv

^e From shedding tears.
^f ars for the death of

Ant. . . . I'll leave you, lady!

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word . . .

Sir, you and I must 'part,—but that 's not it!

Sir, you and I have 'loved,—but 'there 's not it!

That you know 'well: something it is 'I would,—

O, my 'oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am 'all forgotten! . . . Honour calls you hence;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied 'folly,

And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword

Sit laurel victory! and smooth success

Be strewed before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;

Our separation so 'abides, and 'flies,

That thou, 'residing here, go'st yet with 'me,

And I, hence fleeting, here 'remain—with 'thee! [Exeunt.]

Antony, thus leaving Cleopatra in Egypt, hastens to Rome, where he is invited to stay with Lepidus; who, desirous of reconciliation, appoints a meeting with Octavius Cæsar.—The Scene is now in Rome at Cæsar's House.—Cæsar and Lepidus are in conversation:

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,

It is not Cæsar's 'natural wise^a to 'hate

Our^b great competitor. From Alexandria

This is the news:—He fishes, drinks, and wastes

The lamps of night in revel; is not more 'manlike

Than Cleopatra, nor the Queen of Ptolemy

More 'womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or

Vouchsafed to think he had 'partners. You shall find
there

A man, who is the abstract of all 'faults

That 'all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are

Evils enow to darken 'all his goodness:

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,

More fiery by night's 'blackness; 'hereditary,

Rather than 'purchased; what he cannot 'change,

Than what he 'chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not

Amis to revel on the throne of Ptolemy;

To give a 'kingdom for a 'mirth,^c to sit

And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;

To reel the streets at noon;—yet must Antony

^a Disposition, O. R. vice.

^b O. R. one.

^c A brief amusement.

No way excuse his soils,^a when 'we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness.^b He must be chid
 As we rate^c boys, who, being mature in 'knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present 'pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment.—Here 's more news.

A Messenger enters.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
 How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at 'sea;
 No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's 'name strikes more
 Than could his 'war resisted.

Cæs. O, Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious wassails!^d When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, at thy heel
 Did Famine follow: thou didst drink
 What 'beasts would cough-at: thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to 'look on; and all this
 (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
 Was borne so like a 'soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as 'lanked not

Lep. 'T is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome ashamed: 't is time we twain
 Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
 Assemble we^e 'immediate council: Pompey
 'Thrives in our idleness.—But here comes Antony.

Marc Antony enters accompanied by his lieutenant Enobarbus, and his friends Mecænas and Agrippa.—Lepidus hastily advances to promote reconciliation.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, pray entreat your captain
 To soft and 'gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like 'himself: if Cæsar move' him,
 Let Antony look 'over Cæsar's head,
 And speak as loud as Mars!

Lep. 'T is not a time for private enmity.^g

Eno. 'Every time serves for the matter born in 't.

Lep. But 'small to 'greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come 'first.

^a Disgraceful actions.
 revelries. ^e O. R. me.

^b Frivolity, levity.
^f Rouse, excite.

^c Hide vehemently.
^g O. R. stormaching.

^d Drunken

Lepidus turns now to appeal to his brother Triumvirs :

Lep. Noble friends,
That which 'combined us was most great ; and let not
A leaner action 'rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be 'gently heard. Then, noble partners,
Touch you the 'sourest points with sweetest 'terms.

Ant. 'T is spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to 'fight,
I should do thus.

After a painful silence Octavius coldly advances :

Cæs. . . . Welcome to Rome, Marc Antony.

Ant. Thank you, Cæsar. . . .
I learn, you take things 'ill, which are 'not so ;
Or being so, concern 'you not.

Cæs. I must be laughed at,
If,—or for 'nothing, or a 'little,—I
Should say myself 'offended ; and with 'you
Chiefly i' the world.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar, what was 't to 'you ?

Cæs. No more than 'my residing here at 'Rome
Might be to you in 'Egypt : yet, if you there
Did 'practise^e on 'my state, your being in Egypt
'Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you ? 'practised ?

Cæs. You may be pleased to 'catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me ; and 'their contestation
Was theme for 'you ; 'you were the word of 'war.

Ant. You do 'mistake your business ; my brother never
Did urge me in his act : I did inquire^b it,
And have my learning from some true reports,^c
That drew their swords with you. Of this, my letters
'Before did satisfy you. If you 'll 'patch a quarrel,
(As matter 'whole you 've not to make it with,)
It must not be with 'this.

Cæs. 'You patched-up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so. You thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause,
Could not, with graceful eyes, attend those wars
Which fronted^d mine own peace. As for my 'wife, . . .
I would 'you had 'her spirit in such 'another !—
The third o' the 'world is yours, which with a snaffle^e
You may pace easy,—but not such a 'wife !

Cæs. I wrote to you,

^a Employ stratagems.
^e A light bridle.

^b Examine into.

^c Reporters.

^d Confronted.

you were
 When rioting in Alexandria; you
 Did pocket-up my letters, and with taunts
 Did gibe my missive^a out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he 'fell upon me, ere 'admitted:
 Three Kings I had newly feasted, . . . and did want
 Of what I was^b i' the morning; but, next day,
 I told him of myself;—which was as much
 As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow
 Be nothing of our strife; 'if we contend,
 'Out of our question 'wipe him!

Cæs. You have 'broken
 The article of your 'oath; which you shall never
 Have tongue to charge 'me with.

Lepidus anxiously interposes:

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No, Lepidus, 'let him speak!
 The honour 's 'sacred which he talks on 'now,—
 Supposing that I 'lacked it. But on, Cæsar:
 The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
 And both those you 'denied.

Ant. 'Neglected, rather;
 And then, when 'poisoned^c hours had bound me up
 From mine own knowledge. . . . As nearly as I may,
 I 'll play the 'penitent to you; but mine 'honesty
 Shall not make poor my 'greatness. Truth is, that
 Fulvia,
 To have me out of 'Egypt, made wars 'here;
 For which myself,—the ignorant motive,—do
 So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
 To stoop in 'such a case.

Lep. 'T is 'nobly spoken.

Enobarbus adds:

Eno. If you 'borrow one another's 'love for the instant, you
 may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, 'return
 it again: you shall have time to wrangle-in, when you
 have nothing else to do. *practical*

Ant. . . . 'Thou art a 'soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be 'silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You 'wrong this presence; therefore, speak no more.

Cæs. 'I do not much dislike the 'matter, but
 The 'manner of his speech; for it cannot be
 We shall 'remain in friendship. Yet if I knew

a Messenger.

b And had not recovered my sobriety.

c Drunken

we should have been more penitent

What hoop should hold us 'stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agrippa advances :

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Thou hast a sister by the mother's side—
Admired Octavia: great Marc Antony
Is now a 'widower.

Cæs. Say not 'so, Agrippa :

If 'Cleopatra heard you, your 'reproof
Were well deserved—of rashness.

Ant. I am 'not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in 'perpetual amity,
To make you 'brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot,—take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none 'else can utter. 'By this marriage,
All 'little jealousies, (which now seen 'great,)
And all great 'fears, (which now import their 'dangers,)
Would then be 'nothing. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 't is a 'studied, not a 'present thought—
By 'duty ruminated.

Ant. . . . Will 'Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how 'Antony is touched
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this 'good?

Cæs. The power of 'Cæsar,—and
His power unto 'Octavia.

Ant. May I never,
To this good purpose, that so fairly 'shows,
Dream of 'impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
'Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of 'brothers govern in our 'loves,
And sway our great 'designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our 'kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly-off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, Amen!

*could
ingue*

*like
spur of
moment—
not really*

Ant. . . . I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;^a

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must 'thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer 'ill report:
At heel of 'that,^b defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be 'sought,
Or else 'he seeks out 'us. As yet, by 'sea,
He is an absolute master.

Ant. 'Haste we for it.
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talked of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack 'your company?

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not 'sickness should detain me.

[Ex. Cæs., Ant., and Lep.]

After the departure of the three great leaders, *Mecænas* and *Agrippa* enter into conversation with *Enobarbus*.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. 'Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy *Mecænas*!—
My honourable friend, *Agrippa*!—

Agr. Good *Enobarbus*!

[They mutually salute.]

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by 'it in Egypt?

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep 'day out of countenance, and made the 'night light—with 'drinking!

Mec. *Cleopatra* is a most triumphant lady,—if report be 'square to her.

Eno. When she 'first met *Marc Antony*, she 'pursed up his heart, upon the river *Cydnus*.^c

Agr. There she appeared 'indeed! or my reporter 'devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.—

The 'barge she sat in, like a burnished 'throne,
'Burned on the water: the 'poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails; and so perfuméd that
The winds were love-sick with them; the 'oars were
'silver,
Which, to the tune of flutes, kept stroke: and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,

^a *Sextus Pompey*.

^b After that.

^c A river in *Cilicia*, near *Tarsus*.

As 'amorous of their strokes. For her own 'person,
 It beggared all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth of golden tissue—
 'O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
 The 'fancy outwork 'nature: On each side her,
 Stood pretty dimpled 'boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-coloured fans; whose wind did seem
 To 'glow the delicate cheeks which they did 'cool—
 And what they 'un-did 'did.

Must accompany Cleopatra
Ag.

O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides^a
 So many Mermaids, tendered her by the eyes,
 And made their bends^b adornings: At the helm
 A 'seeming Mermaid 'steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That rarely frame the office.^c From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city 'cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthroned i' the Market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air;—which, but for vacancy,^d
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a 'gap in nature.

Ag.

Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: She replied,
 It should be better he became 'her guest,—
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
 (Whom ne'er the word of "No" 'woman heard speak,)
 Being barbered 'ten times o'er, 'goes to the feast;
 And, for his ordinary,^e pays his 'heart,
 For what his 'eyes ate only.

Ag.

Royal wench!

Mec. Now, Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never!—he will not:

Age cannot wither 'her, nor custom 'stale
 Her infinite variety. 'Other women 'cloy
 The appetites they 'feed; but 'she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can 'settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A 'blesséd lottery to him.

Ag.

But let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my 'guest,

^a Nymphs of the sea—the fifty daughters of Nereus. ^b Genuflexions. ^c That skilfully perform their duties. ^d Want of intelligence. ^e Usual price of a meal.

Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [Exeunt]

The beautiful widow, the Lady Octavia, is easily persuaded by her politic brother to become the wife of Antony.—The Scene is now in the residence of Octavius Cæsar: and we have before us two of the great Triumvirs, with the Lady Octavia. The accepted suitor apologetically addresses his promised bride:

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
'Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Cæsar, good night.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's 'report:
I 'have not kept my square; but that to 'come
Shall all be done by the 'rule. Good night, dear lady.

Octa. Good night, sir. [Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia]

As Antony is musingly leaving Cæsar's house, he meets the Egyptian Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah:—You do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would 'I had never come from thence, nor 'you come
thither!

Ant. If you can, your 'reason?

Sooth. I see it in my 'motion,^a have it not in my 'tongue:
but yet hie 'you to Egypt again!

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortune shall rise 'higher,—Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy Demon—that 's thy 'Spirit which keeps thee—is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where 'Cæsar's is not; but, 'near 'him, thy Angel
Becomes a 'Fear, as being o'erpowered: therefore
Make 'space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more!

Sooth. To none but 'thee; no more, 'but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou 'rt sure to 'lose; and, of all 'natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the 'odds: 'thy lustre thickens,
When 'he shines by. I say again, thy Spirit
Is all 'afraid to govern thee near 'him;
But, he 'away,^b 't is 'noble.

Ant. . . . Get thee gone:

^a Mind ('

ver).

'away.

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 appearance
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 spirit
 of
 the
 world
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 part
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 the
 world

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.— [Exit Soothsayer
 He shall to 'Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
 He hath spoken true: the very 'dice obey him;
 And, in our sports, my better 'cunning faints
 Under his 'chance. . . . I will 'soon to Egypt:
 For though I make this marriage for my 'peace,
 I' the East my 'pleasure lies.—

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius,
 You must to Parthia: your commission 's ready;
 Follow me, and receive 't. [Exeunt.

The marriage of Marc Antony and Octavia soon takes place. How was this intelligence received by the deserted, love-lorn Queen of Egypt? Cleopatra is again before us, in her palace at Alexandria, attended by her women Charmian and Iras.

Cleo. Charmian,— . . .

Ha, ha!—Give me to drink mandragora.^a

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might 'sleep-out this great gap of time,

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is 'now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

Do bravely, horse! for wott'st^b thou 'whom thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas^c of this Earth,—the arm

And burgonet^d of men!—He 's speaking now,

Or murmuring, "Where 's my serpent of old Nile?"

For so he calls me. . . . 'Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison!—

Alexas enters.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much 'un-like art thou Marc Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath

With 'his tinct gilded 'thee.—

How goes it with my brave Marc Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,

He kissed—the last of many 'doubled kisses—

This orient pearl.—His speech 'sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must 'pluck it thence.

Alex. "Good friend," quoth he,

"Say,—The firm Roman to great Egypt sends

^a A narcotic plant. ^b Knowest. ^c Atlas, the fabled supporter of the Earth.
^d Armour for the head: = chief protection.

This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
 (To 'mend the petty present,) I will piece
 Her opulent throne with 'kingdoms: 'all the East,
 Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an arrogant^a steed;
 Who neighed so high, that what I 'would have spoke
 Was beastly 'dumbed by him.

Cleo. What! Was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
 Of hot and cold: he was 'nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man! but note
 him:

He was not 'sad,—for he would 'shine on those
 That make their looks by 'his; he was not 'merry,—
 Which seemed to tell them,—his remembrance lay
 In 'Egypt, with his joy; but 'between 'both!
 O 'heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, 'or merry,
 The violence of either 'thee becomes,
 So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam; 'twenty several messengers:
 Why do you send so 'thick?^b

Cleo. Who 's 'born that day

When I 'forget to send to Antony,
 Shall die a 'beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
 He shall have, every day, a several greeting,
 Or I 'll unpeople Egypt.—The music, ho!
 Give me some music,—music, moody food
 Of us that trade in love.—No, let it alone.
 Let us to billiards: come, Charmian. . . . No, I 'll none
 now.—

Give me mine angle,^c—we 'll to the river: there,
 (My music playing far off,) I will betray
 Tawny-finned^d fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
 Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
 I 'll think them, every one, an 'Antony!
 And say, "Ah, ha! you 're 'caught!"

Char. 'T was merry when
 You 'wagered on your angling; when your diver
 Did hang a 'salt-fish on his hook, which he
 With fervency drew-up.

Cleo. That time—O times!—
 I laughed him out of patience; and that night
 I laughed him 'into patience: and next morn,

^a O. R. arme-gaunt. ^b Closely, frequently. ^c Fishing-rod. ^d R. tawny finc.

Ere the ninth hour, I 'drunk him to his bed ;
Then put 'my tires^a and mantles on him—whilst
'I wore his sword Philippan!—

A Messenger enters.

O, from Italy?—

'Rain^b thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. . . . Madam, madam,—

Cleo. . . . Antony 's 'dead?—if thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy 'mistress! But well and free,
(If thou 'so yield him) there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss;—a hand that 'kings
Have lipped, and 'trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there 's 'more gold. But, sirrah, mark! We
use

To say, the 'dead are well: bring it to 'that,
The gold I give thee will I 'melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat!

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to 'strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say,—Antony lives,—is well,—
Or friends with Cæsar,—or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a 'shower of gold, and 'hail
Rich pearls upon thee!

Mess. —Madam, . . . he 's well.

Cleo. Well said!

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 'rt an 'honest man!

Mess. Cæsar and he are 'greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a 'fortune from me!

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. . . . I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet!"
"But yet" is as a gaoler, to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prythee, friend,
Pour out thy 'pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He 's 'friends with Cæsar?
In state of 'health, thou say'st? and, thou say'st, 'free?

Mess. Free, madam? no: I made no 'such report:
He 's married . . . to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious 'pestilence upon thee! [Strikes him
Hence, horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me! I 'll unhair thy head! down.]

^a Attires.

^b O. R. ram.

some
 removal - appropriate here; in from (removes)
 A more direct (from) removal

Thou shalt be whipped with 'wire, and stewed in 'brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle!

Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, 'made not the match.

Cleo. Say 't is 'not so, a 'Province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes for the blow thou hadst.

Mess. He 's 'married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long!

As the Queen draws her dagger, the frightened Messenger runs off. Charmian stops her royal mistress:

Char. Good madam, keep yourself 'within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. 'Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and 'kindly creatures
Turn all to 'serpents!—Call the slave 'again:—
Though I am 'mad, I will not 'bite him:—Call!

Char. He is afeared to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.— [Exit
Char.]
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A 'meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause. [^{Charmian and}_{Messenger return.}] Come hither,
sir.

Though it be 'honest, it is never good
To bring 'bad news: Give, to a 'gracious message,
An 'host of tongues; but let 'ill tidings tell
'Themselves—when they be 'felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. . . . 'Is he married?

I cannot hate thee 'worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. Should I 'lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou 'Narcissus^a in thy face, to 'me
Thou wouldst appear most 'ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon. He 's married, to
Octavia.

Cleo. O, that 'his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of!—Get thee hence!

I faint:—O Iras! Charmian!—'T is no matter.— [Exit Mess.]

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the 'feature of Octavia, her yet

^a A beautiful Boeotian y
drowned himself.

n love with his ow

Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.—

Let him for ever go!—let him 'not—Charmian;
Though he be painted 'one way like a 'Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars.—[To Mardian.] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how 'tall she is.—'Pity me, Charmian,
But do not 'speak to me. . . . Lead me to my chamber.

[Exit.

The marriage of Marc Antony and the Lady Octavia was celebrated in Rome with great rejoicing and festivity. After one of the banquets, we overhear a conversation between Menas, a captain in the service of Sextus Pompey, and Enobarbus. Menas says:

Men. You and I have known, sir?

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. 'You have done well by 'water.

Men. And you by 'land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise 'me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by 'land.

Men. Nor what 'I have done by 'water.

Eno. Yes; something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great 'thief by sea.

Men. And 'you by 'land.

Eno. There I 'deny my land-service. But give me your hand, Menas. We came hither to 'fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. We looked not for Marc Antony 'here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she 'was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is 'now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Then are Cæsar and he forever knit together.

Eno. If 'I were bound to 'divine of this unity, I would not prophesy 'so. You shall find the band that 'seems to tie their friendship together will be the very 'strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his 'wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is 'not so; which is Marc Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the 'strength of their 'amity, shall prove the immediate author of their

'variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his 'occasion here.

Men. And thus it 'may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let 's away.

[Exit.]

The Scene changes to an Ante-chamber in Cæsar's house in Rome, where the marriage festivities are ended, and the bride and bridegroom are preparing for their departure. Agrippa enquires of Enobarbus, concerning their reconciled leaders:

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatched with Pompey: he is gone;

The other three are sealing.^a Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With some sickness.

Agr. 'T is a 'noble Lepidus.

Eno. A 'very fine one! O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Marc Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he 's the 'Jupiter of men.

Agr. What 's Antony? the 'god of Jupiter.

Indeed, he plied them 'both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar 'best;—yet he loves Antony.

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—hoo!—

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder. [Trumpets^b heard.] So!

This sounds to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [Exit Eno.]

Antony and his wife approach, accompanied by Cæsar, that he may give to both a farewell greeting.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of 'myself;

Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee.—Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue which is set

Betwixt us as the cément of our love,

To keep it builded, be the 'ram^b to batter

The fortress of it.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust, Cæsar. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the 'least cause

For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you!

^a Ratifying their agreement.

^b An instrument in warfare.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well!
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octavia cannot express her emotions, but bursts into tears, while Antony looks on admiringly.

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. . . .
Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines. Nay, come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in 'my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods. Farewell, farewell! [Exit.

Leaving the "happy pair" to travel towards Athens, we, with imagined wing, fly back to Alexandria, where, in the palace, Queen Cleopatra is desirous personally to question the unhappy Messenger.

Cleo. Where is the fellow, Charmian?

Alex. Half afeared to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir. [The Messenger enters.

Char. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are 'well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how,—when Antony is gone,—
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou 'behold Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome:

I looked her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Marc Antony.

Cleo. . . . Is she as tall as I?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her 'speak? Is she 'shrill-tongued, or
'low?

Mess. Madam, I 'heard her speak: she is 'low-voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good. He cannot like her long.

Charmian breaks in:

Char. 'Like her? O Isis!^a 't is impossible.

^a The presiding goddess of the Egyptians.

Cleo. 'I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish!—
What 'majesty is in her gait? Remember,—
If e'er thou 'look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She 'creeps;
Her 'motion and her 'station^a are as one:
She shows a 'body rather than a life;
A 'statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this 'certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Cleo. Charmian, he's very knowing,
I do perceive 't.—There 's nothing in her yet.—
The fellow has good judgment.—Guess at her 'years, I
pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam, she was a widow—

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark!

Mess. And I do think, she 's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her 'face in mind? is 't long? or round?

Mess. Round, even to 'faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, 'they are foolish that are so.—
Her 'hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There 's gold for thee!

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

I will employ thee back to Rome: I find thee

Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready,

Our letters are prepared. [Exit Mes. seuer.] A proper man.

Why, Charmian, methinks, by 'him,

This creature 's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man has seen 'some majesty, and should know.

Char. 'Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend!

And serving 'you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Char-
mian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me—

Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam.

[Exit.]

The friendship between Cæsar and Antony, though aided by this hasty marriage, was not of long duration. Sextus Pompey, taken prisoner, had been put to death: Lepidus was no longer thought of any importance in the Triumvirate; so that the other members, Octavius Cæsar and Marc Antony, became, in reality, rivals and

^a Standing posture = movements and poses.

competitors for supreme power. Soon, wearied of his marriage, Antony proceeds to fight against the Parthians: Cleopatra hastens to meet him; he, plunging into every voluptuous excess, returns with her to Egypt. Octavius, enraged at this insult to his sister, thus speaks of Antony to Agrippa and Mecænas:

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more:—
 In Alexandria, in the Market-place,
 Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
 Were publicly enthroned: There unto her
 He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
 Of Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queen.
 Then i' the common show-place, where they exercise,
 His sons he there proclaimed the 'kings of kings!
 She, in the habiliments of the goddess Isis,
 That day appeared.

Mec. Let 'Rome be thus informed.

Cæs. The people 'know it; and have now received
 'His accusations.

Agr. 'Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Myself; and that, having in Sicily
 Sextus Pompeius spoiled,^a we had not rated^b him
 'His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent 'me
 Some shipping unreturned: lastly, he frets
 That Lepidus of the Triumvirate
 Should be deposed; and, adding, 'we detain
 All his revénue.

Agr. Sir, this should be 'answered.

Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
 I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
 That he his high authority 'abused,
 And did 'deserve his change. For what 'I have con-
 quered,
 I grant him 'part; but then,—in his Armenia,
 And other of his conquered kingdoms,—I
 Demand the 'like.

Mec. He 'll never yield to 'that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in 'this.

The Lady Octavia, wife of Marc Antony, enters:

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear brother!

Cæs. . . . That ever I should call thee castaway!

Octa. You have 'not called me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us 'thus? You come not
 Like Cæsar's 'sister: The wife of Antony
 Should have an 'army for an usher; and

^a Plundered after war, spoiled.

^b Allowed.

The neighs of horse to tell of her 'approach,
 Long ere she did 'appear; the trees by the way
 Should have borne 'men, and expectation fainted,
 Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
 Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
 Raised by your populous troops. But 'you are come
 A 'market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
 The ostentation^a of our love: we should have 'met you
 By sea and land, supplying 'every stage
 With an 'augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
 To come thus was I not 'constrained, but did it
 On my free will. My lord Marc Antony,
 Hearing that you prepared for 'war, acquainted
 My grievéd ear withal; whereon, I begged
 His pardon for 'return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
 Being an obstruct^b 'tween his love and him!

Octa. . . . Do not say so, my lord!

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
 And his affairs come to me on the wind.
 Where is he 'now, Octavia?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wrongéd sister; Cleopatra
 Hath nodded him to 'her. He hath given his empire
 Up to a wanton, and they both are levying
 The kings o' the earth for war.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
 That have my heart 'parted, betwixt two friends
 That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome 'hither!
 Your letters did 'withhold our breaking forth,
 Till we perceived both how, sister, 'you were wronged,
 And 'we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let 'determined things to destiny
 Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome;
 Nothing more dear to 'me. You are abused
 Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make their ministers
 Of 'us and those that 'love you. Best of comfort;
 And ever welcome!
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:

^a Outward display.

^b Obstruction, hindrance. O. R. abstract.

'T is only 'Antony who turns you off;
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [Exit.

These insults to Octavia, as well as his own desire to become sole ruler, urge Octavius to denounce Antony as a deserter from his country: the Roman Senate, therefore, not only revokes Antony's power in Rome, but also declares war against Queen Cleopatra in Egypt.

A considerable interval elapses before we see Antony, with a large army and a powerful fleet, near the Promontory of Actium. On the opposite coast, Octavius Cæsar, with an equal fleet and army, has taken his position.—While the rival armies are awaiting orders to begin the fight, Queen Cleopatra, believing that her fleet was invincible, supports Antony's desire to venture a battle by sea. A naval engagement immediately follows (historically known as the battle of Actium, B. C. 31). But, while success on either side is doubtful, the strategic Cleopatra suddenly sails away with all her fleet: her infatuated lover, Antony, leaps into a boat and follows her; thus enabling Octavius to obtain an easy victory.—Enobarbus rushes in, bitterly exclaiming:

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.
The Antoniad,^a the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, 'fly, and turn the rudder:
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted!

Scarus enters.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses!
Aye! the whole synod of them!
The greater cantle^b of the world is lost
With very ignorance: we have 'kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces. Cleopatra,
(Whom leprosy o'ertake!)—i' the midst o' the fight,
When 'vantage like a pair of twins appeared,
Hoists sails, and flies. The noble ruin of her magic,
Antony,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her!
I never saw an action of such shame!

Canidius, one of Antony's officers, enters:

Can. Our fortune on the 'sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone 'well:
O, he has given example for 'our flight,
Most grossly, by his 'own. To Cæsar will I render^c
My legions, and my horse: six kings already
'Show me the way of 'yielding.

Eno. 'I 'll yet follow

^a The name of Queen Cleopatra's ship.

^b Portion.

^c Surrender.

The wounded chance of Antony,—though my reason
Sits in the wind 'against me.

[Exeunt.]

The fugitive Antony, thus defeated and dishonoured, gives way to melancholy, refusing to speak to Cleopatra. He is now in an apartment of the Palace at Alexandria, followed by a few still faithful adherents.

Ant. Hark! the 'land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is ashamed to bear me.—Friends, come hither:
I am so lated^a in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever!—I 've a ship
Laden with gold; take that; divide it, fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar. What! you will
not?
I have fled 'myself, and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone!
I have 'myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of 'you: begone! begone!
Oh! I followed 'her I blush to look on:
My very 'hairs do mutiny; for the 'white
Reprove the 'brown for rashness, and they 'them
For fear and doting.—Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: 'take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself! I 'll see you by-and-by.

[Exeunt
followers.]

While Antony thus despondingly sits down, Eros, his favourite servant, conducts Cleopatra into the chamber. Antony, not knowing that she is so near, musingly speaks:

Ant. No, no, no, no, no. . . . O fie, fie, fie!
. . . The stripling Cæsar! he at Philippi 'kept
His sword, e'en like a dancer; while 'I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad 'Brutus ended—yet now . . . No matter!

Eros endeavours to arouse him:

Eros. The Queen, my lord! the Queen!
Most noble sir, arise; the Queen approaches:
Her head 's declined, and death will seize her, but^b
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation.—
A most un noble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the Queen!

[Antony starts at recognition.]

Ant. . . . O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey 'my shame out of 'thine eyes,

^a Belated, benighted.

^b Unless.

By looking 'back on what I have left behind,
'Stroyed in dishonour!

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have 'followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to 'thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy 'beck^a might, from the bidding of the 'gods,
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must,
To the young man,^b send humble treaties; dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who,
With half the bulk o' the world, played as I pleased—
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my 'conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my 'affection, would
Obey 'it on 'all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. . . . Fall not a tear, I say: 'one of them rates'
'All that is won and lost.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune
knows,
We 'scorn her most, when most she offers 'blows. [Exeunt.

The crest-fallen Marc Antony has sent Euphronius, his old school-master, as a petitioner from Queen Cleopatra and himself. The aged envoy thus addresses the conquering Octavius:

Euph. 'Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in 'Egypt; which not granted,
He 'lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A 'private man, in 'Athens. This for 'him.—
Next, 'Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle^d of the Ptolemies for her 'heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to 'his request. The Queen
Nor audience, nor desire, shall fail,—so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgracéd friend,

^a A nod of invitation. ^b The young Octavius. ^c Equals in value. ^d Crown.

Or take his 'life there: this if she 'perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both. [Exeunt.]

Euphronius returns to Antony with this severe reply. The fiery spirit of the old Roman is at once aroused:

Ant. Is 'that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The 'Queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield 'us up?

Euph. . . . He says so.

Ant. Let 'her know 't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill 'her wishes to the brim
With principalities.

To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose
Of 'youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something 'particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a 'coward's; whose 'ministers would prevail
Under the service of a 'child, as soon
As i' the command of 'Cæsar: I 'dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer 'me 'declined,^a sword against sword,
Ourselves 'alone! I 'll write it: follow me. [Ex. Ant. and Euph.]

The cynical Enobarbus, having heard this idle challenge, says:

Eno. Yes! like enough high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show^b
Against a 'sworder!—I see, men's 'judgments are
A parcel of their 'fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the 'inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That 'he should dream,
(Knowing all measures^c) the full^d Cæsar will
Answer his 'emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His 'judgment too. [Exit Eno.]

The wily Octavius, having given his harsh reply to Antony, now endeavours to win Cleopatra. He sagaciously sends a special advocate, Thyreus—a handsome, young, and dashing officer, already distinguished for his eloquence, address, and cunning—to the susceptible Queen. His appearance at once captivates her: she rises to receive him:

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it 'apart.

Cleo. None here but friends: say 'boldly.

Thyr. Thus then, thou most renowned: Cæsar entreats,

ⁱ Subdued (by defeat or age).
² pose. ^d Inflated by victory.

^b Publicly exhibited.

^c Means to attain a

Not to consider in what case^a thou stand'st,
 Further than he is Cæsar; and, fair Queen,
 He knows that you embrace not Antony
 As you did 'love, but as you 'feared him.
 The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
 Does pity as 'constrained blemishes,
 Not as 'deserved.

Cleo. He is a 'god, and knows
 What is most right. Mine honour was not 'yielded,
 But 'conquered merely.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
 What you 'require of him? for he partly begs
 To be desired to 'give. It would please him
 To hear from me you had 'left Antony,
 And put yourself under 'his shroud,^b—
 The 'universal landlord.

Cleo. . . . What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
 Say to great Cæsar this:—In deputation
 I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
 To lay my 'crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
 Tell him, from 'his all-obeying breath I hear
 The doom of 'Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is your noblest course.
 Give me grace to lay my duty on your hand?

The pleased Queen gives her hand to the gallant young officer,
 saying:

Cleo. Your Cæsar's 'father oft
 (When he hath mused of taking 'kingdoms in,
 Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place,
 As it 'rained kisses.

Marc Antony here enters with Enobarbus, as the handsome envoy
 from Octavius is taking his leave:

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
 What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
 The bidding of the fullest^c man, and worthiest
 To have command obeyed.

Ant. Approach, there!—Ay, you kite!—Now, gods and
 devils!
 Authority 'melts from me: of late, when I cried,
 "Ho!"

^a Particular condition. ^b Protection, place of shelter. ^c Greatest, most noble.

(Like boys unto a muss,^a) 'kings would start forth,
 And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears?
 I am Antony 'yet. [^{Enter} attendants.] Take hence this 'Jack,
 and 'whip him.

Enobarbus mutters :

Eno. 'T is better playing with a lion's 'whelp,
 Than with an 'old one 'dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
 Whip him!—Were 't 'twenty of the greatest tribu-
 taries
 That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find 'them
 So saucy with the hand of . . . her here (what 's her
 name,
 Since she 'was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
 Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
 And whine aloud for mercy. 'Tug him away: 'Being
 whipped,
 Bring him again.—This Jack of Cæsar's
 Shall bear an errand to his master. [^{Exit} unt attendants
 with Thyreus.]

Thyreus is dragged out for punishment by the attendants. An-
 tony angrily turns to Cleopatra.

Ha! Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
 To be abused by one that looks on menials?^b

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler^c ever:—
 But when we in our viciousness grow 'hard,—
 (O misery on 't!)—the wise gods seal^d our eyes;
 Make us adore our errors; laugh at us,
 While we strut to our confusion!

Cleo. O, is 't come to this?

Ant. Though you can 'guess what temperance 'should be,
 You know not what it 'is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
 And say, "I thank your bounty," be familiar with
 'My playfellow, your hand,—this kingly seal,
 And plighter of high hearts! [^{The attendants return}
 with Thyreus.] O!—'Is
 he whipped?

Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begged he pardon?

Att. He 'did ask favour.

Ant. . . . If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his 'daughter. Henceforth,

^a Scramble.

^b C

^c Double-d

^d Good-wink.

The white hand of a lady 'fever thee!
 Shake thou to 'look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy 'entertainment: for he seems
 Proud and disdainful; harping on what I 'am,
 Not what he knew I 'was. He makes me angry;
 And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,
 When my good stars, that were my former 'guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abysm of hell. . . . If he mislike
 My 'speech, and what is 'done, tell him, he has
 Hipparchus, 'my enfranchised bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to 'quit^a me. 'Urge it thou:
 Hence, with thy stripes! Be gone!

[Exit Thyreus.]

Cleo. . . . Have you done 'yet?

Ant. Alack! our terrene^b moon is now eclipsed,
 And it portends alone the 'fall of Antony!—
 To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points?^c

Cleo. . . . Not know me 'yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted—toward 'me?

Cleo. Ah, dear! if I be so,
 From my cold heart let Heaven engender 'hail,
 And 'poison it in the 'source; and the first stone
 Drop on 'my neck: as 'it determines, so
 Dissolve my 'life; the next, 'Cæsarion smite,
 Till by degrees the memory of my love,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey!

Ant. . . . I am satisfied.—

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
 I will oppose his fate.^d Our force by 'land
 Hath nobly held; our severed 'navy too
 Have knit again, and float,^e threat'ning most sealike. . . .
 Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
 lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in 'blood!
 I will be 'treble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously! I 'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me!—Come,
 Let 's have one other 'gaudy' night.—Call to me
 'All my sad captains: 'fill our bowls; once more

^a To repay my insult.
^e Fleet.

^b Belonging to the earth.

^c Shoe-strings.

^d Decree.

^f Festive.

Let 's mock the midnight bell!

Cleo. It is my birthday:
I had thought to have held it 'poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, 'I will be 'Cleopatra!

Ant. Come on, my Queen! The next time I do fight,
I 'll make Death 'love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent 'scythe.

[Exeunt *Ant.* and *Cleo.*]

As the reconciled Antony and Cleopatra withdraw to new revelries, Enobarbus, disgusted with the vacillating behaviour of his leader, mutters:

Eno. 'Now, he 'll outstare the 'lightning! To be furious,
Is to be frightened 'out of fear; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge:^a and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's 'brain
Restores his 'heart. When valour preys on 'reason,
It 'eats the sword it fights with. . . . 'I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[Exit.]

After a night of revelry, we see Antony the next morning preparing for battle, assisted by Eros, his attendant; the Queen looking on.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Come, come, good fellow, put mine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave^b her.—Come!

[Eros enters.]

Cleopatra says:

Cleo. Nay, I 'll help too.
What 's this for? . . . Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that 'un-buckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my Queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou. Despatch.—O love,
That thou could'st 'see my wars to-day!

[An armed
soldier enters.]

Good morrow, Soldier:

Thou look'st like him that 'knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise 'betime,
And go to 't with 'delight.

Sold. A 'thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on the 'trim,
And at the port expect you.

^a Ostrich.

Trumpets flourish, and Captains and Soldiers enter.

Ant. 'T is well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
Fare thee well, dame : whate'er becomes of me,
This is a 'soldier's kiss. [^{Kisses}_{her}] I 'll leave thee
Now, like a man of 'steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close ; I 'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

As the Queen and her train withdraw, a Soldier advances :

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

Ant. 'Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevailed
To make me fight at 'land !

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that have revolted,—and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee,—would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. 'Who 's gone this morning ?

Sold. Who ?

One ever near thee ; call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee ; or from 'Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of 'thine."

Ant. What say'st thou ?

Sold. Sir, he is with Cæsar, but his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone ?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it :

Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him—
'I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings :
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O ! 'my fortunes have
'Corrupted honest men !—Despatch.—Oh ! Enobarbus !

[Exit.]

This desertion of Enobarbus during the night weighs heavily on Antony, but he "heaps coals of fire on his head" by generously sending not only the treasure left by his disloyal friend, but also the contents of his own private purse.

On the morning of the battle, the faithless Enobarbus is seen standing, in deep dejection, near the camp of his late enemy. When he hears of Antony's kindness and generosity, he exclaims :

Eno. I am alone the 'villain of the earth,

And 'feel I am so most. O Antony !

Thou 'mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My 'better service, when my 'turpitude

Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows^a my heart!
 'I fight 'against thee?—No! O, bear me witness, night,—
 Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record^b
 Bear 'hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did repent!—
 O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The 'poisonous damp of night disponge^c upon me,
 That life,—a very rebel to my will,—
 May hang no longer on me! O Antony,
 'Nobler than my revolt is 'infamous,
 Forgive me in thine 'own particular;
 But let the 'world still rank me in its register
 A master-leaver and a fugitive! . . . O Antony! Antony!
 Overcome with remorse Enobarbus falls down dead.

All arrangements for the battle having been made on both sides, an engagement, favourable to Antony, takes place; and the jubilant conqueror is on his march under the walls of Alexandria, attended by Scarus and his triumphant soldiers.

Ant. Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
 Bear our hacked targets like the men that own them.
 Had our great palace the capacity
 To 'camp this host, we all would sup 'together,
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises 'royal peril.—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear:
 Make mingle with our rattling tambourines,
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds 'to-
 gether,
 Applauding our approach!

[Exit.]

In the meantime, Cleopatra has been secretly listening to the overtures of Octavius Cæsar, who desires her to put Antony to death, or to expel him from her dominions. This indecisive battle by land, and his previous success at sea, encourage Octavius to rely once more on his 'ships, and enable Cleopatra to perform an unexpected act of treachery.

The partial success of the land fight had emboldened Marc Antony, who is now addressing Scarus, his second in command:

Ant. Their preparation is 'to-day by 'sea:
 We please them not by 'land.
 I would, they 'd fight i' the 'fire, or i' the 'air;

^a *Trushes*, gives blows to. ^b The record of history. ^c Fall like water from a sponge.

'We 'd fight there too. Order for 'sea is given;
 'They have put forth the haven.
 And, by yond pine I shall discover all:
 Scarus, I 'll bring thee word how it is like to go. [Exit.

Scarus, left alone, presages misfortune :

Scar. Swallows have built
 In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
 Say, they know not,—cannot tell;—look grimly,
 And dare not 'speak their knowledge. Antony
 Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
 His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
 Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight: Antony, who has been watching its progress, now rushes in :

Ant. All is 'lost!
 This foul Egyptian hath again betrayed me:
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe!
 O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and Antony 'part here; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
 That spanieled^a me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do 'dis-candy,—melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and 'this pine is barked^b
 That overtopped them all. 'Betrayed I am! . . .
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
 Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them
 home;
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguiled me to the very 'heart of loss.—
 What, Eros! Eros!

Cleopatra timorously approaches :

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!
Cleo. 'Why is my lord enraged against his love?
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting Plébeians:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest 'spot
 Of all thy sex!

[Exit
 Cleopatra.]

The affrighted Cleopatra, now fearing Antony's violence, rushes from him to seek shelter in her own apartments :

. . . 'T is well thou 'rt gone,
 If it be well to 'live; but better 't were

^a O. R. panelled.

^b Stripped of its bark.

Thou fell'st into my fury ; for 'one death
Might have prevented 'many.—The witch shall 'die :
To the young Roman boy she hath 'sold me, and I fall
Under this plot ; she dies for 't.—Eros, ho ! [Exit

We follow Cleopatra crying aloud for assistance :

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O ! he is mad !

Char. To the Monument !

There lock yourself, and send him word you are 'dead.

Cleo. Ay ! to the Monument !—

Mardian, go tell him I have 'slain myself ;

Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony ;

And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,

And bring me how he 'takes my death.

To the Monument ! [Exeunt.

The Queen, thus menaced with the vengeance of Antony, immediately withdraws to a suburb of the city containing the tombs of her family ; at the same time causing the report to be spread that she had committed suicide.

Antony remains in the Palace, where he is now with his ever-faithful attendant :

Ant. Eros, thou 'yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. . . . Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragon-like,
A vapour, sometime like a bear, or lion ;
A towered citadel, a pendant rock ;
A forkéd mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with 'air : Thou hast 'seen these
signs :

They are black Vesper's^a pageants,

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a 'horse, even with a thought
The rack^b dislimns,^c and makes it 'in-distinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. . . . My good knave^d Eros, now thy Captain is
Even such a body : 'here I am Antony ;
Yet cannot 'hold this visible shape, my knave.^d
I made these wars for Egypt : and the Queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had,—for she had mine,—
Packed cards with 'Cæsar, and false-played 'my glory
Unto an 'enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
Ourselves, to 'end ourselves !

^a The ever^d

^{b c} The cloud se^d

metical

tant.

Mardian, the Queen's chief Attendant, enters to deliver his message.

O, thy vile lady!

She has robbed me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;

My mistress 'loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy minion! peace!

She hath 'betrayed me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of 'one person can be 'paid but once, . . .

And that she has discharged. What 'thou wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand: the 'last she spake
Was, "Antony! most noble Antony!"

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. . . . Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is done,
And 'we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Mardian, go. [Exit
Mardian.]

—Off, pluck off:—

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my 'heart. O, cleave, my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent:^a

Crack thy frail case! No more a soldier:—

Bruiséd pieces, go! . . . From me awhile.— [Exit
Eros.]

I will 'o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and

Weep e'en for my pardon: since the torch is 'out,

Lie down, and stray no farther.—I come, my Queen.—

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:

Come, Eros! Eros!

[Eros advances.]

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,

I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods,

Detest my baseness. I,—that with my sword

Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's back

With ships made 'cities,—condemn myself, to lack

The courage of a 'woman.—Thou art sworn, Eros,

That when the exigent^b should come,—which now

'Is come, indeed,—when I should see behind me

The inevitable prosecution of disgrace,

Thou then wouldst 'kill me: Do 't; the time is 'come.

Thou strik'st not 'me, 't is 'Cæsar thou defeat'st. . . .

Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome, and see

Thy master thus with pleached^c arms, bending down

^a That which contains it.

^b Exigency, emergency.

^c Pinioned, undergoing correction or punishment.

His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame?—whilst the wheeled seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
'His baseness that ensued!

Eros. I 'would not see 't!

Ant. Come then; for with a 'wound I must be 'cured.
When I did make thee 'free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at 'once!

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor! . . . let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke,—farewell?

Ant. 'T is said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike 'now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, 'there then!

But, instead of slaying his master, the noble Eros falls on his own sword.

Thus I do escape the sorrow of Antony's death. [Dies.]

Ant. 'Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
'T should, and 'thou couldst 'not. My Queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus [He stabs himself.]
I learned of 'thee. . . How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard, ho!—O, despatch me!

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an 'end
Of what I have begun!

Let him that loves me strike me 'dead. [Ex. Guard.]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers 'fly. [Exit Der.]

Diomedes enters.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give
me
Sufficient strokes for 'death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. . . . Where is she?

Dio. Locked in her Monument. She had a 'prophesying
fear
Of what hath 'come to pass; for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect

She had disposed^a with Cæsar, she sent word she was
'dead ;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
'Me to proclaim the 'truth ; and I am come,
I dread, too late !

Ant. Too late, good Diomed !

Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides :
'T is the 'last service that I shall command you.
I have 'led you oft ; carry me 'now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all !

[*Exeunt, bearing
Antony.*]

The bleeding Suicide is tenderly borne, by the Guards, to the Monument, in which Cleopatra has found shelter ; and (the doors being firmly closed to prevent access) he is dragged up by ropes into the apartment where the Queen and her Attendants are :

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ! only

I here 'importune death 'awhile,—until,
Of many thousand kisses, the poor 'last
I lay upon 'thy lips. I am dying, Egypt, dying ! . . .
The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my 'former fortunes—
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest ; and do now not 'basely die ;
A Roman, by a Roman 'valiantly vanquished ! . . .
Now, my spirit is going ; . . . I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?

Hast thou no care of 'me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ?—O ! see, my women, [Antony
The crown o' the earth doth melt. . . My lord ! my lord ! dies.
O, withered is the garland of the war,
And there is nothing left to care for now,^b
Beneath the visiting moon.

The Queen swoons, but is roused by the cries of her Attendants :

Atts. Lady !—Madam !—Royal Egypt !—Empress !

Cleo. . . . No more, but e'en a 'woman ; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks . . .
The gods have stolen our jewel : then is it sin,
To 'rush into the secret house of Death,
Ere Death dare 'come to us ?—Ah, women ! look !
Our lamp is spent, it 's out.—Good sirs, take heart :
We 'll bury him ; and then, . . . what 's brave, what 's
noble,

^a Arranged, made terms with.

^b O. R. remarkable.

Let 's do it after the high 'Roman fashion,
 And make Death 'proud to take us. Come, away :
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women ! Come : We have no friend
 But resolution, and the 'briefest 'end.

[Exeunt.]

Octavius Cæsar, fearing that Cleopatra might destroy herself, sends Proculeius, one of his friends, ostensibly to soothe her grief, but in reality to secure her person. Proculeius and several of his guards ascend the Monument by a ladder : they then unbar and open the gates, and are thus enabled to gain ingress to Cleopatra's retreat. She is attended by her women, Charmian and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
 A 'better life ; and it is surely great
 To do that thing^a that ends all other deeds,
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts-up change ;
 The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Proculeius and his soldiers suddenly enter, and surround the Queen. She draws a dagger, but is immediately seized and disarmed by her Roman custodians :

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold !
 Do not 'abuse my master's bounty by
 The undoing of 'yourself.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death ?
 Come hither, come ! come, come ! and take a Queen—
 Worth many babes and beggars !

Pro. O, temperance, lady !

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir ;
 If idle talk will once be necessary,
 I 'll not 'sleep, neither. This mortal house I 'll 'ruin,
 Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
 Will 'not wait pinioned at your master's Court,
 Nor 'once be chastised with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist 'me up,
 And show me to the shouting varletry
 Of censuring Rome ? Rather a 'ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle 'grave to me ! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me with water-flies to sting me ! rather make
 My country's pyramids my welcome gibbet,^b
 And hang me up in chains !

Dolabella, the Governor of Syria, enters, and addresses Cæsar's agent :

Dol. Proculeius,

^a To seek death.

^b O. R. my Countries high pyramids my Gibbet.

What thou hast done, thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent me for thee: for the Queen,
I'll take her to 'my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,

It shall content me best: be gentle to her.

[To Cleopatra.] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die! [Exit *Pro.*
and *Soldiers.*]

Dolabella advances:

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.—

You laugh when boys or women tell their 'dreams.

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an 'emperor Antony: . . .

O, such 'another sleep, that I might see

But such another 'man!

His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
This little round of earth.

His legs bestrid the ocean; his reared arm

Crested the world; his voice was propertied

As all the tunéd spheres,—and that to 'friends;

But when he meant to quail and 'shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no 'winter in 't; an 'autumn^a 't was,

That grew the more by 'reaping: his delights

Were dolphin-like; they showed his back 'above

The element they lived in: . . .

Think you there 'was, or 'might be, such a man?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. . . . You lie, up to the hearing of the gods!

Dol. Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it

As 'answering to the weight: but 'I do feel,

By the rebound of 'yours, a grief that smites

My very 'heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Dol. Make not your thoughts your 'prisons: no, dear
Queen:

Our care and pity are so much upon you,

That we remain your friend; and so, adieu,

I must attend on Cæsar.

[Exit *Dol.*]

Notwithstanding every precaution to remove from the Queen all

the ordinary means of death, a Peasant is enabled to bring to her, concealed in a basket of fruit, some venomous asps. Then Cleopatra bravely and unflinching prepares to die.

Cleo. Now, Iras, what think'st 'thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I! Nay, 't is most certain.
Saucy lictors will catch at us ; and scald^a rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune : the quick^b comedians
Extemporarily will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels. Antony
Shall be brought 'drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra 'boy^c my greatness!

Iras. 'I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my 'nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, 'that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer

Their most absurd intents. [Charmian returns] Now, Charmian?—

Show me, my women, like a Queen!—Go fetch
My best attires ;—I am 'again for Cydnus,
To meet Marc Antony.—Iras, go :—my robe :—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch 'indeed ;
And, when thou hast done this chare,^d I'll give thee
leave

To play, till 'doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.

[A noise within. Exit Iras.]

Wherefore 's this noise ?

One of the Guard enters.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be 'denied your highness' presence :
He brings you figs.

Cleo. . . . Let him come in. [Exit Guard] What poor an instrument

May do a noble 'deed ! he brings me liberty !
My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of 'woman in me : now from head to foot
I am 'marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of 'mine.

The Guard returns, with a Clown bringing-in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid,^e and leave him.

[Exit Guard.]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I 'have him ; but I would not be the party

^a Poor, worthless. ^b Quick-witted, lively. ^c Even in Shakespeare's time, all female characters were performed by boys. ^d Light work. ^e Begone.

that should desire you to 'touch him, for his biting is 'immortal: those that do 'die of it do seldom or never 'recover.

Cleo. . . . Remember'st thou 'any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men, and women too. I heard of one of 'them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should 'not do but in the way of honesty: 'how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they 'say, shall never be saved by half that they 'do. But this is most fallible,—the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. . . . Get the hence: farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm. [*Sets down the basket.*] You must think this, look you,—that the worm will do his 'kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay! Farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of 'wise people; for, indeed, there is no 'goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care: it shall be heeded: Farewell. [*Exit Clown.*]

Iras returns to the Queen with her vestments of royalty.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have 'Immortal longings in me. Now, no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.—Yare, yare, good Iras! Quick.—Methinks, I hear Antony 'call! I 'see him rouse himself To praise my noble act! . . . Husband, I come! Now to 'that name my 'courage prove my title! I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser 'life.—So,—have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian:—Iras, long farewell.

She kisses both her attendants. Iras, overcome with violent emotion, falls down dead.

Have I the 'aspic in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part,

Thou tell'st the world it is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The gods 'themselves do weep.

Cleo. Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate^b—
Of life—at once untie: Poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch!

[*She applies the asp to her breast.*]

^a Neatly, skillfully.

^b Entangled.

- Char.* O eastern star!
- Cleo.* Peace, Charmian, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
- Char.* O break! O break!
- Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take 'thee too.
She applies another asp to her arm, then falls back and dies.
- Char.* . . . So, fare thee well.—Now downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal!—Your crown 's awry;
I 'll mend it, and then . . . play.
The Guard rushes in.
- 1 Guard.* Where is the Queen?
- Char.* Speak softly; wake her not.
- 1 Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—
- Char.* Too slow a messenger!
Charmian applies the asp to herself.
O! come! apace! despatch! I partly feel thee.
- 1 Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?
- Char.* It 'is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings. Ah, soldier! [Dies.
Attendants are heard calling:
- Att.* A way there! a way for Cæsar!
Cæsar and Dolabella enter with their train.
- Cæs.* . . . Bravest at the last!
She levelled at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her 'own way. She shall be buried by her An-
tony:
No grave upon the earth shall hold^a in it
A pair so famous. All our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
'High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.

END OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

a O. R. clip.

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